

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

July, 1929

10¢



THE ROMANCE OF "No. 10" DOWNING STREET
BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

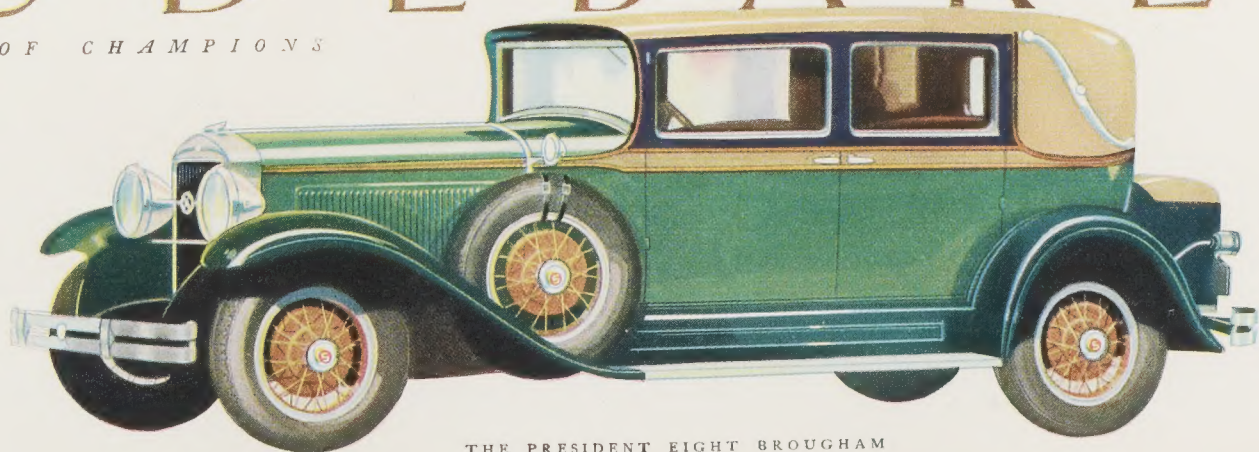
THE YACHT AND MOTOR
BOAT REGATTA AT THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS

GUIDING a cup winning yacht or a champion car, one instantly senses an almost human eagerness to forge ahead. It is significant that here on the St. Lawrence, as wherever those of discernment foregather, Studebaker's champion straight eights and sixes should enjoy prestige so deservedly high. Holding *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, these great Canadian-built motor cars display their mettle in every low-swung line. They bear proudly the look of untiring speed . . . of comfort unequalled . . . of manners urbane and distinguished. Since all this power, beauty and comfort are offered at low prices, it is not surprising that Studebaker is selling more eight-cylinder cars than any other manufacturer. The car illustrated is The President Eight Brougham.



STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

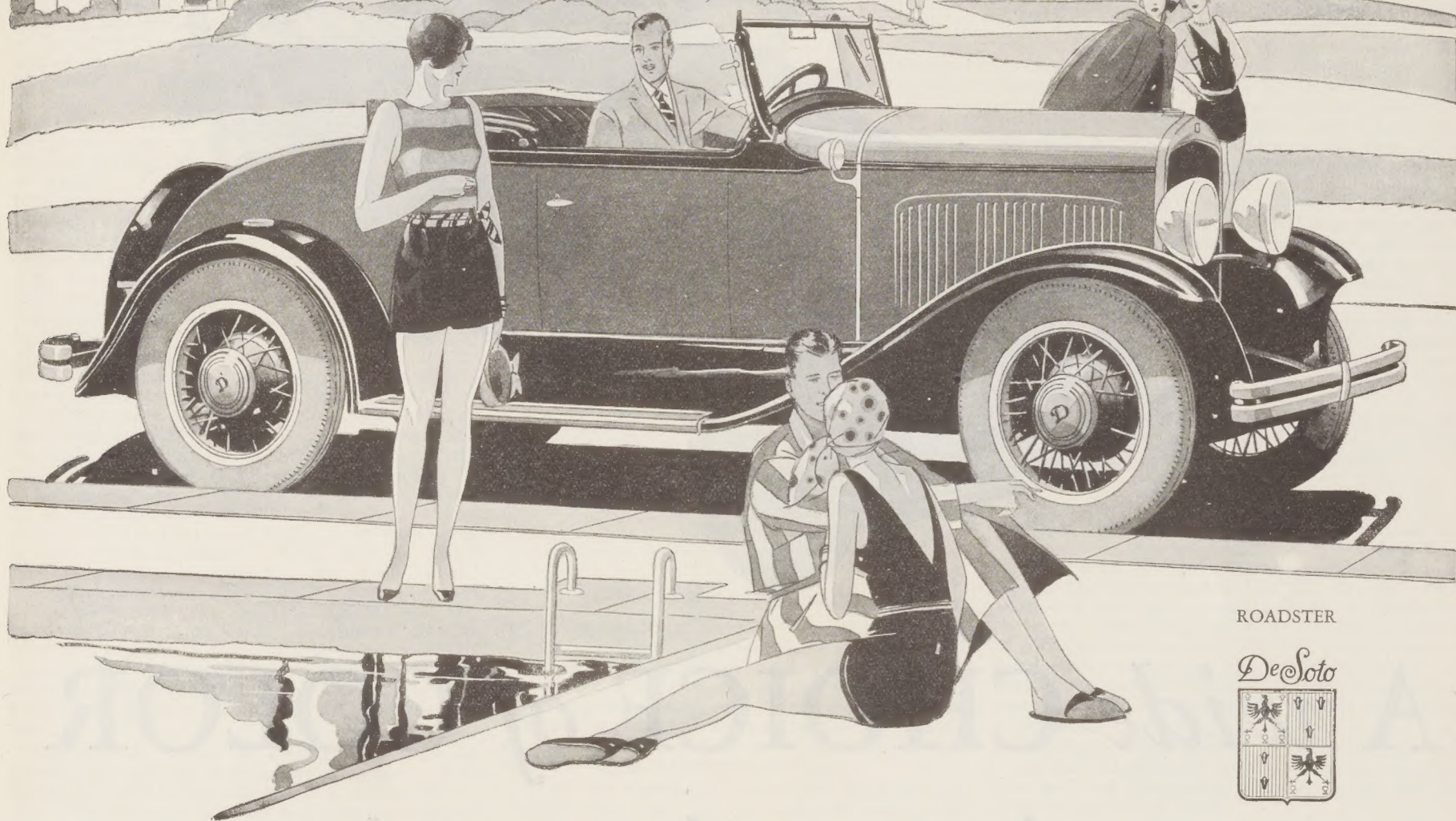


THE PRESIDENT EIGHT BROUGHAM

De Soto Six



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



ROADSTER



DASHING IN STYLE FLASHING IN BEHAVIOR

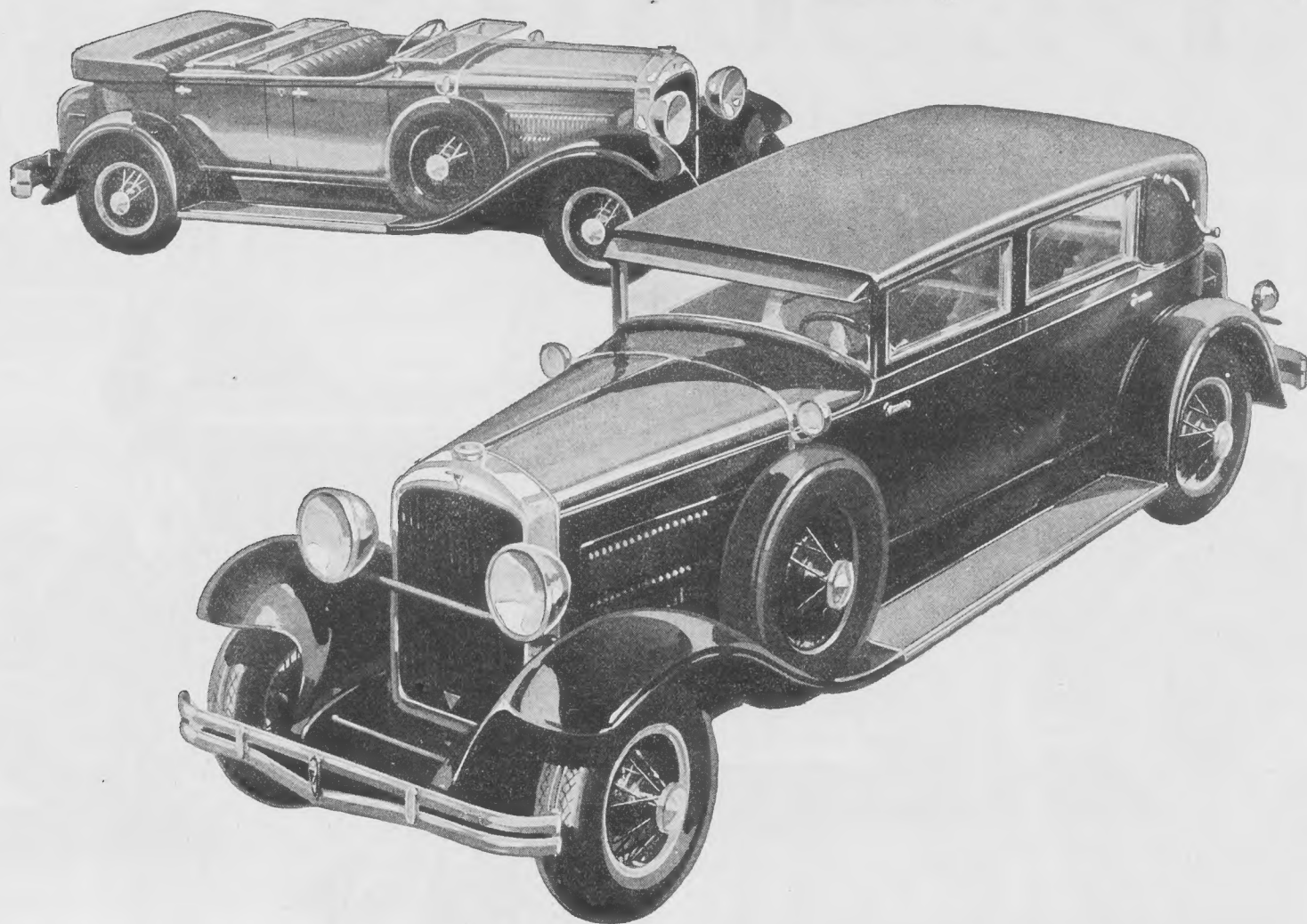
Every line of the De Soto roadster bespeaks its unmatched smartness of appearance, its vigorous and eager performance and an outstanding quality that is extraordinary at its price. Chrysler-built to conform to the highest standards, De Soto offers a smoothness, evenness and vigor of power-flow and an eager acceleration

that make it the alert and speedy epitome of youth. Weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes provide an added factor of safety to be found on no other six in its class. The De Soto roadster in a demonstration will clearly show the reason why it has broken every sales record for a first year car.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The GREATER HUDSON

in 14 distinguished body styles



A wide CHOICE of COLOR at no extra cost

PERSONAL choice of color, which has been a limited and costly luxury in car ownership, is now available, at no extra cost, in the 14 distinguished models of the Greater Hudson.

It gives to car ownership the delight and privacy we have in self-chosen things, and the identity that makes your car your own. In the many thousands of Hudsons you see and pass countless, observe there is no monotony, but the refreshing interest of individual color expression.

It is a finishing detail in the brilliant Hudson program of value-giving which has successfully established—Performance Leadership, not excelled by costliest cars—Value Leadership with custom qualities produced in volume—and Style Leadership which is the pattern of the industry.

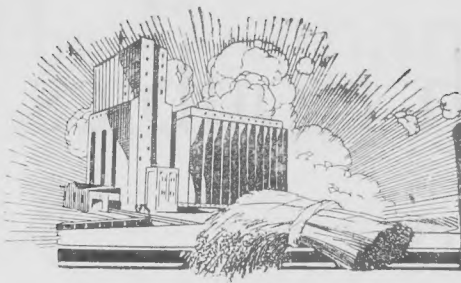
\$1325

AND UP

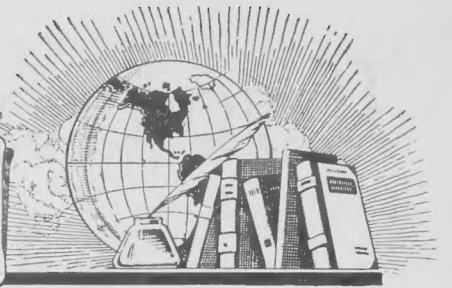
*All prices f. o. b.
Windsor, taxes extra*

Standard Equipment includes:
4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gauge for gas and oil—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—glare-proof rear-view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 7

The British Election

MUCH may happen in the course of one short month. Clearly the most significant event in the world's affairs since last issue of this magazine has been the British General Election. The domination of the Labor Party will mean a change in the social and economic life of Britain, a change in international relationships, and in all probability a new world attitude to disarmament and war. The fact that the new government has not a clear majority in parliament may delay any action it might be inclined to take, but it is possible this may be an advantage. For the solution of some problems time must be allowed.

Among the social effects of the change in government will be an increased respect for the laboring classes as such. Unfortunately they have suffered from the fact that they live in a land in which there are hereditary class distinctions. They have been regarded as belonging to the common people as if this were belittling. It is often overlooked that they have given to the Empire and to the world many of its greatest thinkers, inventors and leaders in all the arts of life. It may be that hard work may have new dignity now that many of the leaders have risen from the ranks of labor, and Carlyle's words may to some have a new meaning:

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. The blessed glow of labor in a man is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame. Blessed is he who has found his work let him ask no other blessedness."

The second change in Britain that may be expected is a change in economic conditions. It is no small task that awaits the new government—that of finding work for over a million unemployed and of replacing the dole system by something that recognizes the monetary value of labor and the degrading effect of charity. It is probably true enough that previous governments have viewed British trade through the glasses of money investors, but that the present government will see through the glasses of the workers themselves. It is certainly the case that the color of spectacles changes a whole landscape. It may be that nationalization of some forms of industry is the only solution to the problem of unemployment and misery. It may be that nationalization is but returning to the people what should never have been taken from them. But greatest caution is needed right at this point.

The change in government may not have much effect on relations with the Overseas Dominions, but it is bound to influence decisions at Geneva and in all matters affecting the League of Nations. Above all, will there be a change in attitude to disarmament and war? At the present time the whole effort of the diplomats seems centered on the problem of preventing war. Under new conditions the central thought will be that of securing peace. And there is all the difference in the world between the positive and the negative attitudes. Fear will give way to trust, private bargaining to open understanding. If the return of Labor, with its hatred of warfare, will make possible world disarmament, everybody, no matter what his political leanings may be, will be loud in his acclamation.

Yet there are difficulties in the way. Labor, which has been heralded by some as a world brotherhood is anything but that. Had all the nations in the world parliaments controlled by labor, there would still be trade rivalry and continual provocation to bloodshed. The difficulty is in reconciling nationalism and internationalism. At base it

is a matter of changing the minds and hearts of people—a matter of education and religion. The cause of all trouble in the world is selfishness. The cure consists in yielding the lower to the higher impulses through the indwelling of a spirit which recognizes the justice and complete efficacy of the Golden Rule—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." If Ramsay MacDonald and his government are guided by this rule in all their thinking and planning they may help the Empire and assist in bringing peace to a troubled world.

The Gateway of the West

By J. McMillan Smith

*Hail Canada, fair daughter of the West,
From out the snow and glaciers thou hast risen,
Like some white monument, to point the way
To countless thousands, who have nobly striven,
Yet failed, on their own native soil to find
Even frugal comfort, so have left behind
All that is dear, and sacred, hearts at breaking,
And set out bravely, home and loved forsaking.*

*For wide are your great prairies of the West,
Rich virgin soil, to willing hands, will favor.
Ye sons, of land afar, who seek, will find
A rich reward, for grit, and honest labor.
So haste ye, yeomen, this vast country needs you,
For you this land of promise now awaits—
Ye men of courage high, and stern endeavor
We welcome you within this Western Gate.*

Manitoba's Rejoicing

IT IS a matter of satisfaction to the people of Manitoba that they are henceforth to have control of the natural resources of the province. This may or may not be a gain financially, since the increased revenue may be eaten up in costs of management, but the province has the satisfaction of knowing that it is now a real member of Confederation with the same rights as the older provinces.

As to the settlement itself, little need be said beyond this, that the principle for which the province has contended has been established, though there has been a great loss in money owing to the manner in which the resources have been disposed of by the Dominion Governments, and to the fact that the subsidies to Manitoba since 1870 have not been at all a recompense for the losses involved in Dominion control of lands, and not at all on a parity with subsidies to other Western provinces.

When Confederation was effected the four provinces retained what was left of their resources. When Prince Edward Island united, its whole patrimony had been given away and it was forced to be content with a subsidy. When Manitoba became a province its rich lands were looked upon by Eastern Canada as their own lawful possession, to be disposed of to railway companies in return for construction of railways. About 3,000,000 acres were given away as subsidies to non-provincial railways and over half a million acres to provincial railways. Some attempt was made after eleven years to remedy this wrong by granting a small subsidy, but when Saskatchewan and Alberta joined the Confederation in 1905, receiving subsidies proportional to population and territory, it was seen how insignificant the grant to Manitoba had been from the beginning. So the subsidy was increased from \$100,000 to over half a million dollars. Even then this was nothing in comparison with the possession of natural resources.

The whole trouble lay in this, that Eastern Canada from the beginning never thought of Manitoba as a province with equal rights to the four provinces of 1867. It was looked upon as a sort of Cinderella in the Canadian home. Its lands were a very convenient and valuable asset, useful in the upbuilding of the nation.

In 1912 Sir Robert Borden urged that inasmuch as the three prairie provinces had no return from their natural resources it was fair to put Manitoba on the same basis as the other two with regard to subsidy, and then to take up the terms on which the provinces should have control of their remaining resources. Since then the matter has been the subject of endless debate. Though there has been complaint that the provincial resources have been squandered, e.g., the timber limits given to friends of governments in power, or ruthlessly destroyed by those to whom they were leased, the great grievance has been that Manitoba has been called a province without having the rights pertaining to a province. It is quite true that the remaining resources are small in comparison with the fortune held by the province in 1870, and it is just possible in years to come that under provincial control there will be as great abuses as under federal control, still it is something for a province to manage its own wealth.

The most interesting point in connection with the settlement is the fact that the other Western provinces now have a basis upon which they may appeal for control of their resources. So the West is coming into its own.

Thanks are due to the Commission that prepared the report, and to the very able advisers the province had during the meetings of the Commission.

Saskatchewan

THE overthrow of the Liberal government in Saskatchewan was scarcely expected. This gives the debacle of June 6th an added significance. Among the causes that led to the downfall were uneasiness over educational policies, condition of the roads, protest against alleged machine control in politics, dissatisfaction with the programme for development of mining, the influence exerted by bootleggers, and the feeling that when a party has been in control for twenty-four years it is time for it to retire.

The unrest with regard to education had nothing to do with administration so much as with legislation, and here the trouble, whatever it was, had its origin in the Act of Union.

The roads in Saskatchewan are admittedly in bad condition, but the province is large and comparatively new. It will take a fortune to remedy matters.

The story of the machine in Saskatchewan politics is an old one, and is paralleled by stories in each of the other Western provinces. How much truth there is in statements circulated freely it is impossible for any one not on the ground to dispute or verify.

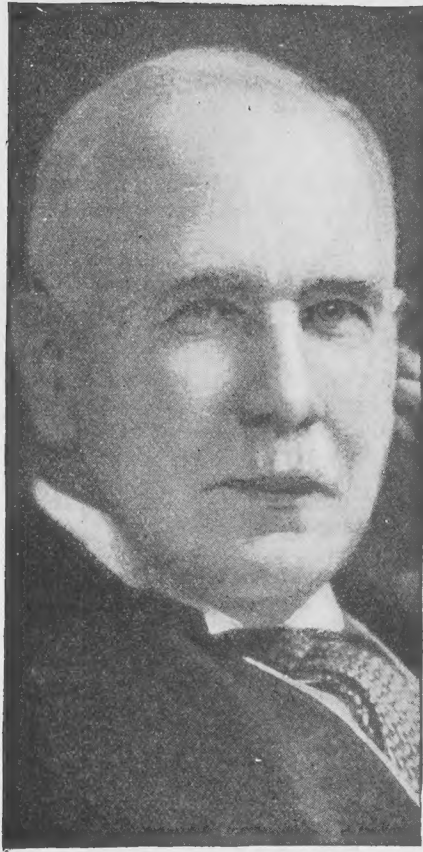
Naturally there was impatience with the government in connection with mining in the new area. Probably the new government will not be able to do much more than their predecessors. It is doubtful if any government will make an attempt to preserve part of the wealth as a provincial asset.

At this distance it is impossible to express an opinion on bootlegging, but it is evident enough that the chief transgressors plied their illicit trade some years ago. The sins of the older generation are visited upon the younger.

No doubt a government grows careless during the years, or having launched upon a certain course cannot turn around without upsetting the boat. So bearing upon its shoulders the accumulated shortcomings of its predecessors, and being unable or unwilling to enter upon new policies the Gardiner government went down to defeat.

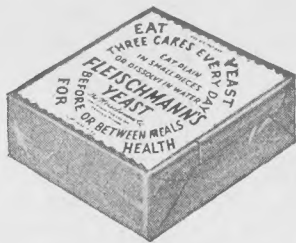
Mr. Anderson is a fine type—a scholar, a man of rectitude and possessed of fine executive ability. Moreover he has been close enough to administration for many years to appreciate the problems that any government will have to face. The best wishes of *The Western Home Monthly* go with him as he enters upon his duties. May he be able to live up to his ideals, and may his government be wise, clean, just and honorable.

If you could take your health troubles to these great doctors...



Lafayette, Ltd., London

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., England's great surgeon, says, "Constipation is civilization's curse. Fresh yeast stimulates intestinal action—has a most important effect on constipation."



One hundred and forty billion living yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast help prevent the formation and spread of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Better digestion is the quick result. Complexion troubles fade away. Rich new stores of energy are released! Millions already have turned from cathartics, pills and nostrums to this modern, natural way to health.

Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Send for free booklet. Health Research Dept. S-13, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.



He treated German royalty! Dr. Kurt Henius, famous lecturer at the University of Berlin, declares, "In constipation, yeast promotes easy elimination. It is a reliable remedy for boils."



The Doctor of the schools of Paris, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines."



Decorated by half the governments of Europe, Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast."



Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, Dr. V. Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."



The U. S. Government appointed him its official expert on medicines. Dean H. H. Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.



Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

The Romance of No. 10 Downing Street

London's History-Haunted House Whence the World's Greatest Empire is Ruled

A MARVELLOUS place is this City of a Thousand Years, the seat and centre of the hugest empire in human annals. Today the flag of Britain floats over one-fourth of the entire globe's land-area, and one-fourth of the human race (all colors and creeds) in every continent and in all the seas. In India alone the King-Emperor is acknowledged as overlord by seven hundred ruling princes and Asiatic monarchs; and that glowing sub-continent contains no less than 320,000,000 people of bewildering castes and religions.

Canada's area is greater than that of the United States from ocean to ocean. The Five Australias make a vast continent in themselves. From the Catholic Irish to savage head-hunters of Borneo; from pearl-islets of the Persian Gulf to remote outposts like the Falklands, far down towards the South Pole—is there any limit to Britain's sway, or any freedom comparable to that which its fifty governments enjoy?

And London is this limitless Empire's heart. If you would realize the sweep of that City's age-old story, just look at the frescoes in the Royal Exchange. Here is Alfred the Great re-building London's walls in A.D. 886-7. Here again is King John (May 9, 1215) confirming the citizen's rights to choose a Mayor from among themselves—"who shall be faithful to us, discreet and fit for the government of the City." And what a pageant the Lord Mayors of London make, from the legendary "Dick" Whittington himself (1397) clear up to William Beckford, who dared to reprove George III to his face—the "Tyrant Prince of America's Declaration of Independence." It was great Pitt himself who afterwards extolled my Lord Mayor's defiance on that occasion:—"The spirit of Old England spoke that never-to-be-forgotten day!"

But the "City" of London is a mere square mile of world-commerce. "Greater London" has more people in it than mighty Canada herself contains. And in all its seven hundred square miles of palaces and shops, churches, residential areas—and slums!—there is no spot more austere or impressive than the quiet backwater called "Downing Street", which opens out of historic Whitehall, not far from the Cenotaph which commemorates Britain's million soldiers who died in the greatest of wars.

Downing Street is very short. It ends abruptly at the railings of St. James' Park. On the south side is a lofty archway leading into the Foreign Office. On the north side are a few plain—not to say dingy—eighteenth-century houses, which no Canadian visitor would look at twice, unless he knew that "Number Ten" was the very Holy of Holies of Britain's world-sway, being the official residence of the Prime Minister. That familiar term, by the way, only goes back to the long "reign" of Sir Robert Walpole; it was then used in a derisive sense, to taunt the Head of the Government as

By

Ignatius Phayre

purest and freest of all democracies. The will of the people (all women over 21 now have the vote) is supreme, and elections are very strictly supervised in the interests of fair play.

Now stand across the way in this quiet cul de sac and look at this shabby old house which Sir George Downing built for himself long ago as a private residence. Here William Pitt ruled in Napoleon's day. Here George Canning exchanged views with President Monroe over the famous "Doctrine" which excluded Europe from further colonization in the Western Hemisphere. To this Haunted House came news of Napoleon's final downfall at Waterloo; and his conqueror—the Duke of Wellington—himself joined the long line of "Number Ten's" occupants in 1828.

Here also Lord Melbourne acted as fatherly mentor to the girl-queen, Victoria. Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Salisbury, Balfour—here are yet other milestone-names in the glowing history of "No. 10". Here Asquith received news of the outbreak of the world-war in 1914—and he called it "unthinkable"!

From these bare, severe rooms, so difficult to make home-like, David Lloyd-George went over to Paris to re-shape the world's map with Georges Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson. No position of power, no Tsardom or Caliphate of old, remotely approaches in magnitude that of the British citizen whose residence is Number Ten. By 1918 Lloyd-George had an army of 10,000,000 men in arms, together with the most awesome navy ever seen on the seas, not to mention clouds of airplanes carrying giant bombs and torpedoes.

If the King-Emperor is the fountain of honor and the living symbol of British sovereignty, it is the Prime Minister who is the ruling potentate of the Empire as Head of the Government—and Head of the table, too, in the gloomy old panelled Cabinet-Room, from whose walls Prime Ministers of the past look down from faded canvases, with grave faces full of visual history.

Before me as I write is a letter from the Haunted House. It bears no stamp, but is franked: "Official—Paid", with the date and hour of posting clearly marked. At the left-hand bottom corner appear the words: "Prime Minister" in plain block letters. On

the flap at the back you see embossed in relief: "10 Downing Street, Whitehall". The note-paper inside bears the imperial arms of Britain enclosed in an oval, with "Prime Minister" repeated at the top. A brief but kindly intimation of your appointment will probably be signed by Mr. C. F. Duff. And at the hour named you turn out of broad Whitehall into the silent tranquility of Downing Street.

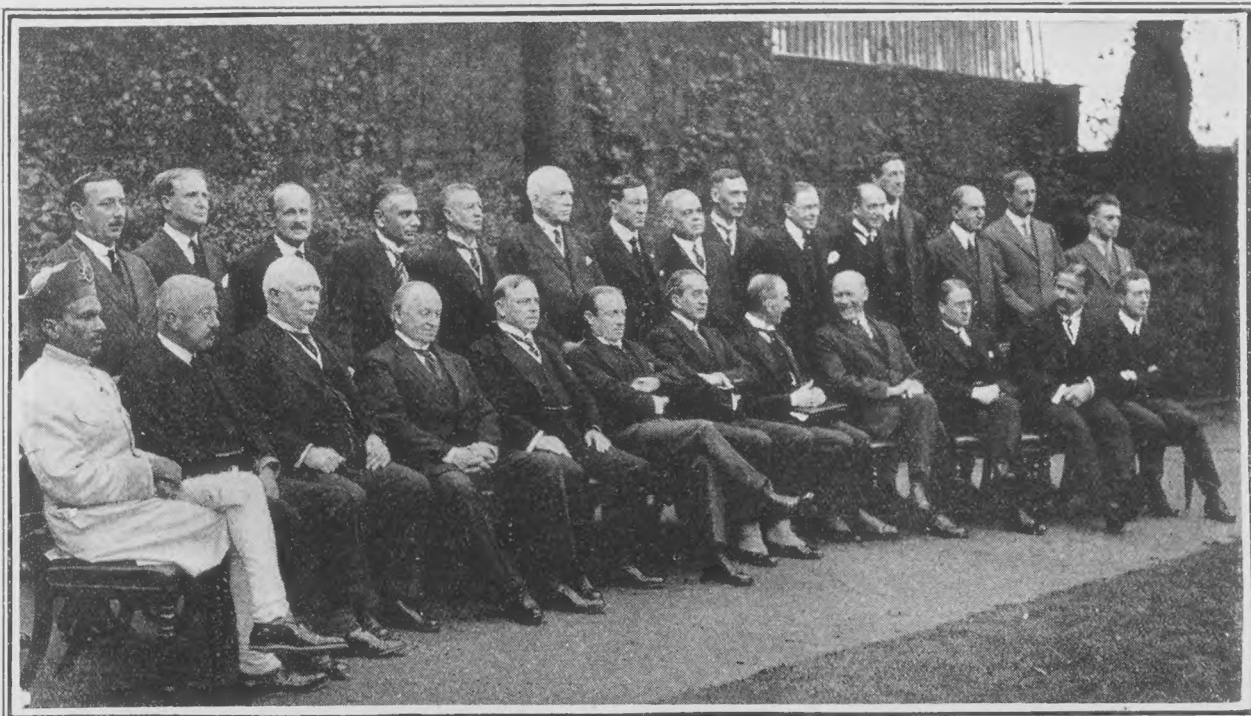
These plain old houses have gardens at the back, where historic conferences are photographed as souvenirs of each meeting. No. 11, next door, is the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; in



Dingy old "No. 10 Downing Street" (taken from the Foreign Office archway, over the way) from which the world's largest Empire is ruled.

a "Grand-Vizier" of eighteenth-century England. The King-Emperor himself has no politics; it is all one to His Majesty whether the Conservatives are in power, or the Liberals; the Labor Party, or even the extreme Socialists. For Britain is the

Before me as I write is a letter from the Haunted House. It bears no stamp, but is franked: "Official—Paid", with the date and hour of posting clearly marked. At the left-hand bottom corner appear the words: "Prime Minister" in plain block letters. On



A typical conference of the Empire's statesmen in the queer old garden of "No. 10". The photo shows from left to right in the front row: Maharajah of Alwar, Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Massey, Lord Curzon, Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Bruce, Marquis of Salisbury, General Smuts, Mr. Warren, Viscount Peel, The Rt. Hon. Desmond Fitzgerald.

the study there the Empire's Treasurer prepares his annual balance-sheet which now exceeds \$4,000,000,000, or £800,000,000. These two houses communicate; and not far off is the cock-pit of other and less squeamish days, when cock-fights, bull-baitings and other savage "blood-sports" were encouraged by the highest in the land.

You will see that Number Ten is far indeed from being a "palace". It is not even a mansion. I found M. Louis Borno, the black president of the Negro Republic of Haiti, vastly better housed on the Champ de Mars in Port au Prince, than was Mr. Stanley Baldwin, late ruler of the hugest Empire of time. No. 10, is, in fact, a faded forlorn old town house of three storeys and an attic. With its prim neighbors, it is a survival of past days. Long since outgrown, it is yet so hallowed with world-events and historic associations, that the British people would no more dream of demolishing No. 10, than they would of pulling down Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London, which are the sacred and secular monuments of a thousand years.

Here the National and Imperial Cabinets are held behind double doors, with the Prime Minister presiding. In a brief article I cannot deal with the epic affairs which have been staged in that august room. For all the world's history has there been shaped, including the acknowledgment of America's independence, and the decision to deport Napoleon the Great after Waterloo to the Island of St. Helena, under the harsh "jailership" of Sir Hudson Lowe.

But the most dramatic of all recent events—the settlement of the 800-year-old Irish question by Lloyd-George, and the establishment of the new Free State—deserves a passing mention here. Night after night, Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Gavan Duffy and Erskine Childers, as Ireland's delegates, trooped into the Cabinet Room at No. 10. Opposite them sat men of strength and vision like Winston Churchill, the Earl of Birkenhead and others with that vivid genius, Lloyd-George himself staking his political life on the green board between them. But the parties could not agree. Again and again the exhausted Irishmen streamed out across the old black-and-white tessellated hall to their cars, and sped along to their hired mansions in Belgravia, there to talk over the pros and cons of the ancient feud with England, until a wintry dawn came up over the metropolis.

A long last complete autonomy was offered to them one raw December night. This was the last throw of the dice—an ultimatum, in fact, at three o'clock in the morning the Irish delegates and British ministers signed the famous Treaty which gave Ireland more than Emmett or Parnell had ever dreamed of. And then and there the Prime Minister sent young Shakespeare, his secretary, off to Belfast by special train and fast destroyer, to announce the momentous settlement to Protestant Ulster, which Catholic Ireland is sure will sooner or later unite with her for the common weal of all.

NUMBER TEN is not easy to make into a comfortable abode for the Prime Minister's wife and family. The whole of the ground floor is given up to executive offices, which the staff of any prosperous business or industrial concern could only regard with amazement and dismay. Quarters are cramped, daylight is

poor; the rooms of eighteenth-century dinginess, such as one may see in the musty legal chambers of Lincoln's Inn or the Middle Temple.

But upstairs much has been done to modernize Britain's Haunted House. The first hostess I met there was Lord Balfour's sister, Alice, who kept house for that veteran statesman. And Miss Balfour had made a gracious and restful drawing-room on

the salon of Britain's "political queen" at No. 10, with men and women of world-renown coming and going in the most informal way. No roar of traffic outside disturbs the peace of that old-world salon; one might, indeed be in the heart of rural England instead of in a quiet "bay" of Whitehall, with the hoary Abbey and immense Houses of Parliament quite close—to say nothing of the remains of that Stuart palace farther north, outside which the English people cut off King Charles' head long ago, as a hopeless misfit to rule a people of keen political sagacity, to whom justice and fair dealing are as the air they breathe.

Although women voters in England today actually outnumber the men, women play a much less prominent part in public life than they do in the United States. Such political salons as there are, are run by the Cabinet Ministers' wives. Big banquets are impossible at No. 10, so they are usually given across the way in the Foreign Office, whose magnificent halls can stage a festive scene eclipsing anything in the famous Quai d'Orsay in Paris. At Admiralty House the First Lord's wife entertains formally; but naturally, no reception has quite the prestige of those at the official residence of the Head of the Government.

His salary is only £5,000 a year—the same pay as a High Court judge receives, who has no entertaining at all to do. Mr. Asquith quitted No. 10 as a very poor man. Today his widow—the brilliant "Margot", Countess of Oxford and Asquith—makes money by writing books and decorating houses. In the case of a Labor premier like Ramsay MacDonald, hospitality at No. 10 must be drastically cut down. Most Prime Ministers have private homes of their own. But these may be far away—in Scotland, like Mr. MacDonald's, in Wales as Lloyd-George's was before he built a place in Surrey; or in Berkshire, where the Asquiths bought the old manor house of Sutton Courtney.

So some years ago Mr. Arthur Lee had a brilliant idea. He was the owner of the loveliest and most perfect Elizabethan country mansion anywhere near London. This is Chequers Court, in Buckinghamshire, less than an hour's run by car from Hyde Park. Mr. Lee offered that noble old house and park as a place of repose for all future Prime Ministers, and a national possession besides. That gift was accepted. And the compliment was returned to Mr. Lee in the form of a peerage; he is now Viscount Lee of Fareham.

Chequers has since been a sort of rural "No. 10": a place where foreign guests of high mission can be taken for the week-end, and affairs discussed in the beech-woods, or on the velvet lawns of one of the stately houses of England. Already this practical hint for the relief of an overworked executive has been taken by the late occupant of the White House in the political capital of the United States.

The editor of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" suggested some such retreat for the Federal Chief of America's government. And one of Mr. Calvin Coolidge's last (and characteristically whimsical) letters was written to that kindly journalist. "A Bill appropriating \$48,000 to improve Mount Weather in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Washington, for a presidential 'refuge' has just been signed by me. I congratulate you on the success of the [Cont'd on page 54]



An unusual photograph of the plain British citizen—Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

the first floor. Settees and armchairs were covered with cream and rose chintz. Old silver and porcelain gleamed here and there from antique corner-cupboards by Sheraton and Chippendale. Mellow paintings and rare engravings in old maple frames adorned the panelled walls. And every day brought its big freight of lovely flowers from far-off Whittinghame, the Balfour seat in Scotland.

It is a privilege accorded to few to take tea in



"Chequers Court"—A beautiful old Elizabethan mansion situated about thirty miles from London, which was presented to the British nation by Viscount Lee of Fareham as a country "refuge" for the Empire's Prime Ministers.

Britain's Air Route to India

First of the New "Skyways" Which Will Link the Empire of the Future

By John C. Nelson

ON December 30, 1927, the London Times commented on the necessity for adequate air communication between Great Britain and her daughter Dominions in the following terms; "In its air as in its sea communications for both civil and military objects, the whole Empire stands or falls together. No other state in the world is so dependent on the command of a connected system of air routes linking its scattered possessions over the greater part of the surface of the globe. Yet at present barely the skeleton of the necessary trunk routes is in existence."

Even as that editorial was being written, plans were being laid for the establishment of a regular air service between the motherland and far off India; an air route which is to form the first link in the chain of Imperial airways which in the years to come will connect by the most rapid method of transportation known to man London and the Dominions' capitals. Since that date ceaseless experimentation has been going forward, types of land and sea planes have been tested, intermediate aerodromes and emergency landing fields and harbors have been prepared, routes have been mapped, a chain of wireless and meteorological stations essential to the operation of an efficient air service have been set up across the face of Europe. By the middle of March, 1928, all preliminary preparations had been made. On March 29, Good Friday, an 1,185 horse power triple-engined Argosy-type biplane of the Imperial Airways, took off for India, inaugurating the new London to Karachi service, the most ambitious undertaking in commercial aviation yet attempted.

The route to be followed in providing this new air service is nearly 5,000 miles long. Part of it lies over the southern countries of Europe, part over the Mediterranean sea. By fastest boat and train the journey from London to Karachi takes 15 days. By air it may be completed in seven.

The London to Karachi route will eventually form part of a still greater airways system running between London and Australia. Even now plans are being perfected to carry the service one step further—from Karachi to Calcutta, whence it will proceed by way of Rangoon, Burma, Singapore and Port Darwin to connect with the Australian Railways system. Eventually this England to Australia route will be illuminated for night flying just as the German air routes are illuminated today, with passenger carrying planes fitted with sleeping accommodation for travellers as part of the standard equipment. When night flying has actually become a fact it will be possible by a relay system of fast planes to travel or send a letter by air from London to Melbourne in little over 8 days.

Work is also progressing rapidly on two giant

lighter than air machines, the R-100 and the R-101 now under construction by the British Air Ministry. These airships will be capable of carrying 100 passengers and 10 tons of mail and will have a cruising radius of at least 4,000 miles. They will probably be used in the near future to carry passengers and freight between the heart of the Empire and Canada, Britain's nearest Dominion, in fact a mooring mast has already been set up at Montreal ready to receive these giants of the air when they complete their maiden voyages, intended to take place this summer. The day is not far distant when a regular service across the Atlantic will be provided by these great passenger airships.

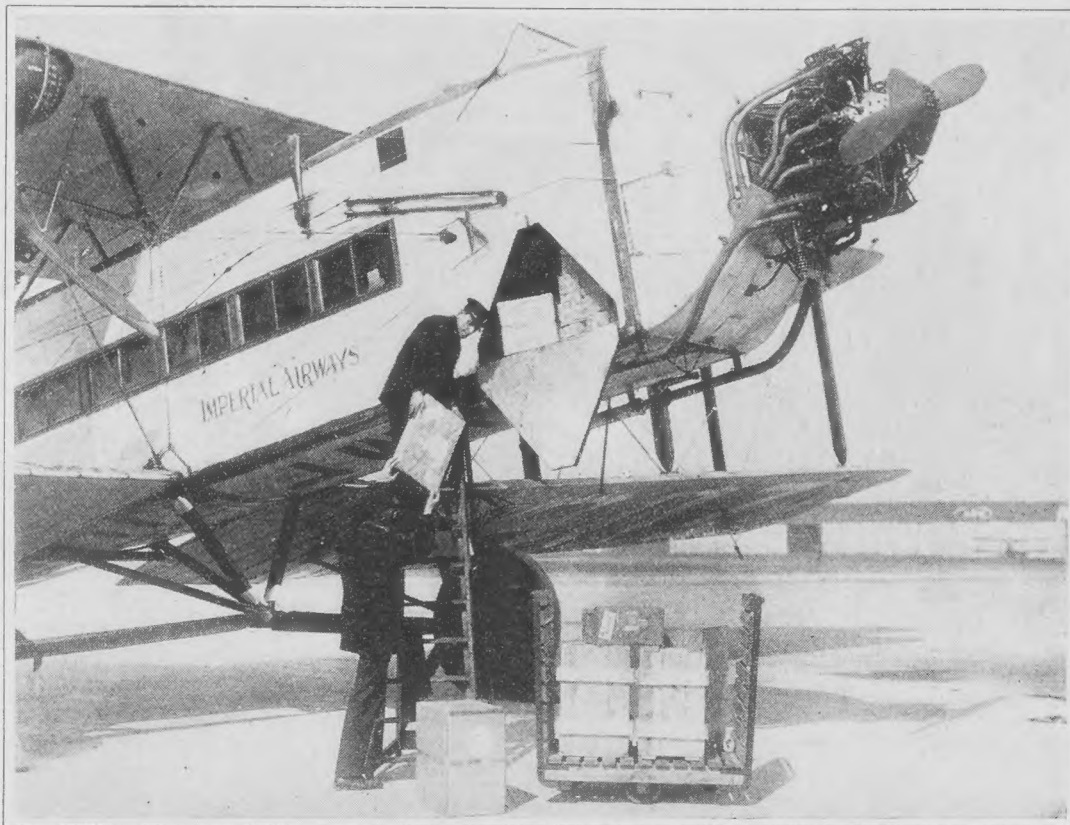
MEANWHILE the London to India service has become a fact. The route is at present divided into four sections. The first lies between London and Basle and for this part of the journey the great triple-engined Argosy type of plane, hitherto used by the Imperial

Airways on the London to Paris service is being used. These great airplanes are capable of carrying a load of 4,500 pounds and have an average cruising speed of 95 miles an hour. Passengers under the present schedule will reach Basle in the afternoon and there board a fast express train for Genoa, as the Alps still constitute a barrier difficult to surmount by air. The journey from Basle to Genoa is made during the night. Connection is made at Genoa the following morning with a Calcutta type flying boat which is used on the third, trans-Mediterranean section of the journey. The route from Genoa touches Rome, Syracuse, crosses Navarino in Greece and runs southward across 350 miles of sea to Tobruk on the northern coast of Africa, thence following the African coast to Alexandria.

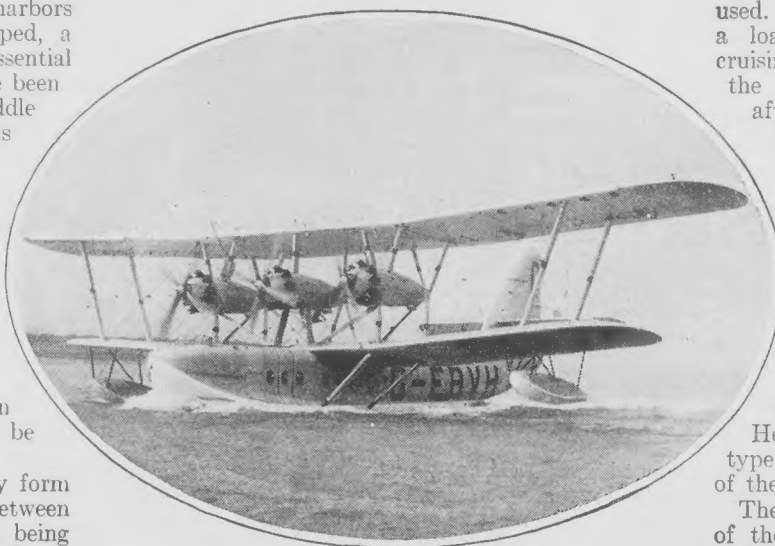
Here passengers are again transferred to a third type of plane to complete the fourth and final lap of their journey.

The airplanes used on this leg of the route are of the "City of Delhi" class, and like the Argosy and the Flying-boat are triple-engined. They follow the already existing air route across the Arabian desert to Baghdad and Basra. Karachi is reached on the seventh day out from London, the actual distance covered being 4,966 miles.

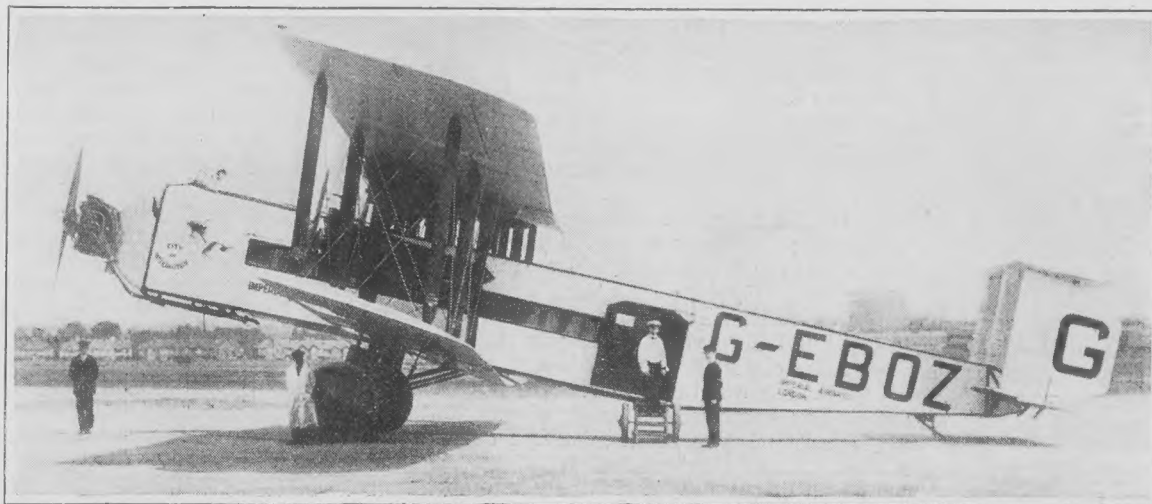
The planes used on this new London to India route are among the largest and most dependable in the world. The Argosy type of biplane was designed by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth Aircraft Ltd., of Coventry. Their engines are known as Armstrong Siddeley Jaguars and are of 396 horse power each, any two of them sufficiently strong to maintain the aircraft in flight with its full load of passengers [Cont'd on page 69]



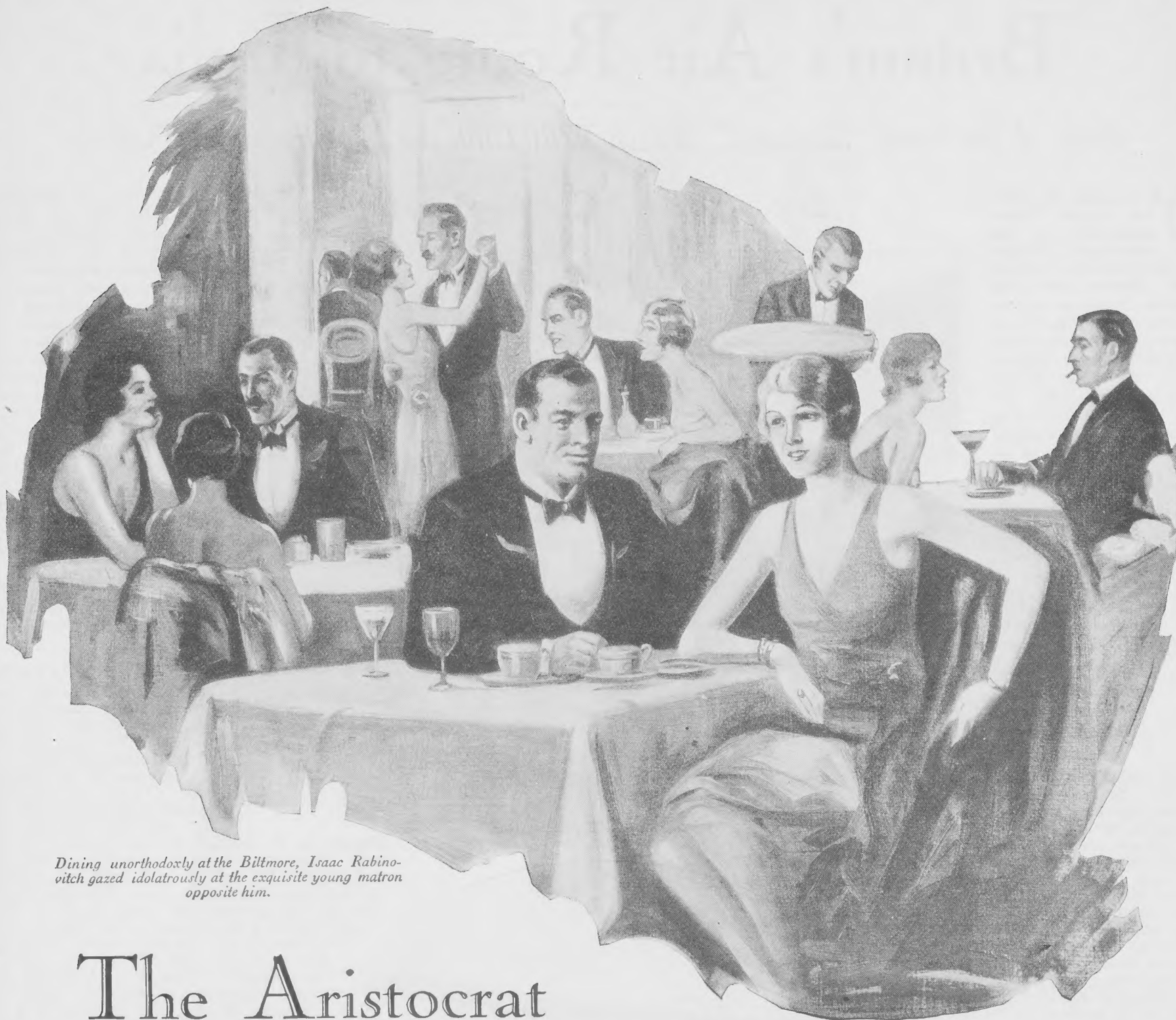
Loading the giant Argosy airplane



The Calcutta Flying Boat as used on the Trans-Mediterranean section of the new London to India air route



The Argosy type of passenger carrying airplane as used on the new London to India air route. Note the long nose



Dining unorthodoxly at the Biltmore, Isaac Rabinovitch gazed idolatrously at the exquisite young matron opposite him.

The Aristocrat

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by N. Brett

DINING unorthodoxly at the Biltmore, Isaac Rabinovitch gazed idolatrously at the exquisite young matron opposite him.

Broad-jawed and big-mouthed, with his flat spreading nose and shoe-button-bright eyes, Isaac's ugliness was a joy. It was such honest ugliness. Few thick strokes of caricature; a smiling gargyle. Short, stocky, nearing forty, gazing idolatrously at the slim blond woman.

But Isaac had always been like that—of astounding ambition. Always he had striven for the *best*. And now, after climbing from squalor to wealth, he wanted something which he feared his *gold* couldn't buy.

Shrewdly his eyes admired her gown. Nothing to it, just a length of black chiffon! But, being in the business, Isaac knew the price of such simplicity. It was cleverer than the smartness of his stylish sister-in-law.

It wasn't stylish. Nanette Crombie herself was not "stylish."

All Isaac's standards were going through a new birth, a new re-crystallization. His was not a large vocabulary. In earlier, struggling years what he had admired was something "rich." Then "stylish" had replaced "rich." And now—he was ashamed of both words.

"Say, Mrs. Crombie, that's some swell gown, eh? It makes me think of that French word—*distingey*."

"*Distingué*," she smiled indulgently. "That is what one's clothes should be, isn't it—distinguished?"

It was less a question than a tactful helping with the travail of his standards.

From that moment Isaac discarded "stylish" for "distinguished." He gazed abjectly at the slim fair woman. She was distinguished. Isaac had no illusions

about himself. He knew just what he was—a common little Jew, a *schneider*, who had made a fortune. Nanette Crombie was an aristocrat whose father had lost one.

"Say, Mrs. Crombie, you and I are pretty good friends, eh?"

She smiled with gracious condescension. Isaac flushed, gratefully.

"Look here, Mrs. Crombie, I want to be square with you, no matter the price."

Still her slow, almost impersonal smile. From the first it had intrigued Isaac, that calm smile of immense sureness. What poise! Now his bright little sister-in-law always tried to "come back" with something smart. But Mrs. Crombie knew that her mere smile sufficed.

He did not realize how one-sided were their conversations; her smile expressed her more vividly than did the much talking of lesser women.

"Well, if you and I are to go on being friends, I guess it's time I told you something about myself."

"But I liked you because you talked about me!"

Isaac chuckled. She was bright, eh? When she did speak, she was bright, eh?

"You know what I think of you. But," solemnly, "I must tell you about myself. I am absolutely self-made."

Still that smile! More kindly and more clearly than words it gave Isaac her reply—"Can I not see that?"

His olive cheeks reddened.

"Yes! It's written all over me. But what do those words mean to you? That my father kept no carriage; that we didn't dress for dinner. To me they mean poverty, hunger. At seven I sold newspapers on the streets."

Still she smiled, but kindly. As if a dam had broken, Isaac burst into description of his childhood.

"Yes, I had a hard time as a kid. But it was good for me. My parents were very orthodox. Every morning I had to be up at five, and walk to the Synagogue. There I would sing *Tillum*, or the Songs of David, till daybreak. Then, morning prayers for an hour, and after that walk home."

She sipped her liqueur, smiling.

"Then I'd wash my hands before breakfast of bread and water, saying a prayer for everything I ate. You know, Mrs. Crombie, an orthodox Jew's breakfast is rarely more than bread and butter and coffee. Meat, even *kosher* meat, is unusual. On board ship with you was the first time I ever tasted *trafed* meat. Well, after breakfast I'd go to school, then home to lunch, back to school till three o'clock, and then I'd have to walk to *Chedar*, which lasted from four till six."

"What is that," amusedly, "*shayder*?"

"*Chedar*? The Hebrew school, where we learned the Scriptures, Yiddish, and some Hebrew."

"How dreadfully well educated Jews must be!"

"Not I!" bitterly. "I had to quit too young. After *Chedar* I'd walk home, wash my hands, say prayers, have supper, and again prayers. Then till nine o'clock I'd study. After that began my day's work—selling newspapers on the streets."

She smiled brilliantly. Isaac laughed shortly.

"Oh, you wouldn't have liked me when I was a young fellow. But my poor mother was mighty proud of me when I got apprenticed to a *schneider*. Funny, eh? Mrs. Crombie dining with a man who used to wear a tapeline round his celluloid collar!"

Still he couldn't read her smile. Was it the end?

"Oh, I know what your swell friends call me—a common little Jew! But even they don't suspect half of it!"

Her smile widened into a delicate laugh.

"That's what Hugo calls you."

Hugo was her husband.

"He does, eh?" with sudden wrath. "Well, do you know what I call him? He's nothing but a dirty *schmorer*, who married you because your father was rich."

"Poor Hugo! He comes of one of the best families in England."

"That for his family! They may be all right; he isn't. I admire breeding, and I know you can't get it without birth, but I know too that birth doesn't always bring it. Your husband's own folks couldn't stick him, so they paid him an allowance to keep out of the country."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not discuss my husband."

Isaac wilted. Everything stood between him and this woman. More insurmountable than a mere husband was the eternal difference between her and himself. Generations had gone to the making of Nanette Crombie. In a few years could he ever hope to become like her—distinguished?

"Nanette!" It was hardly more than a whisper.

She still smiled. He had called her by her first name, and she still smiled! He jumped to his feet, tossed a bank-note on the waiter's bill, and said jerkily:

"Come! Please come!"

He must get her away from this mob.

She rose, still smiling. A horrible thought numbed. Was she merely playing, amused temporarily by his "difference"? He must have many "aristocratic" rivals. Ah, but *they* could not offer such worship; by just so much as he was below her, by that much was his worship increased.

"Come!" he begged.

She walked calmly out of the room. Securing her wrap, he hurried her to his waiting limousine. Directing his man to Central Park, Isaac followed Mrs. Crombie into the car. He wrapped a rug around her, then caught both her hands in his.

"Nanette, I love you!"

She made no reply. Yet—she still smiled! But—she was not—she could not be—for him!

"I'd do murder for you!" hotly.

"Why, Isaac," calmly, "that would not help me."

She sighed. "I am not a happy woman."

Everything went from him. He seized her in his arms, murmuring madresses. He kissed her.

TWO months had passed; for Isaac months of ecstasy. Nanette was to be his!

Even now he could scarcely believe it. And yet, she had instituted proceedings for divorce. She would soon be free. It had been simple, this eliminating a mere husband. Hugo Crombie's life was an obliging scattering of "evidence."

Sitting in his office, Isaac reviewed the past three months. Their chance meeting on shipboard—no, not chance—Fate. Only Fate could have crossed their paths. Normally Mrs. Hugo Crombie and Isaac Rabinovitch moved in different orbits.

At table Isaac had sat next to Mrs. Crombie and her mother. Isaac had "fallen" at sight, and as promptly had perceived the gulf between them. How

embarrassed he had been when she had noticed uncomprehendingly his restrictions in food.

"You are a vegetarian, Mr. Rabinovitch"? casually.

His mumbled reply about "not feeling like meat." That morning when she had invited him to join her in eleven o'clock meat broth! Finally that dinner when she had graciously advised the scallops, and Isaac had first eaten *trafed* food!

How he had dreaded the end of the voyage, seeing no future. Then, a week later, her mother had died of heart failure. Isaac had sent a princely wreath. Her note of thanks, inviting him to call.

Then precipitately—timorous adoration, slavish worship, flaming hope.

Isaac smiled, remembering his jealousy that he was not the only ship acquaintance permitted to see Nanette ashore.

Nanette had laughed.

"He sent me a dozen American Beauties. Don't bother being jealous of him."

Isaac did not follow her.

"You don't like them"? he fumbled.

And she had laughed, as at a child.

"Of course, I like them, but," a shrug, "I'm used to things done decently. If a man can't send a decent quantity, he had better send none."

No, it was not a pose. Her father's brokerage firm might have failed under questionable circumstances, so questionable that he had shot himself; but Nanette and her mother had always "done things decently." The spiteful said that it was on money that her father had settled on her mother to cheat his creditors, and the very spiteful remembered that Nanette's mother had once been her father's typist.

One thing was undeniable. All her life Nanette had spent two dollars where one would have done. Isaac drew in his breath. There was a wife for you! A wife

[Continued on page 47]



Ahead of him was Nanette, walking leisurely—with a man. "A damned cake-eater!" registered Isaac's bewildered brain.

The Song Sparrow

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Author of "The Idyl of Twin Fires, Etc.

Illustrated by John Clymer



The owner of the garden looked up from his work-bench in feigned surprise

THE garden of the Bird House Man was the oddest garden in Southmead. Some visitors declared they had never seen its like anywhere. It lay behind a little rambling white house on the edge of the village, and was quite invisible from the road, because the lot was narrow and that part of the frontage not occupied by the house was neatly filled by the shop, a pleasant little building also painted white with bright green shutters. In front of this shop, on weathered poles, were samples of bird houses, and on the foremost pole, beneath a little martin house, swung out a wooden sign which creaked in the wind, and bore in gilt letters this legend:

FARNUM'S FAMOUS BIRD HOUSES

But when you passed between the shop and the house you found that the lot ran back several acres, bounded on either side by a thick hemlock hedge twenty feet high which completely shut it off from the world. At first the garden was a riot of little flower beds separated by sanded paths, with two big maples on either side, and in the centre two elaborate bird baths which flanked a sundial, baths made of white cement and marble dust in the shape of large toadstools inverted on their stems. A number of weathered gray bird boxes and feeding tables were nailed to the trees or stood on poles amid the beds, one or two swinging from the trees like lanterns; one, on a very tall pole, was a perfect reproduction, even to the shutters, of Alec Farnum's dwelling. If you followed the central path of this garden and passed the sundial, across a bit of green lawn and through a neat vegetable area, you came to a downward slope leading to a little pond surrounded by great masses of iris, riotous in June; beyond the pond stood a little grove of tamaracks, and then a quarter-acre of shrubby cinquefoil. This

cinquefoil thicket was surrounded by a high wire fence, with a barbed line all along the top of it, and half hidden in the tamaracks was what appeared to be a chicken house, painted green. It was reached by a rustic bridge over the dam at the left side of the garden, for the pond had been artificially enlarged.

The real charm of this garden end, however, came from the occupants. On the grassy slope between you and the irised rim of the pond, a slope where two or three gnarled old apple trees sprawled in Japanese picturesqueness, a cock pheasant was usually walking with his wives

behind him, the sun shining on his iridescent neck feathers, his long tail sweeping like the rudder of an aeroplane. Sometimes a pheasant or two would be perched in the apple trees, unseen, and astonish you by fluttering down at your feet. Beyond the slope, on the surface of the pond, ducks were swimming, not the heavy domestic sort, but beautiful wild mallards. You became conscious, too, in the June sunlight, in this quiet garden, of a wealth of bird song not to be explained by your close proximity to the wooded hills which pressed close in about

Southmead. Song sparrows were singing all about you—one swayed in the top of a hemlock in the hedge, sharp against the sky, so that you could see his little throat flutter. An oriole flashed in the apple tree, swallowed a caterpillar, and poured out a blessing on the feast. The robins were busy. A catbird mewed in the tamarack thicket. There was even the indescribable sweet call of a wood thrush.

But on the June morning which particularly concerns us there was another song besides. It came from the throat of a girl who was standing amid the iris clumps at the edge of the pool, watching the ducks. She stopped singing long enough to call, "Good morning, Bert," at the figure of a man moving about in the pen of the bird house across the pond, and then she began again, turning slowly and passing up the slope toward the house. A cock pheasant stepped out of the path just far enough to avoid contact, and watched her go by. She paused in her song once more and said, "Good morning, Sir Rupert."

When she reached the flower garden, two chirping sparrows and a robin were contending for the possession of one of the bird baths; the other, twenty feet away, was unoccupied. She had to stop singing a third time to point out to them their strife was quite childish and unnecessary; then she moved along a side path bordered with fox-glove, and selected a stem of white bells flecked with pink, which she picked and pinned across her breast.

"He won't mind," she said, half aloud.

After that she walked to the back door of the little white shop, and entered.

The owner of the garden and the maker of Farnum's Famous Bird Houses looked up from his work-bench in feigned surprise.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" he said, with an air of

great disappointment. "I thought a nightingale had somehow strayed into my garden."

"You don't seem very glad that it's me," said the girl.

"Well, why should I be?" said the Bird House Man, laying down the saw he held in his hand. "In the first place, you say 'It's me'; and, in the second place, last night was your night to come to the Bird House and sing; and you go traipsing off to a dance instead with some young fellow not half so interesting nor so handsome as I am."

The girl laughed.

"And you've been stealing one of my fox-gloves, into the bargain," he added.

"But doesn't it look pretty where it is?" she asked.

The man surveyed her gravely as she stood in the open doorway with the June sunlight behind her. She was slender and rather tall than short, with blue eyes and delicate features, with a mouth that smiled, but could, you felt, be very wistful. For all her plain white dress, you would have turned a second time to gaze upon her when she passed, for she was virginal and lovely, and her little bare throat curved to her hidden shoulders adorably. Now she was smiling and awaiting the man's reply.

He didn't answer at once, but seemed to be pondering the question. He was a big man, not at all the gentle, mild old fellow you might have inferred from his garden and his occupation. His hair was gray and there was gray in his small, pointed beard; but he was hard and brown, with eyes bright behind his gold spectacles, and he carried himself like a man of forty. He wore his trousers with a belt, like a youngster, and had the air, indeed, less of a workman than a well-preserved professor pottering with a hobby.

"Well!" she said finally, assuming a pout, "doesn't it look nice?"

"With whom did you go to that dance?" he demanded.

"I won't tell you when you ask me that way. Besides, it's none of your business," she laughed.

"Ho, isn't it! You think you can play the tyrant over me, do you? Well, maybe you can, up to a certain point. But there is always a limit. You've made me go to church, I admit, but you shan't dictate how I shall ask questions!"

"I made you go to church?"

"Yes, you! Do you think I'd ever set foot there when I might be out watching a mother partridge play broken wing, if you didn't sing in the choir?"

The girl came close to him, raising her face to his. "Who was the good fairy that had me taught to sing?" she asked. "It's his fault."

The man looked into the blue eyes raised to his and blinked behind his glasses. "None of your nonsense!" he cried. "With whom did you go to that dance?"

Then they smiled at one another, and the girl answered quite simply: "With Tom Cook."

"H'm!" said the creator of Farnum's Famous Bird Houses. "Tom Cook! Why'd you go with him? All right, I know—because he asked you."

"I suppose that was the reason," she smiled.

"Why, don't you like Tom?"

"Who said I didn't like Tom?"

"You did—all over."

"Did I, now? Well, you tell me first why you do like Tom?"

"Who said I liked Tom?"

"Do girls go to dances with boys they don't like?"

"Of course they do, you silly old thing, when they would have to stay at home otherwise."

"Would you have had to stay at home otherwise?" he demanded, with a fine air of incredulity.

"Other people don't think me as nice as you do," the girl answered, looking at him fondly. "I—I guess I'm rather quiet."

"Hello!" cried Alec Farnum, pushing his half-finished bird house to the back of the bench. "Come out and see what I've got in the garden."

She looked surprised at this abrupt transition, but followed him as he led her to an old cigar box tacked under the low eave of the woodshed with, a round hole the size of a quarter cut in the side. A wren flew out as they approached and inside she saw the nest and the little eggs.

"Ungrateful female!" the man exclaimed. "Here I put up my fine apartments, and lower the rent ridiculously—and nothing doing. Along comes that eight-year-old whipper-snapper, Georgie French, takes an old cigar box, and gets a tenant right away! Fool bird! It's like riding in a day-coach smoker when you might have a Pullman. They were only ten-cent cigars in that box, too."

"But think how pleased Georgie will be," said the girl.

The man turned his face away, and his eyes twinkled with pleasure as if the answer delighted him. But he said, "H'm, he's forgotten all about his box by now, the young pup. Come, let's sit by the sundial. Hear that song sparrow! He sings like you, Ruth. That's what you are—a song sparrow. All people are like some sort of a bird, all nice people."

RUTH sat beside him on a garden bench and seemed waiting for him to continue. He listened to the bird song for a long moment in silence and then he said, in a grave, quiet voice: "My little girl is growing up! I call you my little girl still, Ruth, because you have no daddy and I have no daughter. You don't mind?"

For answer Ruth slipped her hand into his.

"That's it!" he said, patting her fingers. "Now you are really a little girl. I was never a little girl myself, and I don't pretend to know much about 'em, which proves I'm the wisest man in the world. But isn't it true that little girls dream about brave knights who will some day come riding by, brave and good knights, who'll sing serenades and quote poetry and make you feel like a song by Schubert or Schumann?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose girls do dream such things sometimes," she answered, "and then they wake up. I suppose every girl dreams of a man who—who—well, who's Sir Launcelot for her. But why do you ask? Surely you don't think that I—Tom Cook—!"

"Dear me, no! Tom Cook singing a serenade? Perish the thought! But my little girl is growing up, just the same, and she will be dreaming like all the rest. No, I don't ask if she has. I never peep into secret gardens. But I do want to know why you say, 'and then they wake up.' That sounds cynical. It interests me."

"Girls in Southmead, maybe I should have said," she answered. "Knights don't come riding by the Southmead girls, you must know that, Uncle Alec."

"I know nothing of the kind. Why not for Southmead girls?"

"You know why," she said. "Oh, you might have come to somebody with romance blazoned in gold on your purple banner, you selfish old thing! But now our boys—well, if they are smart they go to Boston or New York. If they stay here, it means they have no romance in their souls."

"My dear child," said the man gravely, "you don't need to be a successful New York stock broker to have romance in your soul!"

"Of course not," she said. "But—oh, dear, how shall I put it? I can't talk the way you

can—you've got to have a heart that feels beauty in things, and a mind that—that strikes sparks."

"Ruth, you abominable child, you are growing up!" said the man, "Shall I take you to Boston with me on my lecture trip? No, you'd distract attention from the lecture. You come to see me when I get back. I'm going to bring you some new songs. Go home now and tell your mother to put you in pinafores to retard your growth. Go out through the house, will you, and gather up the pile of manuscript on my desk before it blows all over the place. It's another chapter of the new 'Bird Book.' You can be typing it while I'm gone. Ungrateful chit, you! Growing up! A cynic! No romance in Southmead! And you a song sparrow!"

"Aren't you funny today?" said she, as she got up to go. "Don't stay away too long."

"Only long enough to find somebody who doesn't believe romance is dead," he sniffed. "I have to go to town to renew my faith, you see."

He went back to his shop when she had departed and finished the bluebird box he was at work upon, then he crossed the drive into his house. Mrs. Plumb, his housekeeper, was already setting the table.

"You ain't got none too much time to pack," she said, in her sharp tones. "You know you said I was to remind you to take the train for Boston this afternoon, 'cause you'd got to lecture to the Milton Bird Club tomorrow. You'd better get a shirt or two in Boston, too. That heathen Chinese where you insist on taking your laundry ain't content ter spit tobacco juice on the bosoms—now he's made saw teeth of the cuffs."

"No shirt will live forever, Mrs. Plumb," said Alec Farnum philosophically.

"Well, there's no great need of killin' 'em off in childhood, ez I can see," she retorted.

The man sat down to his luncheon, which Mrs. Plumb served him. As he ate, he talked, raising his voice to reach her when she went into the kitchen.

"Did you ever reflect," he said, "that the birds never make a mistake in mating? Robins mate with robins, hermits with hermits. Who ever heard of a song sparrow mated with a grackle? It's only we poor blundering humans who get all mixed up in our mating."

"Yes, ther's that Sally Fisher, she's married a Jew!" said Mrs. Plumb. "Can't no happiness come of marryin' a Jew, I say."

"I'd go farther than that," smiled the man. "It isn't so much Jew or Chinese or Slav that makes the difference in us humans; it's our souls. Some of us are wild ducks, and some of us are hermits, and some of us are domestic robins, or merry chickadees, or cantankerous crows. There are nightingales and song sparrows, as well as hawks and grackles. But we don't find our own kind at mating time. Do you know why we don't Mrs. Plumb?"

"No. Will you have some more peas?" said she.

"I will, they are delicious," he answered. "The first early peas are always delicious. The answer to my question is that the circulation among souls is not free enough. It is too constricted. Love, Mrs. Plumb, is with us a matter of proximity. We have to love, it's our nature. If we are a song sparrow, and there is no other song sparrow in sight, we foolishly fall in love with the grackle next door. That's the whole trouble with humanity!"

"Lord, if it only was!" said Mrs. Plumb. "Now, you hurry and pack your bag, and don't forget your pajamas this time. You've had to buy six more pairs than you need in the past four months."

"Very well,"



said he, lighting his cigar and rising from the table, "and don't you forget to keep the bird baths filled."

"I ain't the forgettin' kind," she retorted.

THE man departed presently, with the end of a necktie sticking out from under the cover of his suitcase and a small leather case of lantern slides carried tenderly in his right hand. Five days later he returned in the evening accompanied by a young man who was laden down with a painter's field kit in addition to his other luggage. He had a boyish face, which nobody would have called handsome but anybody would have called honest and pleasant, and when he spoke his voice was music—a rare thing. His "Good evening" quite took the wind out of Mrs. Plumb's sails as she started to bear down upon poor Alec Farnum in anger at his bringing home an unexpected guest, and after supper she left the kitchen door open to hear the sounds which this guest was [Cont'd on page 12]



Ruth was too astonished to do anything for a second but hold the pose. Then she slowly raised her eyes

evoking from the piano, while Mr. Alec sat huddled contentedly in his big chair, puffing at his pipe. Once she peeped through the door, and was amazed to see that the young man had no lights on the piano at all—he seemed to be making up what he played out of his own head, as she put it to herself.

"Now, Rob," said his host the next morning, "you can roam where you like after today. But this morning, first of all, you've got to make me a sketch of my duck-pond while the Japanese irises are out. You come with me."

He led the painter down through the garden, across the dam, and into the tamaracks at the farther side. There he found the spot where an opening made a little vista of the pond with the green slope rising beyond, and in this spot he made the young man put up his easel.

"This is exactly the view I want," said he, "only there should be a human figure over there in the irises, to show how tall they are. You'd like a model, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it's necessary," laughed Rob. "I ought to be able to scale the irises by the apple trees beyond, or over by the ducks."

"No, I want a human in the sketch," his host declared. "You be sketching in the scene, and I'll go find a model."

"Get a little girl in a white dress if you can," the other said.

"A good idea," cried Alec Farnum with a smile.

He crossed the dam, looked back, and saw that the painter was almost concealed to casual observation from this side, smiled again, and went up to the house and telephoned to Ruth.

"Hello, I'm back!" he said. "Mrs. Plumb is happy because I didn't have to add to my collection of pajamas. But I've something new to show you, something quite wonderful. Please come right over, and by the way, wear a white dress . . . What? . . . Oh, why? Because I like to see you in white . . . Not at all, I always notice."

Five minutes later Ruth, flushed with running, came into the workshop and found him with coat off busily sawing.

"Now, what is the surprise?" she cried. "Show it to me quick!"

"Oh, no! You've got to find it for yourself," said he. "You go down to the pond and stand on your wishing stone amid the iris, and look hard. Then if you are not surprised, I'll be!"

"You funny old fairy, what are you up to now?" she asked, looking at him with eyes full of affection and curiosity, and an odd doubt she could not have explained. "I hope it isn't another wife for Sir Rupert," she added, "because he's got quite too many as it is."

"Go and see," he commanded.

She went skipping down the slope, her eyes searching the lawn and the surface of the pond to see if any new pheasants or ducks were in sight, pushed her way through the tall iris stalks, and reached a flat stone on the margin of the pool, with yellow and purple iris blossoms on either side of her. There she stood poised, gazing at the stone, at the water, at the flowers—and saw nothing unusual. She was about to turn and look behind her when a peremptory voice came over the water: "Don't move. That's fine. Hold that pose, please!"

Ruth was too astonished to do anything for a second but hold the pose. Then she slowly raised her eyes toward the other side of the little pond and searched out the spot where an artist was seated, only his head and shoulders and the top of his canvas visible over the undergrowth. She could see only enough to distinguish that he was young. As he looked at her fixedly and turned quickly to dab at his canvas, she flushed a hot red all over and felt an irresistible impulse to turn and flee. She did, in fact, turn, but again his voice called to her:

"Oh, please! Just as you were; I won't keep you there long. I told Mr. Farnum to send a little girl, but this is much better; a little girl would have been no taller than those purple irises."

So this was the surprise! Ruth was angry. Uncle Alec had no right to subject her to this without warning her—making her an artist's model for a total stranger. She hadn't even put on a good dress, only her old white muslin. And her hair was every which way. She wouldn't stay! Then a new thought struck her, and she turned very red again. She suddenly recalled their conversation before he went away, about Tom Cook and romance and knights who came riding by. So Uncle Alec had brought him here for—for that. Oh, how could men be so clumsy! Of course, he was an old dear—but that! What would this artist think if he ever guessed? And of course he would guess, Uncle Alec was so transparent. She would never come near the garden till the stranger had gone away. She was too kind-hearted to spoil the picture now, but she would run the minute it was over. She was angry, mortified, and a little frightened. But she stood quite still till the artist again sang out: "There!

I've sketched you in. Don't you want to see the result?"

"Thank you, I—I—" Ruth began.

"Oh, excuse me, it is a tangle getting in here. Wait, I'll bring it."

He arose, picked up his canvas, and came quickly across the bridge toward her. Ruth had stepped back to the grassy slope, and awaited him with a flushed face and beating heart. His voice was pleasant, she had to admit. His face, too, as he drew near, was pleasant. He was a nice man, but of course Uncle Alec would have invited only a nice man, and that made it worse. She sunk her head, embarrassed, as he came up, and looked but sidewise at the sketch he held, which smelled pungently of the fresh oils. It didn't seem to her much more than daubs of color. She could hardly find what was meant for her figure at first.

"You're not very used to looking at pictures in the making, are you?" he laughed frankly. "Or are you, and do you really know what a bad painter I am?"

"Oh, it isn't that! I'm not used, at all—" she stammered, more than ever embarrassed.

He laughed gaily. "Well, then, I'm safe. But I could be a real painter, with you as a model—not across an iris pond in this hard light, but sitting at the window of an old-fashioned house, say—Benson stuff, you know. My, you were made to paint!"

There was no missing the genuine admiration of his tone, and Ruth could feel his eyes on her face. She felt herself growing hot again, but she had to lift her eyes a second to his, and then she dropped them again in an excess of surprise, of embarrassment, of strange, subtle pleasure.

"Will you let me?" he demanded.

"I—I—I—don't know," she said.

Again he laughed. "It's just like that old duck up there to send you down here without coming himself to introduce us, isn't it? He just thinks of everybody as children. My name is Robert Eliot—one 'l' and one 't'—and I'm a poor devil of an artist rescued from a big city by our mutual friend. He was kind enough to say he wanted company; and he knew, I guess, that I wanted free board."

The young man again laughed easily as he made this frank revelation. Ruth had heard of struggling artists. Only the other day she had been reading some sketches of Latin Quarter life. In her secret heart she admired them tremendously, for they had the courage to do what she could never do. She sang. Uncle Alec had given her lessons for three years, every summer, with a fine teacher who spent the hot months in Southmead. But it was only in her secret dreams that she could fancy herself leaving her home, her mother, and buffeting the big world for a place in the musical spotlight. Yet there was the spark of sympathy and understanding in her. She again looked into Eliot's face.

"I'm Ruth Barnes," she said. "I call Mr. Farnum Uncle Alec, because he has always been my best friend. My father died when I was a little girl. He is always doing kind things for people. Now, I—I must go."

"Not till you promise to sit for me, really," he cried.

"Why do you want me to?" she asked, her voice very low. She could not resist the question.

"Why? Bless my heart, can it be there haven't been any painters in these parts? Because of your hair and your features and your color and your neck—not madonna-like, that's not the word, but the essence, physical and spiritual, of maidenhood. Only you must sit in an old room, with maybe pink in your dress, and Uncle Alec's (I'm going to call him that, too) stuffed bluebird in the northwest corner of the canvas, on his white mantel!"

How easily the enthusiasm sprang into this man's voice! It seemed to Ruth he created the picture as he talked, the picture of her. And where were her fine resolutions?

"I—I can't promise!" she suddenly exclaimed, and almost ran up the slope, leaving Eliot astonished.

IN THE flower garden the Bird House Man was waiting for her, his eyes twinkling. He was evidently unprepared for what she said. She paused in front of him, her face still flushed, and demanded: "Why did you do it, Uncle Alec? It was horrid of you, really it was. Now I can't come to see you any more!"

"What do you mean, you ungrateful young baggage?" he said. "Can't come to see me any more? Hasn't that rascal made a good picture of you?"

"Oh, I don't know whether it was good or not. What does it matter? What will he think when he knows?"

"Knows what?"

"What you've done."

"I've given him the first chance he has had in three years for a vacation and time to paint, instead of making hack book covers and title pages in a publisher's office, if that's what you mean—and sent him what I thought was a good model. He's got no kick coming, I guess."

"Oh, Uncle Alec, you are incorrigible!" she cried, close to real tears.

"He plays the piano beautifully, and we've bought a lot of new songs, and I had thought of having you and your mother and one or two more in tonight. Of course if—"

"Oh, you are just mean!" she cried, the tears coming at last. And she left him abruptly.

"I'm going to paint a real picture of that girl you sent down," said Eliot at luncheon. "We had to introduce ourselves, by the way. Did you think we were children?"

"Introductions are unromantic," the elder man chuckled. "Why do you pick her out to paint?"

"She is so beautifully featured, the nose and chin and lovely girlish throat. The public likes pretty girl pictures, and I can make one with her, and yet make it the real thing besides. She's an ideal type of Maidenhood, and of the old New England into the bargain."

"Yes, she's old New England," the other answered. "That's about all we are up here. Never thought of her as so astonishingly pretty, though. She's a quiet little thing, good to her mother, sings well, with maybe a spark of temperament lurking down deep somewhere. Most old New Englanders have one, but they need the very devil of a pair of bellows to blow it into life."

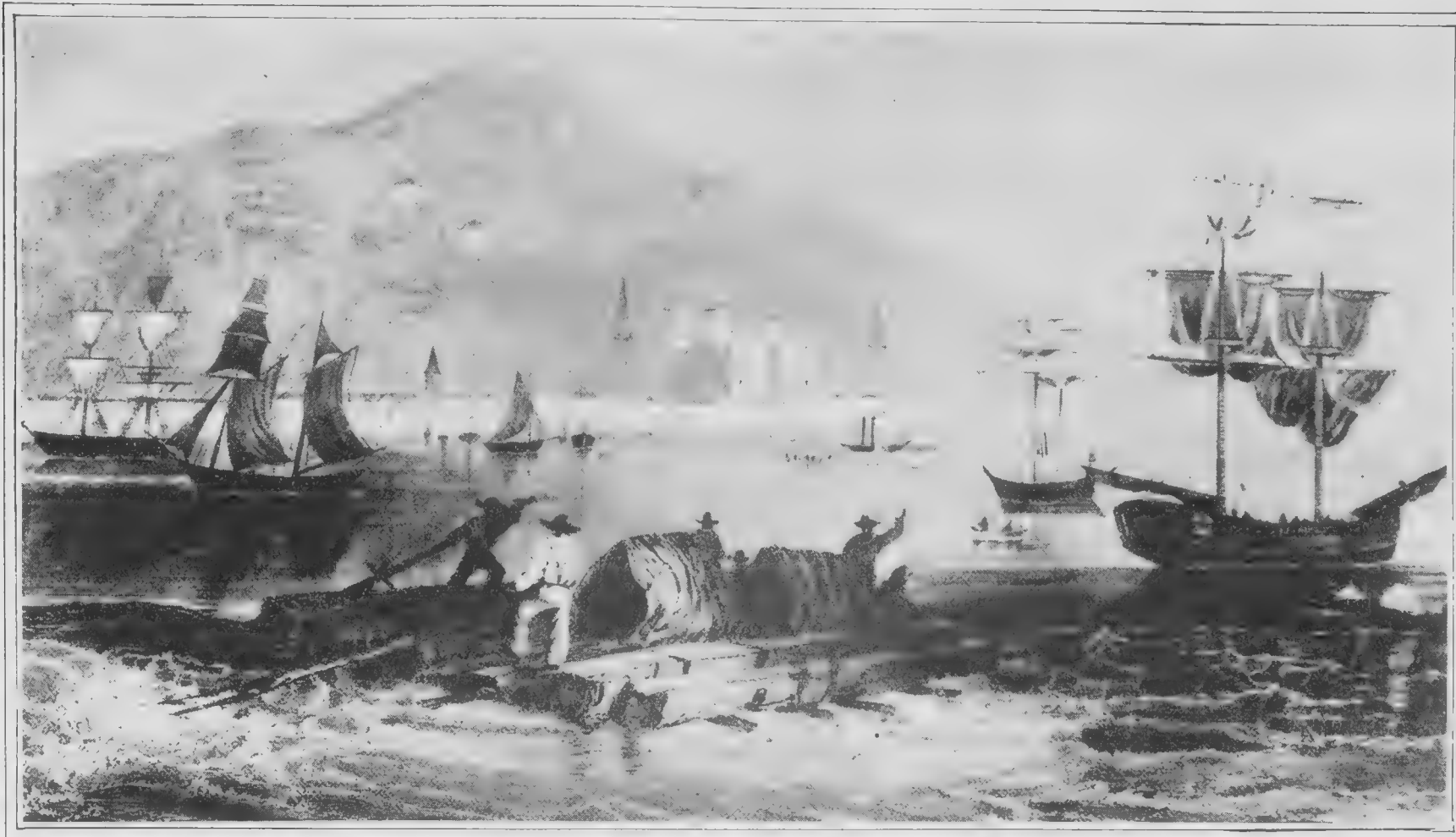
"You've known her too long as a little girl," said Eliot; "I'm sure you don't do her justice."

The Bird House Man turned away his face to smile. "Maybe not, maybe not," he said. "Well, you paint her picture if you can. It will keep both of you out of mischief—perhaps."

That night there was a little party in the Bird House, as Alec Farnum's dwelling was generally called, and Mrs. Barnes arrived with her daughter, who had been casually informed by the other guests that afternoon that they were coming to hear her sing. After that she couldn't refuse without acknowledging a break with the Bird House Man, but she glared at him when she entered—and he laughed.

There were only two other guests; a nice old gentleman, the president of the village bank and Alec Farnum's life-long friend, and Thomas Trask, a young doctor who had recently come to Southmead and whom Alec Farnum said he liked.

Eliot sat at the piano, evidently delighted that his new model could sing, and Ruth soon forgot to be angry in the pleasure of an accompaniment that was true, resourceful, and alive with feeling. She lost her first embarrassment at performing before this stranger, too, and sang better than she knew how. They still kept on when the rest had gone out on the verandah over the garden, trying a group of songs Eliot produced. Their heads were close together as they read the unfamiliar [Continued on page 62]



Montreal Harbour in 1840, showing the various methods of transportation and shipping, also the water front in early days

Canada From Its 1929 Watch Tower

A STORY OF A SIXTY-SECOND DOMINION DAY

By Frank Yeigh Author of "5,000 Facts About Canada"

CANADA will, on the Dominion Day of 1929, have run off sixty-two miles of the first century span since its start in 1867.

What is the story of today in relation to the past and in the face of the prospective future? Where stands the new Dominion, at this milestone in her national career? How far have we come on the road to nationhood, and whither are we heading at this period in expansion?

Judged by any standard of measurement, and recognizing the difficulties encountered in the gigantic task of welding disconnected sections of country into a whole, the results of these six decades not only justify the faith of the Fathers — for much of their foundation work was based on a high and noble faith — but give courage for the future.

The material evidence of growth is, naturally, the most impressive. The figures for 1867 shrink into very small compass when compared with those of today. Then, the monetary talk was in terms of thousands; next it emerged into millions, and now huge billion totals awaken no surprise. Canada has become a Billion - Dollar-Country, until mere ciphers, when added to a substantial basic figure, are almost meaningless and create no surprise. We have learned to talk in Billions!

The jump of trade figures from a mere 130 millions to two and a half billions tells the story of commercial expansion in a sentence. The national wealth has risen to 26 billions; bank deposits from 37 millions to well over

two billions, bank capital from 30 millions to over 100 millions, and assets from 100 millions to 3 billions.

Even the population, slow as has been its growth, has nearly trebled in the interim. The field crop area has quadrupled, the value of field crops has risen from 111 millions (in 1871) to well over the billion mark; and wheat production from 17 million to over half a billion bushels. Live stock has increased

numerically from 8 to 20 million head, with a corresponding increase in value; dairy products value from 15 to 250 millions; fisheries from 7½ to 60 millions, and minerals from 10 to 250 millions.

All the data is new in the realm of hydro-electrical development. It was not until 1891 that a beginning was made, which make the present-day figures of over 5 million horse-power development assume an impressive magnitude, while even these statistics promise to be overshadowed in the near future.

The increase of railway mileage from 2,695 to over 40,000; of passengers carried from 5 million to nearly

50 million, and of freight from 5½ million to 125 million tons stagger the mind in an attempt to visualize them. The canal freight tonnage increase from 4 to 18 millions is on a par with sea-going and inland navigation and the enlargement of harbor facilities.

In the financial realm, the savings of the people of 1871 were a mere 10 million, over against 2 billions in 1929. The Government revenue of only 20 millions in 1871, when measured by the current receipts of 444 millions in 1928-29 further emphasizes the advance. These are only a few illustrations among hundreds that might be quoted.

A CONVINCING measuring-rod of the distance Canada has travelled under her Confederation era is afforded by the new things since 1867. The mere list is a surprising and significant one, as revealing the development of science and the many [Continued on page 70]



This passenger fleet of boats and many others of this type ply the St. Lawrence upwards to the Great Lakes and below Montreal to the Gulf of St. Lawrence



A sharp, darting pain struck Lawrence's heart, and with an impulsive gesture he stretched out his great right hand and laid it upon her left one.

Romance of the Boulevard

By Francis Dickie

IT IS wonderful to be twenty-one, and in Paris for the first time. Lawrence Haskell walked along the Boulevard Haussmann. The late afternoon sun of August was pouring all its battery of lengthening rays down upon the Grands Boulevards. Through the archway of greenery of the double row of plane trees along the Boulevard Haussmann some of the sunshine fought its way through to the street below and laid mosaics of fantastic pattern upon the sidewalk.

Lawrence Haskell went slowly along, revelling in the glory of this summer day, and in the sights and sounds about him. True, the people, the pavement, the motor cars, even the things displayed in the windows were much the same as those he had looked upon in London and Birmingham. But Lawrence was twenty-one; and the eyes of youth see romance and glamor in a foreign setting even in this age of dreadful standardization. He had brought with him to Paris the spirit of difference, and so now was thrilling to every moment of his visit. And the Grands Boulevards, for all their yielding to the spirit of change, for all their standardization, still contain something, some spiritual essence that clings, though the last of the "Boulevardiers," those quaint avatars of this, have ceased to be.

Lawrence was tall, just a half-inch under six feet, and blonde, with a broad, square-cut Anglo-Saxon face, and deep blue eyes that still looked out upon the world without scepticism. Passing from the Boulevard Haussmann he went along the Boulevard des Italiens, and presently halted before the high, arching entrance of the Passage des Panoramas on the Boulevard Montmartre. The name caught his attention. He remembered having read a story, the setting of which had begun in this ancient passage where for half a century stores had offered a queer medley of goods: books, jewellery, clothes. He strolled slowly through. Coming out again, he caught sight of the entrance to the Passage Jouffroy across the street. He entered the Passage. Moving slowly he stared at a window filled with queer and varied canes, at the stamp bureau, and passed on to where piles of second-hand books in gorgeous leather bindings invited the buyer at prices ridiculously low.

Lawrence had always been interested in books. Perhaps for this reason he had applied himself at boarding-school more successfully to the mastering of French than the majority of his companions. And though he spoke it but indifferently, he spoke enough to make this first visit to Paris more pleasurable than that of most of his countrymen. For when he was ten, Lawrence had benefited for two years by one of those exchange arrangements so common between the two countries. A boy of similar age, Robert Deleurance, the son of a business acquaintance of Lawrence's father, had spent two years in the English household. So now, though at twenty-one, Lawrence had grown rather rusty in handling a foreign tongue, very little of an average conversation escaped him.

Before the piled-up volumes he halted, taking up various books which attracted his interest. Suddenly he was aware of someone at his side, a slim girl in a plain black coat. He caught a side view of a wisp of

blonde hair peeping out from beneath a round tightly-fitting straw hat, and such a wistful face. He closed the book he had been examining. As he was about to set it back in its place, his hand encountered that of the girl just reaching for another volume.

"Oh, excuse me," he said.

She turned her face up to him, and he looked into two of the softest, most innocent brown eyes he had ever encountered. They were as wistful as her face. The long black lashes curled upward adorably.

Lawrence's heart gave a queer little bound as his eyes looked into hers. This was Paris, and here was romance at his elbow. And yet, Anglo-Saxon that he was, no further words could he at the moment summon.

"Monsieur is fond of books." The voice was low, as sweet as the child-like face it came from.

"Yes, very, very much. And you also, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes." Her answer was almost a sigh. A long pause. "But generally I have little time, and now, alas, when I have too much time, I have no money to buy them."

Glancing now upon her, Lawrence noted that her black coat was sadly shiny, and her one-piece dress of dark orange crepe de chene much worn.

"Why have you too much time now?" Lawrence queried in a sudden burst of bravery.

The brown eyes under the long, so-greatly curving lashes looked into his with a light, vaguely reproachful, that he should dare so intimate a question. And yet, mingling with the look was something timidly appealing, a stifled impulse to confide.

It encouraged Lawrence.

"Please tell me. You know," he hurried on, "people who love books as you and I do have much in common."

She turned her head away. For a moment one of her long, slim hands, rested upon the green binding of a huge volume, and her fingers beat a nervous tattoo. After a long moment, and with her head still turned away, she began very low:

"I am a modiste. But things are very bad in summer. For a month I have had nothing

to do. So you see I cannot afford to buy books, even the very cheapest. One does not buy books when they have not even money for food." The last words came haltingly

from her lips, as though dragged out against her will by his so-ready sympathy.

Lawrence laid his hand upon her shoulder with an impulsive movement of understanding.

The pathos of this working girl, whiling away hungry hours by snatches of reading from the book-stalls, stirred all that was fine in his kindly romantic body. Yet his was a delicate soul, and for the moment he was at a loss how to meet this situation without offending this sensitive wistful child beside him. The clock at the end of the Passage pointed to half past five. Too early for dinner in this land where the chief meal of the day commenced in most restaurants at seven o'clock.

"I was just going to have a cup of coffee," he ventured. "You would perhaps join me?"

The two brown eyes looked up at him, a questioning, searching look, as though seeking to divine if any ulterior and sinister motive lay behind his offer. But those Anglo-Saxon orbs of deepest blue held only chivalrous sympathy.

They left the Passage and went along the Boulevard. As they walked, many of the French passers-by turned curious glances upon Lawrence. The Parisians are a remarkable people: though yearly they see a hundred thousand foreigners much like Lawrence, still now many looked upon him as though he were a sight strange and new.

THE orchestra in the Cafe du Cardinal was playing a lilting air. On the terrace, which covered half the sidewalk, every wicker chair was taken. A strong breeze had arisen. Dust was flying. In the street a gang were tearing up the pavement, the sound of the pneumatic drill mingling with the roar of the passing motors. And the wind wafted heavy draughts of petrol smoke upon the terrace. But the crowd sat on, sat and gazed and sipped, as only a French crowd can, disregarding of noise and dust and smells, while faint and seldom heard came snatches of the music through the open window.

Upon the narrow space of the sidewalk left between the final row of chairs of the terrace and the curb the



As they walked, many of the French passers-by turned curious glances upon Lawrence.

[Continued on page 53]

When Frances Barkley Came

By M. Eugenie Perry

UNTIL recently very few Canadians had even heard the name of Frances Barkley, the first white woman to set foot upon the shores of Canada's far-west coast. Yet some very fascinating material concerning her two voyages to the North Pacific coast is available to any who care to visit the British Columbia Archives at the Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

And on November 19th, 1925, Frances Barkley's great-grandson, Captain Robert Barkley—who arrived in Victoria just one hundred years after his great-grandparents sailed these waters—unveiled a tablet to the memory of his great-grandfather, Charles William Barkley, and a number of other explorers.

It was through the efforts of the British Columbia Historical Association that the Historic Sites Board of Canada decided to raise a cairn, with tablet inset to commemorate the exploits of those intrepid adventurers who first sighted Juan de Fuca's Strait—Barkley, Meares, Grey, Quimper, Eliza, Vancouver, Galiana and Voldez. The cairn rises on the top of Gonzales Hill, near Victoria, the point from which the old mariners took their reckoning.

Of the names printed on the tablet, that of Captain Barkley is of foremost interest in this connection, as he was the first explorer to see and record the existence of the Strait.

It was in 1786 that Captain Charles William Barkley sailed from England in his ship, the *Imperial Eagle*—formerly the *Loudan*—400 tons, and mounting twenty guns, bound on a trading expedition to the northwest coast of America. Calling at Ostend, France, he met and married sixteen-year-old Frances Trevor, who accompanied him on the long and perilous journey to what then must have seemed the very ends of the earth.

Frances Barkley's journal of her first voyage has unfortunately been lost or destroyed, but some extracts from it have been preserved, and appear in Walbran's "British Columbia Place Names," and Howay's History of British Columbia.

The journal of her second voyage, though written in her sixty-sixth year, still gives some idea of the personality of that spirited and adventurous girl, and the gallant young sea captain, who, on the 27th of October, 1786, were married by her father in his church, the Protestant Chapel, at Ostend. A number of friends were present and signed the register.

It is possible that Frances inherited her roving strain from her father, the Reverend Dr. Trevor, at one time Rector at Otterhampton. Frances was born at Bridgewater in Somersetshire, in 1770; and a few years after her birth, her mother died, leaving four daughters—Frances; her twin sister, Elizabeth; Harriet James; and Jane Rebecca; all of whom grew up and married, with the exception of Elizabeth, who died at Hambourg, in her seventh year.

The Reverend Trevor soon married again, and having wasted a considerable fortune—Frances speaks of him as "an expensive man"—moved his family to London. That journey was Frances Barkley's earliest recollection—she was at that time five years old. From London they went to Rotterdam on a trading vessel, encountering very rough weather, so that everyone, including the maids and the littlest baby—probably one of the four boys presented to the Rector by his second wife—was seasick, except Frances, who slept

comfortably throughout the voyage. From which incident, she points out, it would seem that she was destined to make a good sailor.

Captain Barkley, a dashing, showy fellow—already at twenty-five in charge of a large trading-vessel, and outward-bound on an incredibly dangerous adventure, must have seemed to sixteen-year-old Frances the very figure of romance; and one concludes after reading her chronicle that their hasty marriage was never a matter of repentance to either of them; that they

Mr. Moore, the second mate, who cut quite a dash in his naval uniform, with his sword by his side. One is rather sorry to read, further on, in her second narrative—which contains also a few reminiscences of her first voyage—that Moore was murdered by the natives a few months later, at Destruction Island, where he was sent in charge of a boat for the purpose of exploring a river somewhere to the south of Vancouver Island.

When Captain Barkley put in at Brazil to rest and recuperate from his illness, the Portuguese officials were at first suspicious of the warlike appearance of the *Imperial Eagle*, with her twenty guns, her sprucely uniformed officers and boat crew all dressed alike; but being assured of her peaceful intentions, they became very friendly, supplied the Barkleys with a house at San Salvadore and a carriage in which to take their airings; and altogether showered them with hospitality.

Then when Captain Barkley somewhat regained his health, and his usual high spirits, he gave a big reception on board the *Imperial Eagle*, to which the Viceroy, his wife, and little daughter, and many local officials and grantees were invited. The ship was decorated with the flags of all nations; a salute was fired in honor of the guests, and an elaborate collation served. Mrs. Barkley, who spoke no Portuguese, was relieved to find that the ladies all spoke French quite fluently.

This is probably a fair example of the many entertainments given aboard the ship, at different points during the voyage.

Captain Barkley's expedition was supposed to be purely a mercantile venture, and any geographical discoveries he made had to be suppressed, so the log books of the *Imperial Eagle*—still in existence—do not tell of the discovery of the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

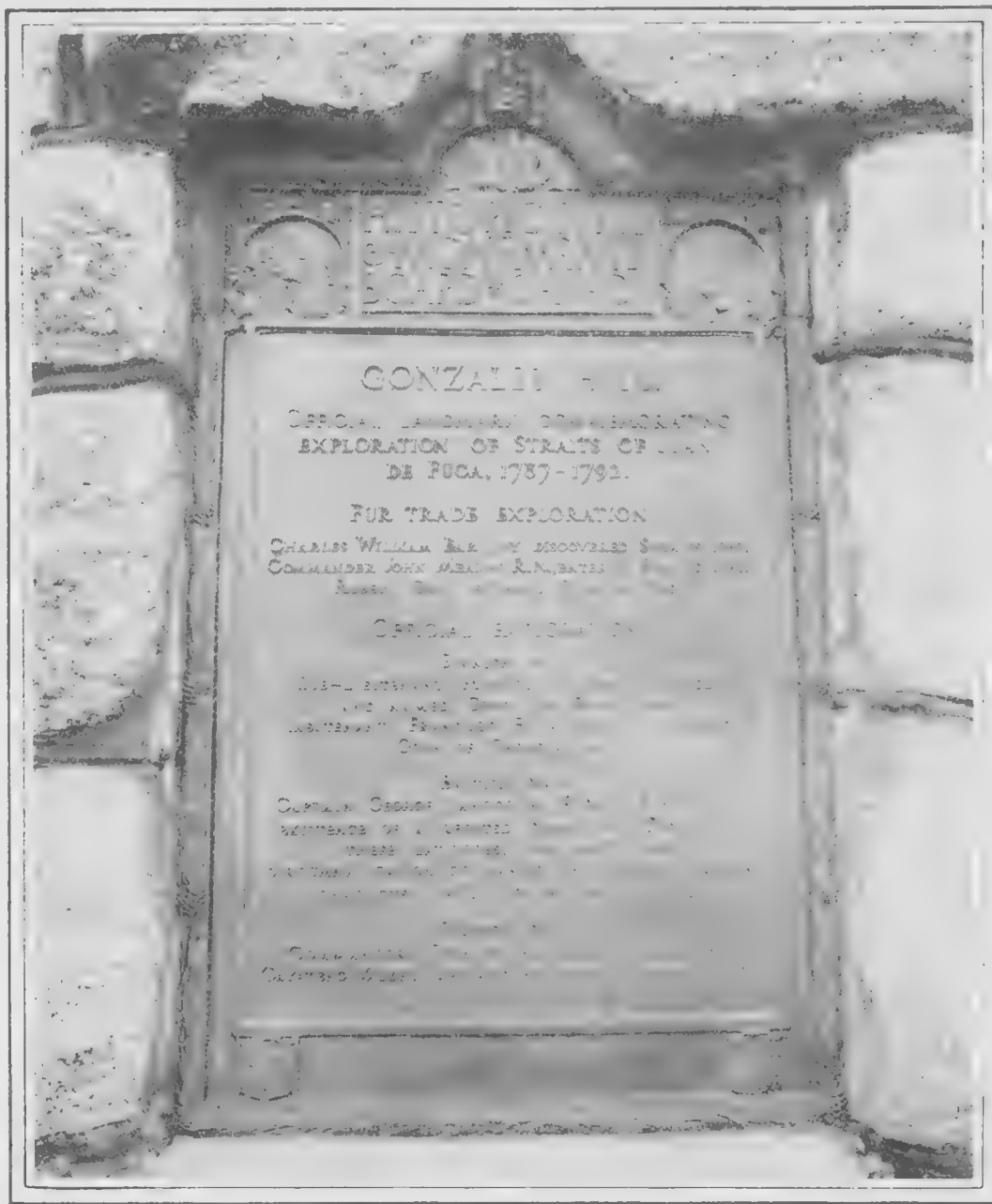
UP TO a hundred and thirty years ago, it is believed, no white man had ever reached the shores of Vancouver Island, or the western mainland; for time and research seem to have proven false the tales of those romancers of the sixteenth century, who claimed to have found in these latitudes the entrance to the North-west passage, a fabulous strait supposed to run from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific coast.

To find this mythical short way to China was the ambition of all those early navigators; and all maps printed before the 17th century show this Strait of Anian running through our present Canada's Northland. De Morena, a Spaniard, declared that he had been set ashore by Drake at the Anian Strait. But there is no record to prove that Drake ever saw any strait in these latitudes, even the comparatively modest one that does exist.

A Portuguese, Martin Chacke, claimed to have sailed the Northwest Passage on his way home from the Indies.

But perhaps the prize romancer of them all was Juan de Fuca, a Greek whose correct name was Valerianos—who told an Englishman whom he met in Venice that the Spanish government had failed to reward him for a voyage of discovery which under orders from the Viceroy of Mexico he had made in the North American waters, during which he had entered a strait between the latitudes 47 and 48 degrees, and sailed therein for more

[Continued on page 45]



The tablet which is inset in the cairn raised on Gonzales Hill near Victoria to commemorate the exploits of those intrepid adventurers who first sighted Juan de Fuca's strait

remained steadfast lovers to the end of their days.

It was perhaps in October, or early in November, 1786, that they set off on their trip around the Horn; and in the Bay of Biscay they ran into a terrible storm, so that they lost a great deal of the poultry with which they had provided themselves, and had to call in at the Cape de Verde Islands to take on extra provisions.

Their progress was slow, owing to adverse winds, and presently Captain Barkley developed a serious cold, which turned to rheumatic fever; and as he lacked skilled medical attention, it was feared he might not recover. Added to the anxiety over her husband's illness, Frances had to cope with the amorous attentions forced upon her by the first and second mates; though, as she quaintly puts it, the second, at least, should have had more honor, as he was a lieutenant in the King's service. This gay young man she probably forgave, later, for she tells of an incident which occurred when they were at Brazil. Having accepted an invitation to an affair which her husband was still too weak to attend, she was chaperoned by

The Gentleman King

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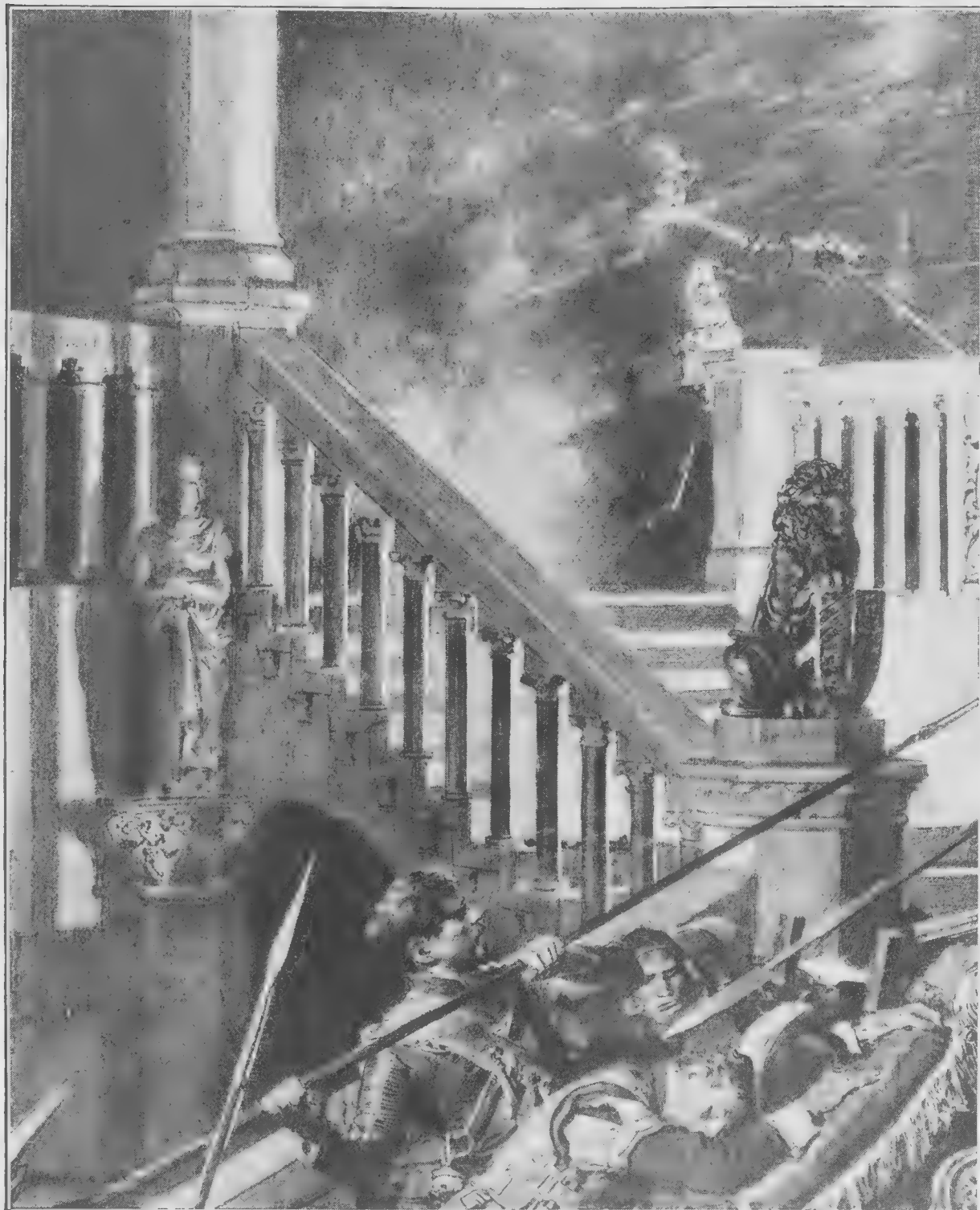
By
Russell Davenport

~

Illustrated by
J. Matanio

~

(FIFTH INSTALMENT)



Peter was able to stop the giant's lunges by changing his defence at every instant.

FOR two or three weeks the political situation at Savona was a stalemate. Sir George and Peter kept their military force prominently guarding the town from any aggression by the Italians. Orlando was not seen—he was “crouching in one of his six lairs,” to use Peter’s expression. The Duchess, France’s one political ally among the Italians at Savona, was informed of the plot which had been kept secret from her and her husband. When she heard that Philippe had intended to form a league with the Pope, the good lady sent a courier to her brother, the great Lorenzo of Milan, warning him to be prepared to come to her assistance in any emergency. The Duchess threatened to oust the chancellor, whom she disliked. The Duke listened to what she had to say on the subject of Philippe’s plot, shrugged, said that it was no business of his but that he disliked these impertinent Englishmen. The English and French could never understand Italian ways, he said—it was damned unjust that His Highness’ heir should be a Frenchman.

Philippe spent hours with the chancellor; played tennis, at which he was expert; fenced; flirted with the Contessa Beatrice.

Only Renée and Peter seemed to have changed. They had not spoken to each other. Peter found it impossible to see Renée at court, for his action against her had gone farther than either of them had expected. It had made the Duchess very angry with Renée. “My dear, you should have told me about the Pope immediately! You should not have deceived me, you should not have conspired!” And Renée knew that the Duchess’ reproaches were justified. She knew that Peter had acted honorably. Nevertheless, Peter

had deliberately hurt her at the very moment in which he had declared his love. If he had not protested then, she would not now protest. How was it possible to love a man whose mind forced his heart to do things like that? How was it possible to trust her heart to such a mind? How was it possible for her to forgive him for asking her to trust him?

Renée would not speak to Peter, or go near him. Therefore Peter, saying that the troops needed his attention, removed himself from the palace altogether, took up his abode in a tent outside the city walls. This was done the more easily since Sir George’s wound had healed, so that the captain was now able to attend the salons and guard the palace.

King Francis made his gratitude so apparent, praised Peter so highly, declaring that he was a true Pole, that Peter could no longer doubt the wisdom of his action in forbidding Renée’s marriage to Orlando. The King’s letter prohibited Renée’s marriage to Orlando on any terms.

Yet it must not be supposed that Peter was happy. A man does not cross the women he loves without enduring an agony of soul. No amount of praise from the King of France could make up for the loss of Renée’s affections, and of those confidences so indispensable to the happiness of a lover. During all that summer Peter went through one of the greatest emotional ordeals of his life. He was confined more or less to his tent, without any outlet for his energies beyond the routine military activities and reading. He took refuge more and more in his books, and it is to this period that must be attributed his intimate knowledge of Italian literature which, later, made him one of the leading intellectual figures of his times.

No doubt he spent much time planning his future. He mastered the military theories of his age, in order to prepare himself for that future royalty which, whether he should choose the throne of England or not, he was determined to obtain. He wanted a royalty of soul, or not that of the body. He surmised that to be a true king it was necessary to be a universalist. He must know *how* to lead armies, even if he should never lead them. He worked out several military theories himself, and to him must be attributed part-credit for the development of modern tactics, which began with the reign of Francis’ son, Henry II.

Meanwhile, Savona remained externally quiet until October. The Italians could do nothing while the French were in control; the French remained in control because they had nothing else to do. Lautrec was marching back and forth through Italy, hesitating to attack the Spaniards.

But one morning early in October, when the sun had just risen above the green-violet plains of Lombardy, touching with gold the grey walls of Savona, Sir George appeared at Peter’s tent. Before the Captain had uttered a word Peter cried: “Why, what’s up, George?”

“The devil”! said Sir George. “Do I betray my emotions so easily?”

“Your face is as radiant as the Angel Raphael’s.”

The Captain fixed Peter with his blue eyes, spread his legs apart. “I say”! he cried. “What do you think?”

“Well?”

“We’re going into action”!

“The hell we are.”



but there was a roar in his ears as he heard the crowd charging the barricade.

"I say we are! I have just been talking to the spy Dufour. The Spaniards are advancing toward us. They are making for the rear of Lautrec's army, which is now gathering to besiege Pavia. They will pass some thirty miles to the east of us. Lautrec has commanded me to cover his rear at all times; and by the cross of God I'll do it! We shall ambush them in the mountains, at St. Michael's pass where, I believe, our one company can rout ten of theirs!"

Peter noticed with a smile how red Sir George's face had become with his excitement.

"You mean," said Peter calmly, "that we are to leave Savona?"

"Naturally. I say, do you suppose we could attack them without leaving Savona?"

Peter laughed. "No, George. But I was thinking that it might be dangerous to leave Savona. Orando would not lose such an opportunity to get control of it."

"My dear young oracle, I have already paid some attention to that matter," said Sir George, giving his beard a twist. "As I have so often told you, I am essentially a soldier. The soldier never goes into a campaign without preparations."

"No sooner had I assured myself that my spy was telling the truth than I was visited by my lord the chancellor, who had the goodness to suggest to me the very plan that I have just thrown at you. His Lordship urges me to ambush the Spaniards, saying that he fears lest they turn against Savona. He offers to accompany us himself."

"Um," said Peter.

"I say; at first I thought he was double-crossing us, you know. I feared that he intended to betray us

to the Spaniards, so that we, rather than they, would be ambushed."

"You feared that at first?"

"I did. But now I wonder whether his offer is not a genuine one."

"The chancellor seemed rather anxious to have us go?"

"I should say, very."

"He offered to accompany us himself?"

"He did."

"And who would he leave in charge of the town?"

"The Count Dupres."

"Mischief," said Peter.

Peter slouched into a chair—his favorite position when plans had to be considered. He thought a long while. He thought about the chancellor and tried to form some estimate of the man's character. The more Peter thought of that small shrivelled face, the brown eyes, and the grey hair, the more he suspected them of treachery. The chancellor would do everything in his power to drive the French from Savona. Peter suspected that the wily old man had obtained Philippe's friendship only that he might double-cross Philippe. And what a splendid opportunity it would be, when Sir George's troops were called away on duty, for the chancellor to attack Savona, even though he were not present in person! Yes, to capture Savona, perhaps to kill Philippe, perhaps to dishonor Renée!

"Undoubtedly," said Peter at last.

Sir George, who had been pacing the floor restlessly, stopped. "Undoubtedly *what*?" he demanded.

"Undoubtedly the chancellor wants to get rid of us so that he can establish Orando—that ghost of the

plains of Lombardy—at Savona. We would be gone about ten days. During that time Savona would be captured and . . . and . . . a lot of other things would happen."

"I know, I know!" cried Sir George. "But I have other duties besides playing nursery-maid to Savona. I have to protect Lautrec in the rear."

Peter did not answer. He slouched further into his chair.

"See here, Peter," said Sir George more warmly, "We've got two choices. We can ambush the Spaniards at the risk of losing Savona, or we can sit here like a couple of dunces and let Lautrec be surprised. My guess is that if we choose the latter course your head and mine won't be worth much. Whoever heard of a soldier sitting in a peaceful town while his blasted enemies walk past him to blow up the whole army! I tell you my blood's up! I'm not going to sit in this place any longer, making eyes at that Contessa woman!"

Peter listened to this outburst and then said, grinning: "You are an old war-horse, George. You've got the fever in your blood. I don't blame you at all, but as for me, I'm going to stay right here."

He was thinking, of course, of Renée. If Savona fell into the hands of the Italians, that was Lautrec's fault, who had not given Sir George enough men, but should Renée fall into the hands of the Italians—well, whose fault would that be but Peter's. She was Peter's Renée.

Indeed, during the last month, though he had not seen her, Peter felt closer than ever to Renée. She was more of a woman to him, more of the earth. His quarrel with her had made her seem to him intensely, vividly real. He still worshipped her; he still thought her a goddess; but her divinity was the divinity of womanhood rather than that of fairy tales and medieval romances.

Therefore, when Peter looked at Sir George and said firmly that he was going to stay at Savona, it was a different Peter from the Peter of Arden days; a Peter who had been through several ordeals, and come out of them knowing, each time, a little more of himself. And as he learned about himself he also learned about Renée. As he became distinct, she became distinct; as Peter became the royal gentleman, she became, clearly, the royal lady. There was not only stubbornness upon his features now—as when he had faced Father Gaspard at Arden over the brown St. Augustine—but determination born of wisdom.

Sir George sensed a good deal of what was going on behind Peter's eyes. He stopped walking up and down and stood in front of Peter. He almost shouted: "I say, whose company is this—yours or mine?"

"My dear George—" Peter began.

"My Lord Pole," finished Sir George. "There is no one who is more at your service in peace-time than myself. My sword, my mind, my heart, are yours. But so long as I am captain in the company in which you are the lieutenant, by God—"

Sir George's huge fist swung through the air and landed upon the camp table—"we do as I say, not what you *think*!"

Peter had never seen his friend like this before. Sir George the soldier was quite different from Sir George the friend. He was obviously determined, now that he had recovered from his wounds, to make up for his long confinement by plunging into the excitement of action.

All this rather amused Peter, who temporarily offered no resistance to Sir George. But Peter's mind began to assemble a plan by which both he and his captain could be satisfied.

It was only by the most skilful manoeuvring that Peter was able to convince the captain of the wisdom of his plan, which was as follows: Sir George would leave tomorrow with all the troops, accompanied by the chancellor. Peter would appear to leave with them. At the last moment, however, as they were marching through the gates, Sir George would go up to the Duke and Duchess and insist upon leaving a special guard behind, as an honor to His Highness. Sir George would have Peter appointed captain of the palace guards during his absence. Peter would stay at Savona with a squad of thirty-six picked men. The Duchess would be warned of this plan beforehand and would insist upon it. Sir George would then march away to St. Michael's pass. Half way between the pass and Savona, he would leave a small group of men, ready to ride to the relief of either himself or Peter, depending upon which of them should be first in need. Peter would be able to signal these reinforcements by lighting a large bonfire in the spire of the old cathedral.

Sir George at first protested that Peter could not

protect the palace with only thirty-six men. But Peter, who had determined to remain with Renée, argued that he could at least delay an attack until reinforcements should arrive. Sir George, seeing Peter's determination, gave in at last; could not, in face, deny the wisdom of Peter's proposal.

ACCORDINGLY, next afternoon, Sir George paraded his company through Savona and past the reviewing stand, occupied by the Duke and Duchess, Philippe, Renée and their attendants. When they reached the gate, with the reviewing stand on their left, Sir George and Peter turned aside to let the column march out. Sir George rode up to the Duke. The chancellor, at the other side of the marching column, was speaking to one of his secretaries who was to remain behind.

"I have decided at the last moment, Your Highness," said Sir George, "to leave my lieutenant with a special guard of thirty-six men. I do so because His Majesty has made me personally responsible for your Highness' safety."

Before the Duke could reply the Duchess said:

"Your words anticipate my wishes, Captain. I think His Highness' guard should be augmented."

"Nonsense, my dear," said the Duke. "And nevertheless I thank you for this courtesy, Captain."

"To ease my mind, Your Highness, will you not invest Lord Pole with command of the palace guard, subject only to yourself?"

"Why, if you wish—"

"Please, Your Highness," interrupted Philippe, "that duty has already been confided to me."

"But I prefer to have His Highness in charge of a soldier, my lord Duprès," said the Duchess. "You are to have the government; Lord Pole will merely command the military." She turned to her husband. "Will you not agree to this for my sake?"

"Very well, my dear," said the Duke, shrugging. "You will take no offence, Philippe?"

"I cannot but feel slighted, Your Highness."

"Think nothing of it," said the Duke, turning to watch Peter as he gave commands to his squad. They were filing back through the gate. The chancellor, seeing that something was going on, approached the Duke. He began remonstrating.

"A small matter, my lord," interrupted Sir George feigning indifference. "A last-minute decision. I act in accordance with the wishes of Her Highness and His Majesty of France." He turned to Peter who was approaching. "I am sorry to deprive you of a battle, Lieutenant, but to leave His Highness without a French guard would be to disobey my responsibility."

"It is not the guard, but the man in charge of the guard!" cried the chancellor. "This is an insult to the Count Duprès."

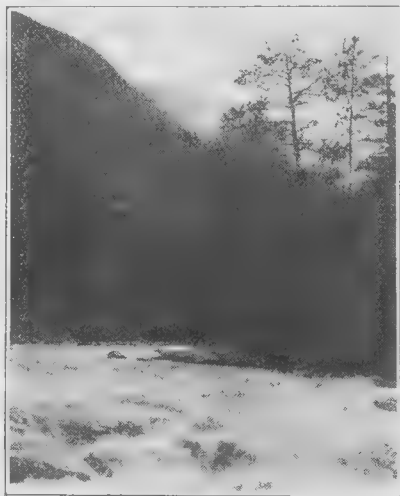
"But that is easily altered," said Sir George. "Let the Count ride with us. I would gladly give him a command."

"Pardon, Monsieur Captain, but I think my duty is here," said Philippe from the balcony. "If the safety of His Highness is in question, I do not see why you urge me to leave his side. If His Highness desires, I am content to serve with Pole. I shall not allow him to quarrel with me."

The Duke showed that he was annoyed, but the Duchess quickly followed up Peter's advantage. The

chancellor spread his hands. "Since the Count is content, it suffices," he said, "though it would have been more courteous, Captain Pentley, had you given me notice. I follow you, Monsieur." He gestured toward the gate. But Sir George did not budge. He wanted no last words between the chancellor and Philippe.

"After you, my lord," he murmured, bowing in his saddle. The chancellor shrugged and rode through the gate. Sir George followed, passing close to Peter. No one could have suspected their expressionless faces of having planned the minutes of this scene beforehand—no one, unless he had seen the lid of Peter's left eye when it dropped maliciously as Sir George passed him.



Ode to Styne Creek

A tributary of the Upper Fraser, B.C.)

By E. Gardener Smith

*From the mountains' close embrace,
Through the canyon's narrow space
Where the walls of rock confine,
Issues forth the foamy Styne.*

*Born amid the summits proud
Where the glaciers kiss the cloud,
Cradled in the mountain's height
Where the eagle fades from sight.*

*Thou no tardy, languid stream
Drowsing in a sensual dream,
Offspring of unsullied snow
Stagnant pools not thine to know.*

*Not a moment dost thou waste
In thy eager, headlong haste,
Cataract and waterfall—
Thou hast leaped them one and all!*

*On thy current's crested brow
Gleam of sun is shining now,
Tossing wavelets dance with glee,
Foam-clad elves they seem to be.*

*Long I linger by thy shore
Listening to thy current's roar,
Mystic music fills my ear,
Melodies divine I hear:—*

*Not the dulcet tones of love,
Not the cooing of the dove,
Nor the zephyr's tender breeze
Sighing softly in the trees:—*

*Rushing, roaring, tumbling Styne
Hurrying on to join the brine,
Interpreter thou art to me
Of supernal symphony.*

IT WAS the first time for a month that Peter had seen Renée. As he approached the Duke in his new capacity of captain of the guards he was conscious of Renée: conscious that her eyes were upon him; that she was wondering about him. When he looked up at her she dropped her eyes, and her cheeks flushed. He did not know what she was thinking. He was being received somewhat indifferently by the Duke. "I should like to know what commands you have received, Lord Pole."

"None but to defend Your Highness with my life."

"I have yet to learn that I am in danger."

"My lord, the head of the State is always in danger," said Peter.

"For my part I am grateful to Sir George and Lord Pole for this evidence of their loyalty," said the Duchess hurriedly.

"Well, I am not. I do not like to be served by an Englishman's lieutenant. Since you approve of Lord Pole, keep him for yourself. Duprès is good enough for me. Come, Count, I am as thirsty as a horse." With his hand on Philippe's arm he turned and walked toward the parlor.

Peter, with his little company of guards, escorted the ducal train to the palace. He kept the three palace gates closed always. No one was allowed to enter or leave without stating his business. After sunset no one was allowed to enter at all, except those who lived in the palace. Philippe said, laughing, that Peter had put them into a state of siege. He sneered. "It is the way with young soldiers to magnify their command," he said at the dinner-table. He ridiculed the idea of danger. Peter thought he overplayed his part; Peter was suspicious of him.

The difficulty was to know what to guard against. Peter could define no danger. He could accuse no one. Yet he could not rid himself of the sense that some plan was being executed before his eyes. It was as if he were blindfolded; as if he were again mounting the brigands' trail with his eyes in darkness. In the hope of obtaining a few clues, he scattered his most intelligent guards among the Italian garrison in the town. They had orders to report any signs of treachery. The remaining thirty Frenchmen were put in charge of a veteran named Laboy, a man who had been campaigning for twenty-five years. He was not clever, but he was sturdy and reliable.

The five men quartered with the Italian garrison maintained a watch on the tower of the cathedral. At Peter's signal they were to light a bonfire in the belfry, a fire which could be seen ten miles across the plains. Here, a third of the way from Savona to the place where Sir George was hiding in ambush, the Captain had left a troop of twenty-five men prepared

to be called in either direction. Peter's final precaution was to wear a mailed shirt under his clothes, an ineffectual protection from heavy arms, but one which might possibly retard the point of a dagger.

DURING the first five days of his perilous vigil, Peter tried to quiet his nerves, which, however, were continually agitated by the feeling that Fate was about to descend upon him. Peter slept during the day, allowing Labay to command the guard. He arose at five o'clock every afternoon, took a solitary meal in his own room, spent several hours reading Petrarch and Boccaccio, joined the salon about nine o'clock, tried to be friendly with the courtiers. During the long night when he was in charge of the guard, he walked through the deserted streets of the town, heavily booted and armed, wrapped in a black cloak, with his sword sticking out behind; or sat in the orange-orchard, or in the palace gardens, breathing the incense of the Italian flowers, telling over to himself the stories he had read at Ardente, and reviewing the scenes of his life. He, Peter, the direct descendant of the kings of England, was becoming accustomed to his own royalty. He was learning how to command others. He had developed an air of great dignity, which, combined with his natural grace and humor, and with the intensity of his deep-sunken eyes, made him an unforgettable character. And he was more in love than he could express; and the moon glistened beautifully upon the thick foliage of the garden to remind him of Renée.

Whenever Peter encountered anything beautiful, he thought of her; and yet the thought was always tinged with sadness, because of the quarrel they had had. At times Peter felt like a criminal for having insisted upon warning King Francis of Renée's plan to marry Orlando and to make a league with the Pope for Philippe's safety. Yet down in his heart he knew that he had done best, not only for France, but also for Renée. He had saved her, at least temporarily, from an action which would have ruined her life. The thing was to know how to save her permanently. Peter saw that he could do nothing more without talking to Renée. To talk to her, however, first meant to obtain her forgiveness. And, though her eyes had looked upon him more kindly during the last five days—perhaps she suspected why he had remained behind in Savona—he had as yet obtained no articulate forgiveness from her.

But perhaps Renée did not realize the sacrifice Peter had made in staying behind at Savona. Peter had come to Italy to earn his spurs, to be made a knight, so that he might return to the court of France as a well-known warrior. So far, however, with the exception of the dramatic capture of a small town, Peter had had no action. This last opportunity to ambush the Spanish army with a single company would, if it were successful, obtain a lasting reputation for Sir George and his lieutenant, if the lieutenant were present. Even if the attempt should fail, the lieutenant would undoubtedly earn his knighthood by it. But the lieutenant would not be there; he would be remembered only as a man who had refused to go into action; who had stayed in a peaceful town, to guard it, while his captain struggled against enormous odds at St. Michael's pass! Peter had given up his chance—so important to a dramatic character such as his—because he loved Renée, and because that he felt she needed him. He had given it up in spite of Sir George's irritation.

But whenever he thought of Renée, in the moonlight of those gardens, Peter was glad that he had made the sacrifice. He had seen how lonely and unhappy she was. Oh, Philippe had made her pay dearly for her indiscretion in telling Peter of the plot with the Pope! He had put her under guard for a while. When the Duchess made him release Renée, he had refused to speak to his sister for nearly a month. He was almost openly her enemy.

After thinking these things Peter would rise, glance about the garden, make another lonely tour of the palace and the town, return to the guard house. Some day she would learn how much he loved her! Some day she would belong to him, the vanished King of England!

Half poet, half man of action, Peter was at one moment far off upon the moon with Renée, at the next moment in the midst of book on military tactics, or a plan to attack Orlando, or one by which to defend the palace with only thirty-six men.

On the afternoon of the sixth day Peter was just arising, having been on guard all the previous night. The valet was putting on Peter's boots. A knock sounded on the door. The valet went to the door and returned with a letter, whose envelope was addressed in Renée's hand. He had never received a letter from her, but he had studied her signature on the marriage contract. He knew [Continued on page 36]

Some Extra Help for Summer—



In summer the journey from linen closet to clothes hamper is a brief one—and washings grow in proportion. For EXTRA help with just such tasks, "nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." Put it on today's grocery list!



When the cool, shady porch begins to lose some of its freshness—when cushions grow dingy and the floor is rain-streaked—remember Fels-Naptha again! For this soap gives to all household cleaning the same EXTRA help that makes your washing so much easier . . . Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a supply today.



Fresh, snowy linens add cool attractiveness to summer tables. To keep them snowy white, depend on the EXTRA help of Fels-Naptha! Its good golden soap and plenty of naptha make them sweet and clean without hard rubbing. You'll find it gentle to hands, too!

LOOK forward to a comfortable summer! The kind of wash dresses that keep their wearers feeling fresh and cool will be particularly popular this season, for practically every hour of the day. That's good news, for wash dresses are as inexpensive as they are smart . . . and the frequent "doing up" they require won't take too much out of either the dresses or you, if you use Fels-Naptha. The EXTRA help of its good golden soap and dirt-loosening naptha washes these dainty fabrics easily—and as safely as it does your heavier things. Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha, in single bars or the convenient ten-bar cartons.

Play suits like these let youngsters have a lively, healthy good time—and Fels-Naptha makes play suits wonderfully practical. It gives EXTRA help that is kind to colors, yet takes out even ground-in dirt without hard rubbing. (That's because Fels-Naptha is more than soap—it's good golden soap blended with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. So much naptha you can smell it down to the last thin sliver of soap. No wonder Fels-Naptha makes all of your washing easier!)



Deceptive Dimples

By Bev. Struan

Illustrated by Kathleen Allan

A GREY-HAIRED little man, somewhat reminiscent of a Skye terrier, paused in his task of "cleaning stables," puffed furiously at the cut-plug in his reeking old pipe, leaned heavily on his pitchfork, and barked at his son, Charlie, in a way which might have given the impression to a casual onlooker (had there been one), that the bark would be followed by a sharp bite upon some tender part of that tall young man's person: "What have ye to say fer yourself? Fer cat's sake! A son o' mine! Sich goin's on!"

But hold on a minute; suppose we make things clear from the start, instead of diving head-first into the story proper. (The suspense element in story-writing is much over-rated anyway. It only serves to develop the bad habit of turning to the last page to see what did happen anyway.) So—

This is going to be one of these here true stories of simple country folk who live their blameless lives untouched by the wicked world—unless you count the tourists. The midway at the Canadian National Exhibition, which they visit in their high-powered car each year, may touch 'em up a bit, but it soon wears off, so they may be said to be *practically* untouched. It might be different if they believed the news in the daily paper which they receive from the wicked city, or if their radio were the source of education to them, which it naturally is to more highly-civilized city folks. Just so.

You know these-here country stories? Sorrow-stricken old Dad, whose child is enamored of the stylish stranger from the aforesaid wicked city? Poor Paw—enraged, indignant, suspicious, heroic—"This city feller don't mean no good by our Nell!" The smashing climax to the tale is when Paw saves his child from the toils of the tempter. It happens to be a temptress, in this story of mine; however, apart from that slight deviation from the accepted form in which this story has been oft-told, it's the same old tale. As I say, the simple unspoiled country lad falls in love with a city siren, and Paw runs true to form—poor old "tetchy" Paw, whose tetchiness grows to mighty and noble proportions, as he struggles to disentangle his innocent young son from the arms of the stylish stranger. Wery well, then—

"SICH goin's on! Me buggy-ridin', 'cause you've been an' took the car, an' me seein' it standin' idle by the roadside, an' you in your plus-fours, an' your wrist-watch, an' your silk handkerchief up your sleeve, pickin' daisies, like they was real flowers, with that shameless miss from up to the hotel!"

The young giant grinned down tolerantly upon his Paw, and drawled: "There now, Paw, don't you get all het up about somethin' that don't concern you. Why, she ain't what I'd call shameless-like. She's a real nice girl—nicest I ever knew—and we was jist talkin' about what a feller should make of his life, and me wantin' to go to Agricultural College, and you too stingy to let me."

The boy's voice was soothing in quality, but not his words. Paw's voice rose to a squeak: "So that flossy little bunch o' mischief is tellin' you what yore pore old Paw should order do for you—huh? Her! With her rolled-down stockin's, and the dimples in her knees for all the world to gawp at, and her ears showin', shameless, with this here boyish bob and all!"

"Well—now—has she dimples in her knees, Paw? I never noticed," responded the simple country lad.

"You bet she has!" Then the fine old farmer blushed, as his son replied earnestly: "I must take a look at 'em. Never occurred to me, seems like, to look real steady and careful at a lady's knees—not for so long as to examine 'em for dimples—if you know what I mean. She has dimples in her elbows, Paw—but maybe you didn't take notice of that?"

"As for ears," he continued gently, "far as I can see, there ain't nothin' exactly immodest in a lady showin' her ears. Land o' Goshen! Maw's ears have been out in the cold world ever since I can remember 'em—and naked as the day they was born!"

"Talk sense, Charlie! Yore Maw combs her hair like a good Christian woman, and showin' her ears don't make her look like a vampire in the movies,

and she ain't got a mouth lookin' like a fire-alarm, neither—all painted and poutin'—up for kissin'!"

Again Charlie spoke soothingly, sympathetically: "Make you feel like that, Paw? Kind of disturbin', seems like." Then, with a cheering, and optimistic smile: "Never you mind, Paw, mebbe you'll get your wish!"



Looka here, my girl; it's not only that you are years too old for my boy, but, as sure as God made little apples, you two don't belong together.

"My wish? What you talkin' about?"

"Well, mebbe she'll give you a nice daughterly kiss before long. I've asked her to marry me." An ecstatic smile illumined Charlie's handsome face. But his father did not smile. His face grew black with wrath.

"You have?" John Wheeler passionately barked the words. "So she's landed you—you poor fool? Ain't you got the sense of that there calf? Can't you see as how she musta been told as how your Paw's well-fixed, or she never would of snapped you up in a week, this-away?" The fine old farmer paused for breath, then plied his pitchfork furiously as he continued: "Can't you see, to look at her, what she is? Now, not a word outa you! You don't know a darned thing about her!"

"Right," said the boy calmly, "except that I'm in love with her. Ain't asked her about herself. All our talk since the day we met up in the rain, outside the post office, and I offered to drive her back to the hotel; all our talk, now I come to think about it, has been about me and my ambitions and dreams—how

I want to be a farmer as is a farmer—with some feelin' o' dignity in bein' a good farmer. She seems to understand; she's crazy about the country—"

"She would be, with a farmer listenin'!" barked Paw.

"Yessir! We've talked it all over again and again—what a feller can do when he specializes in animal husbandry and crop rotation, and the like o' that—why, we could make this the finest farm in the county, Paw—prize cattle at the fairs, and—"

John Wheeler's pitchfork almost flew out of his hand as he yelped furiously: "Let up on that talk—will you? I've told you I've had enough of it, and, so help me, if I have to buy this woman off—but I guess not—you're only eighteen, and I guess you can't be held responsible—"

Charlie smiled affectionately into his father's eyes and spoke softly: "Paw, there are times when I could cheerfully stick that there pitchfork into your middle, and watch you squirm yourself into mince-meat."

Paw—an imaginative man—squirmed a little as he replied darkly: "Has she any letters of yourn'?"

"No—and I can't actually promise you that daughterly kiss, Paw, for I haven't had my answer yet." He grew confidential: "I don't feel any too hopeful, Paw; she laughed till she near cried; then she said: 'Oh, you dear, dear boy! If you'll take me for another drive tomorrow we'll have a talk, and maybe you'll see reasons against your lovely plan.'"

"Oh, she was jist bein' coy, Charlie; you'll take notice she didn't refuse you? My land! Of all the tarnation fools! Whatever will your pore Maw say?"

She's said it, Paw. I told her the whole thing, and she threw up her hands, and she exclaimed: 'Fer cryin' down a well!' Then she sat her down and wrote a note, askin' my girl-friend for dinner today. I took it right over to the hotel, and she was in swimmin', but she come out and read, and she said: 'Sure!'

"One of these here one-piece bathin' suits, I'll be bound!"

"Sure—too bad you missed it, Paw—and a cunnin' little red cap, with a daisy in it, but—shucks!—that wouldn't have interested you a mite. Gee!

It's funny, I never took notice of them dimples."

"Whadda ye mean?" (suspiciously).

"Aw nothin'. Now listen, Paw, and listen good. You've got to act like a gentleman, or I'm through. I've give in to you all along the line; I've worked here for years fer half a hired man's pay, and I've no say in runnin' the place. You know that the dream of my young life is to go to Agricultural College, but I can't save on my pay to do it, and you won't help me, so you win! But if you don't treat my girl-friend respectful, and then some, you lose. I'll up and go West on you! And if she'll have me, I'm goin' to marry her—see?"

Paw Wheeler grinned for the first time during the interview, and it was not a sweet smile. "Well, now," he said, "just to think that you're aimin' to get married and all. Ain't that nice? Mebbe, with the extry help, we might manage to go in more extensive for pig-raisin', like you wanted to a while back. Not a bad idee! Save us a hired girl, too; them skinny little females is sometimes huskier than a fine figger of a woman."

Our hero stalked out of the barn without a word, and his fine old father resumed the unromantic but necessary chore of cleaning stables. Charlie, awhile later, drove the car away.

Finally, Paw saw the car enter the big gate, and stop at the front door—the front door, no less—and Maw led the girl into the parlor. When Charlie drove the car round to the barn, Paw slipped into the kitchen and strained his ears to catch the conversation in the parlor. The girl seemed to be talking quietly; then Maw's voice rose: "Fer cryin' down a well! Oh, my poor Charlie!"

"Recountin' her past, and shockin' Maw into fits, I reckon!" thought the dear old man, and he tip-toed along the passage. Still no luck, and his wife's voice again, this time trembling with laughter: "My land o' Goshen! Ain't you a caution?" It was more than Paw could bear—he crept [Continued on page 28]

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.

It's SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad has swept the chic resorts of Europe and America. First the Lido, then Cannes, Le Touquet, Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton. Now everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to a delightful brown.

The fad began literally out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was ailing. She was advised to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

Indeed, the coppery tones of sun-tan are to most women fascinatingly becoming. The burning question is: How deep a tan? Some women are gorgeous with skin as dark as walnut. Some are best in shades of *café au lait*. Pale blond hair with deep tanned skin is most alluring.

Even more important than the *hue* of your skin is its *quality*. To be smart it must be kept *smooth* and *evenly* browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, inclined to be dry and sensitive, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the southern sun is strong. I adore to swim in the sapphire waters and bathe in the golden sun. What with tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, takes care!

But I have a most simple method and

so efficacious that my skin is smooth all summer long. My "sun-tan" secret is the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. In my beach bag I carry a tube of it and renew this delicate film often.

It's enchanting! The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind, salt water, and keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

When I dress after my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, using all four delicious preparations just as I do all the year round, for cleansing and protection:

If you wish to avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you such a lovely finish for evening.

Are you bothered with shiny nose? I always am in hot weather. So I renew this delicate touch of Vanishing Cream every now and then. It's a magic corrective!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First, Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!

Four exquisite preparations

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for use all year round for immaculate cleansing. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burning and hurting.

2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are an indispensable part of your cold cream cleansing to remove dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.

3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it closes and refines the pores, tones your skin.

4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And all year round for protection and powder base!

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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Increasing the Anglers' Harvest

By W. E. Round

OF FISH culture, the general public know very little. Thousands of visitors, during the summer months, call at the Banff Fish Hatchery, see the eggs or tiny fry in the troughs—admire the specimens in the outside ponds—ask the attendant a few questions and there their knowledge ends.

The anglers, who fish the streams in the territory served by that hatchery, know that fishing is improving, and others, who now enjoy themselves alongside waters that formerly were either barren or held an inferior specie of trout but today reward the fisherman's efforts with prizes of the gamest kind, mutter an inaudible blessing, on the fish culturists, who made this possible, and immediately forget them. Of the great amount of work entailed, fish knowledge necessary, and often night-and-day tending that is required to sustain the anglers' sport very few know. What is true of the Banff Hatchery also applies to all other similar institutions wherever they are located.

During the season of 1928 the fry output of the Banff Hatchery and its branch, the Spray Lakes Hatchery, amounted to the staggering total of 2,677,500. The Spray Lakes Hatchery stripped 385,000 eggs from the Cutthroat trout there, hatched those eggs and planted the resulting fry in the mountain spawning beds of that vicinity. This work was done by Banff Hatchery men, therefore must be placed to their credit.

At planting time, the fry measure slightly over an inch in length, therefore if the 1928 output of the Banff Hatchery could be placed in single file they would make a line of tiny fish more than forty-two miles in length.

In the total 1928 output were four species of trout the exact numbers of each planted being: 135,000 Brown trout, 477,000 Loch Leven trout, 1,500,000 Cutthroat trout and 565,000 Rainbow trout. Of the fry, chiefly Cutthroat, 1,173,000 were planted in Dominion Parks waters, the balance of 1,504,500 were placed in foothill streams and plains waters to provide sport for the prairie and city anglers. As all Rocky Mountains Park streams ultimately find their way to the prairies the fry planted in them also increases the prairie angler's sport, for when maturity is reached many of the fish journey down stream to the larger rivers.

The only native eggs obtained for hatching are those secured at Spray Lakes; these average about 500,000 annually. All others are received by express from U.S.A. hatcheries.

Fish stripping operations are more than interesting, and, as the method used is the same the world over, a brief description of the work at the Spray Lakes Hatchery will assist the reader in gaining an insight into fish culture.

Practically all fish go up the small streams, that form the headwaters of the river systems, for the purpose of spawning. Some fish spawn in the spring while others belong to the fall-spawning class. Before deciding what specie of fry may be placed in any system it must be first ascertained to what spawning-class the natural inhabitants of that system belong.

If a fall spawning variety is placed in waters that

already contain spring-spawners, or vice-versa, neither will thrive, for each specie will follow the other at spawning time and devour the newly-deposited eggs. Many times have greatly distended fish been caught, literally packed with fertile eggs that have been sucked from the nests of fish of opposite spawning season.

The Cutthroat trout at Spray Lakes are spring-spawners, therefore, before the snow has left the

be about horizontal. The mouth of the funnel represents the trap wings, the paper the net wall, and the spout the tunnel. The fish are guided by the wings into the tunnel, but, when they leave the latter, in the trap, they swim over and under it in an attempt to escape but never find the small aperture of the projecting tunnel.

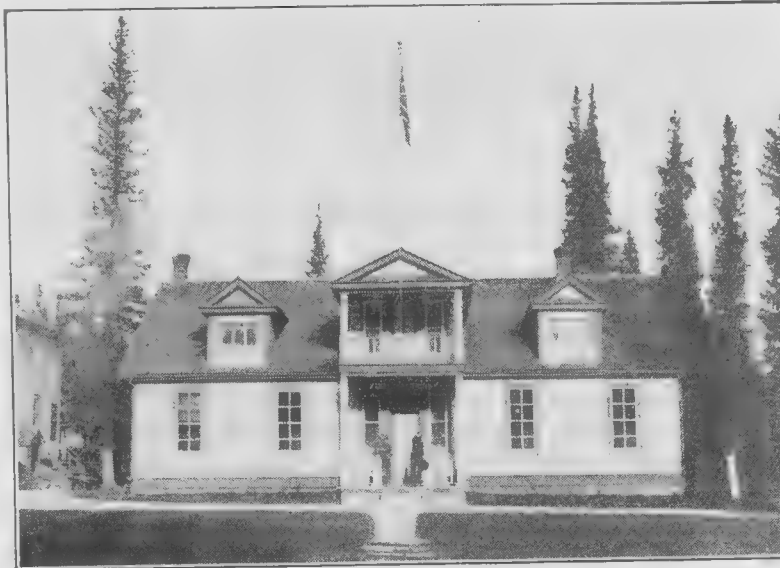
At regular periods during the day the trapped fish are lifted in hand nets, examined, and separated. There are many retaining pots, first labelled for males and females, and then sub-divided into sections. The different sections are used for grading the fish on the basis of how soon they will mature for spawning. No feeding is necessary, as spawning fish do not eat.

The pot, or section, that holds the fish that are on the verge of spawning must be watched closely, for there is but a period of twenty-four hours in which the spawn can be safely stripped without damage to the fish.

UNDER natural spawning conditions the trout pass from the larger streams into and up the small creeks and there seek a quiet shallow spot where the bed is small gravel. They next begin preparing the nest; all gravel, in which the nest is formed, must be cleaned. Lying at a slight angle on the bed of the stream, and facing the gentle current, the female begins a rapid fanning motion with her tail. This action digs into the gravel, throws it up that the stream may wash all silt off it, and deposits it in two heaps on each side of the fish. The male alternates with the female in this work; during the process a continuous fog of dirt is seen in the water above and around the nest.

When the required depth is reached the female begins depositing eggs, the number depending on the age and species of the trout. Cutthroat trout will deposit from eight to twelve hundred eggs, ejected in small batches.

[Continued on page 32]



The Banff Fish Hatchery

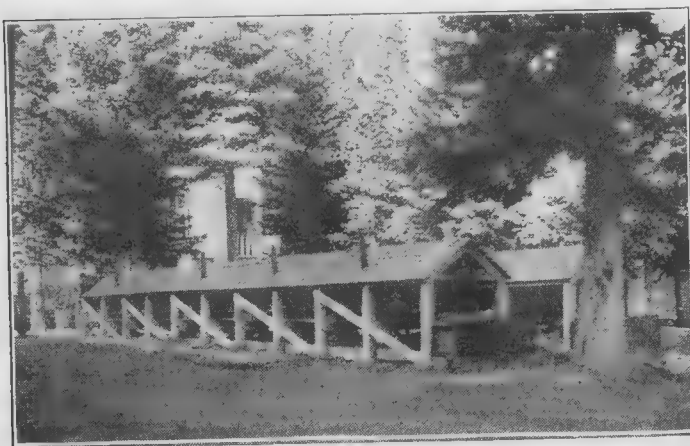


Supt. Martin ready to start for distant streams with 100,000 "water babies."

valleys, fish culturists must be on the ground preparing their apparatus ready for the trout migration to the spawning beds.

The trip of thirty miles from Banff to Spray Lakes is, in the spring, one of difficulty. After a winter of heavy snow, when from ten to fifteen feet of snow lies on the upper altitudes, and when the warm air currents of spring are rotting the crust, the trip becomes exceedingly hazardous. Much equipment and food supply must be taken out and for this work dog-teams are used. The fish culturists must make the journey on snowshoes. Accidents such as sudden disappearance of men or load under the deep winter blanket are common and taken as part of the daily routine, but hours are often lost in rescuing the "suddenly missing," and very often supplies are dampened and clothes become uncomfortably wet.

There are two Spray Lakes—the Upper and Lower Lake. The first one is fed by a stream into which, further up, many tiny creeks empty. These latter form the natural spawning grounds of

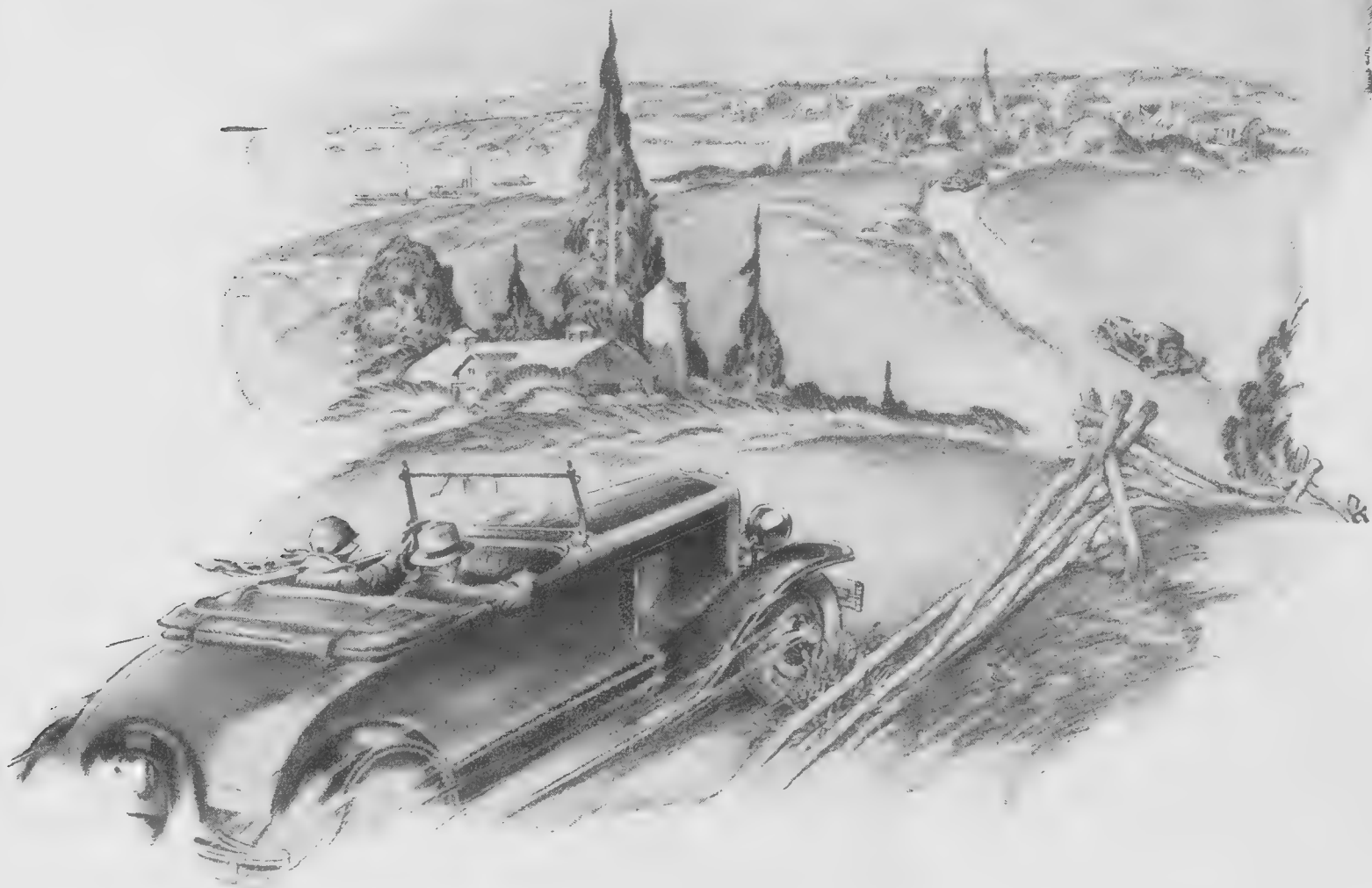


Outside Developing Troughs used when the hatchery is overcrowded



Fish Traps at Spray Lake

Follow *the* Road to Heart's Desire



THE purple haze of distant hills . . . the quaint, nestling hamlets of the valley . . . and the long, far-winding ribbon of the road . . . are yours. Yours to enjoy with calm deliberation. Yours to pursue in effortless flight. Yours to possess in all their beauty and romance.

The engine that pulses before you is the swift, silent servant of your wishes. Its spirit is the carefree, conquering spirit of youth. The wheel in your hands is the key to high adventure. And the road you follow is the road to heart's desire.

These are the things that Chevrolet brings you. These are the

pleasures its owners know. For the days of mere "transportation" are gone . . . and a luxury is here, that the humblest as well as the greatest of us may enjoy.

A six . . . with all that it implies of power and speed and smoothness. Body by Fisher . . . and all it means in beauty and in style.



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A Chevrolet . . . with its traditional staunchness and economy. A car of infinite delight . . . as easy to own as to drive.

Let your Chevrolet dealer show you the details and prices of the Outstanding Chevrolet . . . and, if you permit, give you a trial ride (without obligation, of course).

The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History is on display at Chevrolet dealers' showrooms. There is a complete range of models priced from

\$665 up

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Taxes extra.

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Paper

ARTICLE No. 8, "Paper," by H. A. Maddox, is the eighth pocket manual in the common commodities and industries series published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., Toronto. Like the other works in the series, it is well bound, clearly printed, and freely illustrated. It is of particular interest to Canadian readers on account of the growth of the paper industry in this country.

The author remarks that to survey the history of paper-making, it is necessary to go back some thousands of years to the time when the records of the nations were maintained in the monumental form of carvings on rock and stone. Of these, the earliest tracings known are those of the early Persians, dating from eight to ten thousand years B.C. Later stones, slabs, brass, bronze, and ivory plates constituted the medium by which man communicated to man his thoughts, records, and writings.

A further link in the chain of transition from rocky cliffs to paper fabric comprises the beeswaxed board to which the early Egyptians transmitted their records by incision with the stylus. The incisions were afterwards filled with earthy color for distinction and endurance. Plain wood tablets were also used, the writing being performed in ink, or with charcoal, on a chalked surface.

Tile and clay tablets, cylinders and cones; reptile and animal skins, papyrus, from the pith of plants; and parchment, from the skin of the goat, pig, calf, and sheep, followed the Egyptian tablets. The art of making paper from vegetable substance reduced to fibre is ascribed to the Chinese, dating back to the year A.D. 102, though from recent evidence there seem to be traces of paper-making at an even earlier period. Before the use of paper, the Chinese committed their correspondence to silk and wood.

Rags, esparto fibre, straw, bamboo, manila, and wood fibres, form the base of much of the paper manufacturing of the present day.

What to Study

ARTICLE No. 11. Why Study Drawing? Freehand drawing and art have great cultural value in increasing the powers of observation and in stimulating taste and appreciation for the beautiful.

Every useful object of merchandise will find a more ready sale and will sell at a higher price if it has been fashioned in lines of beauty and embellished with attractive coloring. Pieces of furniture, rugs, carpets, dresses, hats, every article of apparel, also houses, wagons, and automobiles, all receive added value from symmetry and grace. Even ploughs, hoes, and steam engines, articles which are bought primarily for use, will give more satisfaction if they also please the eye.

It is of decided advantage if to good taste there is added skill with brush and pencil so that the desired effect can be pictured in advance of production. Invention is greatly aided by skill in freehand drawing. The order of procedure is this: first the idea; then the freehand drawing, next the working drawing, next the pattern in wood, and finally the completed article.

It is remarked by R. L. Sandwick that mechanical drawing is a most useful art. It is indispensable in the building and manufacturing trades. Very often men are advanced to foremanships and other positions of responsibility solely because they can read and understand working drawings. Ability to make such drawings often enables one to improve processes of manufacture and to give greater value to the product.

Drafting is an occupation that calls for a considerable number of young men expert in mechanical drawing. Young men often enter this occupation from high school and college courses. From it the ablest of them rise to become architects, builders, or manufacturers.

Occupations in Canada

NO. 20. Meteorologist. Duties—Under direction, to conduct observations and perform research in pure or applied meteorology for the purpose of weather forecasting, climatological studies, development of meteorological instruments, and research in the upper air; as directed, to investigate and prepare reports on barometric pressure,

direction, velocity and structure of wind and cloud, humidity, fog, visibility, air temperature, and duration and intensity of sunshine and solar radiation; as assigned, to do research in atmospheric physics, sea water and earth temperatures, temperature and wind directional zones and their effect on climatic or other conditions; as required, to make surveys of the physical factors and meteorological conditions in an area for the purpose or correlating meteorological data with the requirements of shipping, agriculture, forestry, aviation and other commercial or public pursuits; to investigate the forest fire hazard situation from the point of view of the physicist, in order to determine the meteorological factors that control the fire hazard, and to advise fire rangers and foresters in regard to meteorological data; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to graduation from a university of recognized standing, with specialization in physics and mathematics; at least two years of experience in some phase of physical research; preferably a post-graduate course in meteorology or experience in meteorological research or in weather forecasting; demonstrated ability to make original investigations and to prepare constructive reports; tact and good judgment.

Does it Matter?

A STUDENT whose attention was called to some lack of thoroughness in a certain piece of written work, responded by asking whether it really mattered so long as the purpose was fairly plain. The instructor answered the question by asking another.

"Suppose," said he, "that an engineer is asked by a city council to supervise the building of a bridge across some great river. What would be the attitude of the council should the engineer say: 'Does it matter what kind of a bridge I build so long as the people are able to get across?'"

A quotation from Ruskin is to the effect that when you see stone work well put together, you may know that a thoughtful man planned it, that a careful man cut it, and that an honest man cemented it. Work that is not well done is thoughtlessly, carelessly and dishonestly done.

Principal Jacks in his book on "Constructive Citizenship" says that in all our industries (except those, perhaps, which minister to the baser occupations of our leisure) a considerable remnant remains of men and women in every rank of labor who are its faithful, devoted, heroic servants—the good workmen characterized as the saviours of society; trustworthy, competent and skilled.

"You may find them in the world of high finance. You may find them planning vast operations in mass production . . . you may find them in the inventor's office, in the scientific laboratory, in the scholar's study, in the artist's studio. You may find them driving locomotives, steering ships, laying bricks, cutting coal.

"To those of my younger hearers who may be looking for a mission in life I would say: Throw your weight on to the side of these; join their ranks; support their cause . . . The law of good workmanship is as deep as the universe."

Two Subjects or One?

IT IS a good and a necessary thing to spend some time in planning in order to determine a course of action, but planning and consideration can sometimes be carried too far. Dreaming is never an effective substitute for action. Plan your work, but work your plan, and work it without too much delay.

"While the orators are exercising themselves," writes Principal Jacks, "the unemployed are growing more desperate, the public more restive, and the trade which forms the subject of dispute passes to other countries or dies out."

Boswell, discussing education with Johnson, once asked that great time-thinker what subject a boy should learn first when he went to school. "Sir," replied the sage, "while you are debating which of two subjects your boy shall learn first, another boy learns both of them."

A Chinese View

THERE is recorded in "The Law Student," a delightfully entertaining legal story that has just come to hand from a Chinese village near Peking.

It so happens that four tradesmen in that locality clubbed together to buy cotton. Eventually, in order to protect their merchandise from the rats, they procured a cat. It was agreed that each of them should own one of the animal's legs. Soon afterwards, however, the cat hurt one of its paws. The owner of that particular leg in consequence bound it up with a rag soaked in oil. The cat went too near the fire. The bandage ignited, and the terrified animal rushed among the bales of cotton, which naturally flared up and were destroyed. The three owners of the uninjured legs thereupon sued their partner.

In the ruling of the Chinese judge there is not absent an element of humor. For he held that, since the cat was unable to use the injured leg, the cotton was set on fire by the action of the three uninjured legs. Consequently, these three legs were guilty, and their owners must pay.

Investment Versus Speculation

DURING the present period of prosperity many financial offerings are before the general public and many young people have been enrolled in the ranks of investors and speculators. The distinction between investment and speculation is not easy to draw but, as a rule, an investment yields a lower interest return than a speculation promises.

In one sense, it is easier to save money than it is to spend it wisely. Until he has acquired some experience in the art of proper investment, the young man should go cautiously in the matter of parting with his money in exchange for attractively present financial schemes. Among the numerous financial offerings before the public today, some will hardly stand the scrutiny of good business judgment.

Some time ago a promoter approached a number of young men with a plan that promised an interest return of twenty per cent., and accompanied his claims by the statement that a portion of the interest was guaranteed by another company. A little bit of research into the affairs of the company that was to guarantee payment, however, disclosed the fact that its shares were quoted on the market at about one-half of their par value, so that it appeared that the company itself needed a guarantor.

In all of these matters, do not be carried away by promises of exceedingly high interest yields and increase in capital value, but use ordinary good judgment and then ask your banker.

Who Am I?

I AM the foundation of all business. I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius. I am the salt that gives life its savor. I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller's down. I must be loved before I can bestow my great blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful. I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich. Fools hate me; wise men love me. I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every newspaper that comes from the press. I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me. Who am I? What am I? I am WORK.—Western Retail Lumberman.

A Right Choice

GOOD advice in the form of an examination problem occurs in this selection from an examination paper set for candidates in a commercial test.

There are times in the life of every right-minded young man when he is troubled as to what he shall do for a livelihood.

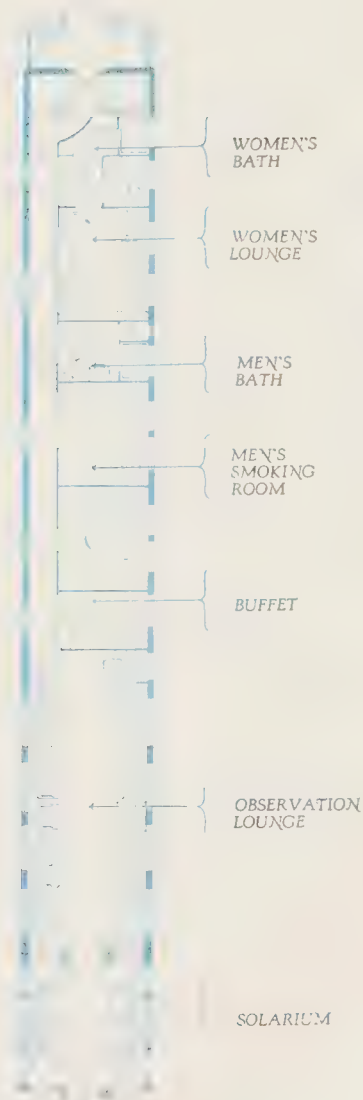
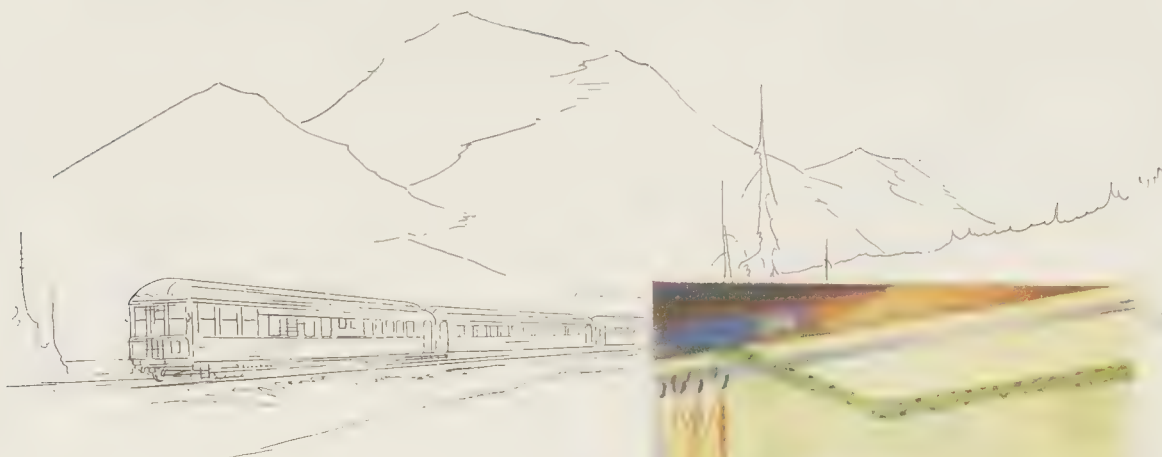
A right choice from what the world offers is an important step, and the first thing to notice is that educated labor is nearly always in demand.

The essential thing is to have an object in life, an ideal within you that will raise the character and excellence of your work.

"YOUR BATH IS READY!"

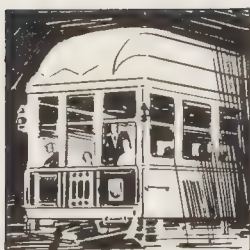
An added

touch to the luxury of
**CANADIAN
PACIFIC**
Travel!



FOREMOST always in the application of new ideas to travel facilities, the Canadian Pacific Railway have now included modern tiled bathrooms in their new Solarium-Observation-Lounge Cars. Guests may now enjoy—under the most delightful conditions—the stimulus of a warm or cold shower at any time during the trip.

Each hour aboard brings new and delightful experiences . . . from out of the drowsy depths of billowy sheets and woolly blankets you awaken to the prearranged summons: "Your bath is ready!" . . . What an inspiration, that warm or cold shower! . . . and after breakfast, that health-giving sun bath in the vita-glass Solarium . . . then—a cigarette in the Smoke Room, or a game of Bridge . . . a novel or magazine from the Library . . . Afternoon Tea, of course, served from the Observation Buffet . . . the genial chat of travelling companions in the cozy Observation Lounge . . . or the seclusion of Women's Lounge or Men's Smoking Room . . . how quickly and delightfully the day wings by—a crescendo of travel enchantment—as you journey from city to city, from Coast to Coast within the far-flung Dominion!



CANADIAN PACIFIC

EQUIPMENT *de Luxe*

C A N A D I A N P A C I F I C

JULY~ and style and color move to the beach



THIS year, the most fashionable beaches in Canada will be gay with color . . . in smart modern patterns . . . for no longer is style left at home when beachward bound . . .

Aberley, the recognized Style Leader in Swimming Suits,* has put beauty and color into the water . . . the healthful fun of swimming has become the vogue.

The name "Aberley" in a swimming suit assures you not only of the newest style, but quality, full-fashioned, form-fitting snugness, and bright colors that stay bright. You will scarcely know you have a swimming suit on, so perfectly does an Aberley fit, and so elastic that it conforms to every movement in active swimming.

See the new Aberleys before vacation . . . for men, women and children.

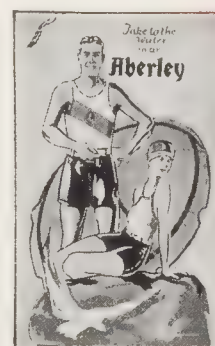


Aberley Swimming Suits and Sun Suits for children—best for health and fun.

*Aberley introduces "art moderne" to the swimming suit with the smart new diagonal stripes, inset into the garment. So intriguing are the new models that many people are taking two Aberley Swimming Suits with them on vacation: besides, two are more convenient if you are in and out of the water often.

Made in Canada by
THE ABERLEY KNITTING MILLS, LIMITED
TORONTO

Manufacturers of Quality Knitted Outerwear



Go to the store with this card in the window, and make your choice from the many new designs. Buy two—"for a change".

A Girl and Her Own Room

WITH vacation days ahead of her, the young girl who has a room of her own or one she shares with a sister, finds herself tempted now, as never before, to take a real interest and a practical hand in making her room just what she would like it to be. Too often, Miss Teen-Age finds herself inhabiting the room which in less critical days, she herself helped to stuff severely. Father and Mother are not always ready to recognize approaching young-ladyhood with a new bedroom suite and all that goes with it—but they will surely feel sufficient sympathy with daughter's efforts on her own behalf, to back her worth-while endeavors with such materials as may be necessary to rejuvenate her old possessions.

Supposing we start with the contents of such a room as the average modern young girl might find herself possessing and regarding with satisfaction. It will have a bed, probably a bureau, a chair or two; the rug may be in good condition or showing too much sign of the busy feet that have trod it; pictures on the wall may have been selected to please a juvenile taste.

The first move in cleverly doing over a room is to size up the best methods of employing what is already at hand. Perhaps things that are not quite satisfactory as they stand, might be altered or refurnished to bring them quite into line with the new plans.

Let us begin with the room itself. How about the walls? If they are not fresh-looking, they present a good place to begin. If new wallpaper is decided upon, there are many charming types to please a young girl's fancy. If the amount of money allotted to the refurnishing of the room must be stretched with care, perhaps there are brothers and sisters with enough fellow-feeling for the youthful decorator to make a "bee" and remove the old wallpaper, so as to cut down the expense of the paperhanger. The only tools needed are a large sponge with which the old paper is wet, a section at a time, and a metal scraper with which it is removed. When the walls have been thoroughly cleaned, the wood-work will need washing and probably painting. Here again, home talent can be turned into account; one quickly gets the knack of painting woodwork. Buy only a first-class paint, no matter how small the budget may be; get the little folder which every manufacturer puts at your disposal and read the instructions carefully — then follow them exactly. Be very careful when painting around the windows to make a neat job without smearing the glass—the amateur will find it very helpful to use a little piece of tin or even cardboard to cover the glass as she paints the moulding around it.

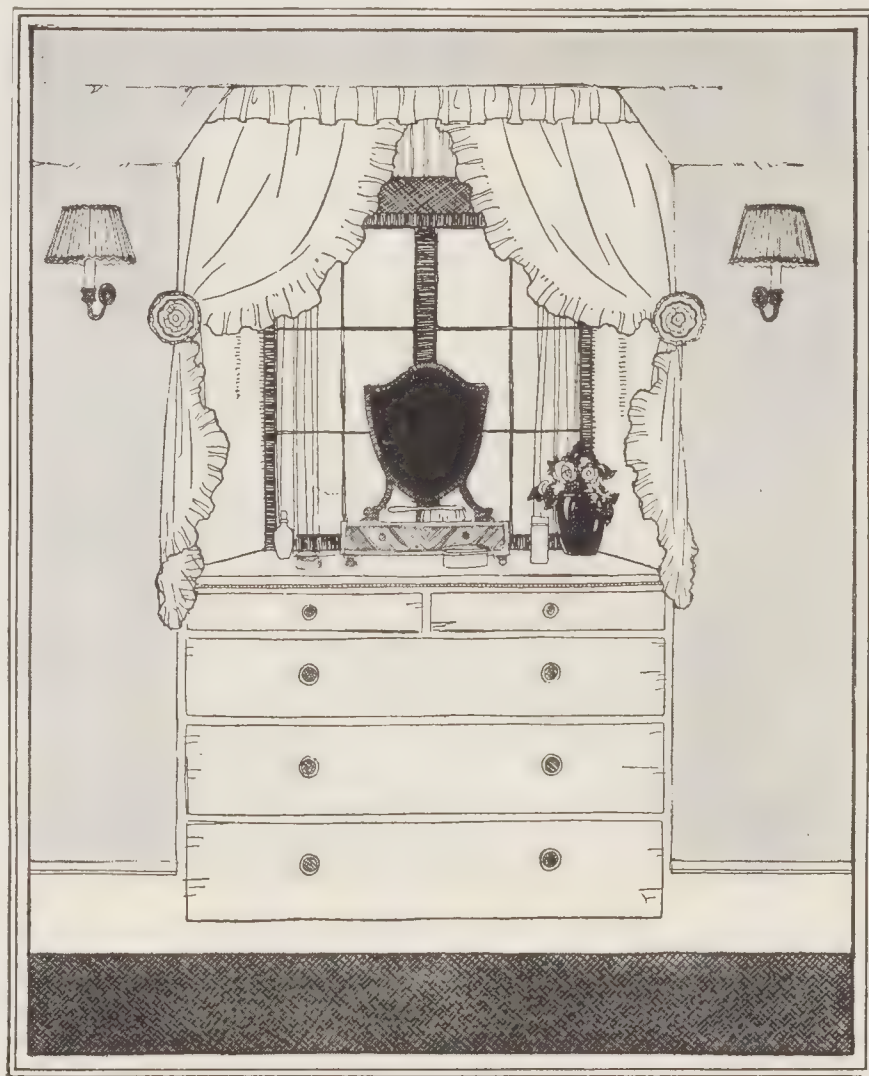
JUST by way of working up a picture for this room, I am going to suggest that if the walls are quite straight, a paper with a creamy background and a vine-like tracery of green leaves in striped effect, be used; if the walls have the broken lines so common to rooms under the eaves, then a striped paper should always be avoided and something more in the nature of an all-over pattern chosen; in this case let us imagine a small lattice design of the delicate green leaves against their light background.

Perhaps new wallpaper is not to be included. If the old paper is still quite sound but faded and unattractive in appearance, a water paint immediately suggests itself. A careful amateur can do the work, if instructions are carefully followed, and there are lovely tints galore, to choose from. Remember, however, that large expanses of any color look much stronger than a small sample, so if you are aiming at a delicate pastel shade, allow for that fact when you study the paint company's color chart.

Let us consider the floor next. If the rug is in good condition and if you can work it into your new plans, that is fortunate. But don't feel too badly if it must be discarded and no important new one can immediately replace it. You can still achieve a very

By Katherine M. Caldwell

attractive floor treatment. If the floor is of hardwood, it will only need to be well cleaned and waxed to a glow. If it is a soft wood, there would probably be no objection to your painting it. You will be surprised how much you can make it mean to the effectiveness of your room, if you are carefully working out a color scheme. Good floor colors are soft leaf-green, the brown of sandalwood, dull grey-blue, the grey tones, putty tones, and there are times when black is very



She does it over to meet new needs and tastes

smart with painted furniture. I am going to suggest it for our picture-room—assuming that the young lady who owns it will be willing to keep it well dusted; a black floor is a severe test for one's housewifery. If her furniture is one of the brown woods, then I should paint the floor a very soft green.

To recapitulate, then—as our room now stands, it has cream walls with a fine tracery of vines—or plain ivory-tinted walls or perhaps a little warmer shade, one with the glow of palest yellow in it. The wood-work is painted and given a final coat of enamel that exactly matches the background of the walls or is just a perceptible shade deeper. The floor is lacquered black or soft green, or is of polished hardwood.

NOW for the furniture. If it is already the painted wood of typical children's rooms, you may give it the added dash of sophistication your increasing years demand, by a new treatment from the paint-pot. A very pale yellow—and there is a heavy accent on the word "very"—is my suggestion, and if you like the idea you might put a fine black line around any panels there may be in head or foot-board. Perhaps you would like a small floral decoration in pastel shades—a stencil or transfer is simple. Of course, the lines of the furniture will have to dictate your treatment—but you will find so many suggestions if you will look through various numbers of *The Western Home Monthly* and other magazines, that you will surely be able to come across a decorative treatment that you can apply to your own pieces.

If you are the happy possessor of good-looking furniture in walnut or one of the other wood finishes, and it is in good condition, you will not want to do more than touch it up with a little wax or furniture polish. If, however, your polished furniture is of a design that you cannot help but call impossible, or if its surfaces have been ill-treated in your less-careful days, there are two sources of help that might aid you. I call to mind a very ugly golden-oak set of furniture that I saw done over successfully. The head and footboards of the bed were plainly panelled but were topped with an ugly scroll-work of applied carving.

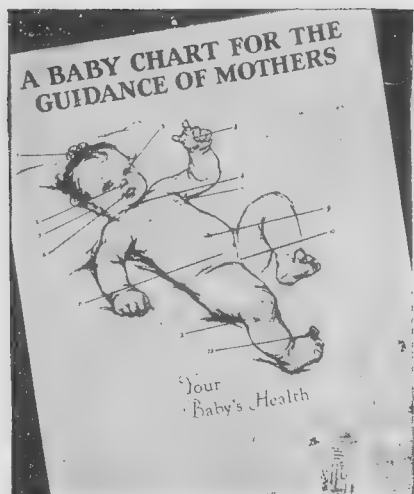
A saw completely removed this ornate section and the fancy tops of the four corner-posts. These were left at their original height and capped with plain square blocks about an inch thick and a little larger than the posts. The old finish was removed, the surface well sandpapered and the bed and bureau were enamelled grey. The old bureau, by the way, lost its fanciful part too; it was confined to the sides and top of the mirror frame, so the whole back was removed and the plainly framed mirror hung over the bureau with two silk cords.

EVERY young girl wants a dressing-table and fortunately, the draped table can be added to any group of furniture. The plainest of wooden tables gives the necessary foundation. If you have a little table available that is strong but has too small a top, two or three new boards of the desired length can be nailed firmly on your old top. You then make ruffled petticoats and cover for your table. Many fabrics are used for draping dressing tables—small-patterned chintz, gaily printed cottons, taffeta that hangs so trimly, crisp organdy and muslin, and voile or net for still greater transparency. Organdy is so suggestive of the freshness and daintiness that should characterize a girl's room, that I suggest it immediately for draping the table and curtaining the windows.

Pale, yellow organdy, please—and with little inch-wide ruffles of either pale green or pale pink organdy; you will find both combinations charming. If you would like to carry out your room in the yellow and green alone, you will choose the former; if the third pastel tint appeals to you, you will find that it can be worked in very charmingly.

If a transparent material is used on the table, it calls for an underskirt of sateen. Make this first—a cover cut to fit the top exactly and a plain, slightly ruffled or straight-hanging skirt stitched to the edge so that it fits over the table snugly; it may be fastened just over the back edge, with a few small tacks or little glass-headed push-pins. I recommend making the organdy skirt and top separately. The skirt should be shirred quite full and set into a binding at the top so that it can be basted firmly on the sateen lining. Around the bottom, place the two little ruffles in the contrasting color, leaving a space of the same width between them; or if you prefer, you can finish the bottom with a single wider ruffle of the yellow organdy itself—making it about the width of the ruffle shown in the window curtain illustrated. Cut the organdy table cover to fit, and a yellow ruffle about five inches deep to hang from it, edging this again with one of your inch-wide ruffles. All of these ruffles, by the way, may have picotéd edges or a very narrow hem.

As I have said, the ideal window curtains will match the dressing-table. The window illustrated shows the curtain with a narrow ruffled valance and tie-backs that are just whirls of very narrow organdy ruffles sewn on discs of white buckram (you can buy it from a milliner.) This window, by the way, suggests a charming use to which the alcove type of window so often found in attic rooms, might be put. The built-in chest of drawers will appeal to every girl who finds herself with an increasing number of possessions and if a little stand mirror is [Continued on page 55]



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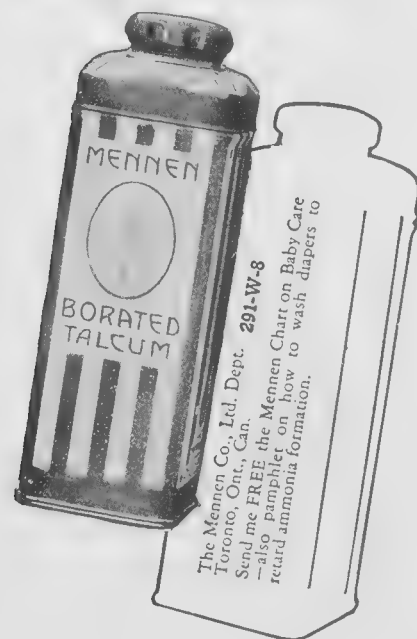
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closer. A board creaked beneath his silent tread, and Maw stepped to the parlor door.

"Oh, there you be, John, and will you talk with our visitor a spell while I dish the dinner?"

So Maw left them together, the shameless young hussy from the wicked city, and the fine old farmer. (The latter, it may be said, was hardly looking his best. This was Thursday, and he was a clean-shaven man once a week—on Sunday.)

Had there been any question of John Wheeler's turning traitor to his high purpose—that of saving his innocent child from the toils of this abandoned woman—the question was settled when she had talked to him for five minutes by the clock. He didn't get that kiss—no—but she called him "Paw," and told him to call her "Dimples." It was quite evident, from the first moment, that Dimples considered that "a marriage had been arranged."

Continued from page 20

THEN—a strange thing happened: John Wheeler forgot to think about himself. For the first time since Charlie nearly died of measles when a small boy, his father realized that the boy, himself, mattered above all other things in the world. As this foreign female creature took a cigarette from a silverish case, and snapped open a lighter, the man (perhaps by the light of that tiny, tricky flame), saw clearly some things which had been obscured before. He suddenly found that he was thinking of his son's wife-to-be, not as someone to be another hard worker on the farm, but as a woman who would love and cherish him always, and understand him and his folks.

"Well, if you feel that way, it's your own business, but what right have you to not let me love him in the same selfish way—spoil his prospects, if you like to put it that way—just so I can have him for my own? No—Paw Wheeler! You can't talk sacrifice to me, when you're taking the best years of his life, and spending them to suit yourself! If you were different, maybe I'd listen."

There was a certain dignity about the little man, as he replied sternly: "Then I will be different. Now—listen to me: if you will promise me that you will go away, and will not marry my boy, I will promise you that he'll go to Agricultural College this fall."

John was staggered by the suddenness with which the girl clasped his hand. "It's a bargain; I promise!" she said. Then she added: "Now—John Wheeler—you promise!"

"I promise!" declared John Wheeler,



"You know what I said—that we were going driving, to find the answer to that question you asked me yesterday"

She was coy and coaxing, was Dimples, and told him that she was famed for her marvellous sense of humor! Just to prove it, there were shrieks of gay, girlish laughter, and: "Well, if this room ain't like something out of the ark. I didn't know there was a parlor like this one left in the country. She shrieked over the huge crayon portraits of various dear departed, and colored lithographs of the Royal Family, from Queen Victoria down. "And did you ever see the like of that funny little old organ! You'll buy me a piano, won't you, Paw?"

My word, they would have lovely times together, and be real pals, would Dimples and Paw—and didn't he like this dress? Fifty dollars, and a bargain at that. She was glad to be getting married, for Poppa was always grouching about the price of her clothes. He was always throwing it up to her that she was getting on—but thirty-two isn't so old, and you can keep young-looking, if you don't hold with work. And weren't her hands nice? Momma would never even let her wash a dish, and now she was going to be more particular than ever, for Charlie's sake—"for you can't hold a man 't you lose your youth and charm—now can you?"

There was considerably more of it. For instance, Dimples gave the fine old farmer clearly to understand that she had been "raised a pet," and there was something about her square little jaw which told Paw that it would take a bigger man than he to remould her "nearer to his heart's desire." She sweetly pictured a future in which she would be a young man's adored and pampered wife, and the old man's darling!

So, it was actually with tears in his eyes that John Wheeler said: "Looka here, my girl; it ain't only that you're years too old for my boy—but both me and you knows that, as sure as God made little apples, you two don't belong together."

"Not if we love each other?" asked the girl. Then she added wistfully: "Oh, and I do want a home of my own."

"But you wouldn't have any home but this—and I wouldn't stand for no changes."

"Not if I coaxed, Paw? Now listen, you wouldn't want to part two loving hearts?"

"I doubt if you love him," said John Wheeler stubbornly, "but if you do, you'll give him up; sacrifice somethin' for the boy—the home you'd have here, and all."

There was something positively "snippy" about the way she answered him: "You surprise me! And who are you to tell me that love means sacrifice? Maybe you'll be so kind as to tell me what you've ever sacrificed for Charlie? It don't look to me as if you loved him so much, your own self! Oh, I know all about it—him begging and pleading for help to go to Agricultural College, and make this the finest farm in the county—just the dream of his life, it is—matters more than anything—yes, matters more than me—and I know it! But you—well-fixed as you are—won't sacrifice the little bit of money it'd take, though he's worked on this farm since he was knee-high to a grasshopper!"

John spoke slowly: "Mebbe it's all because I do love the boy, and want him to home, with me and Maw."

and felt that a heavy burden was lifted from his soul.

An hour later, in the car, Charlie said: "Gee! you were quiet at dinner. And when you did talk, you were so different—absolutely slangy, young lady. Always seemed funny to me that you never used slang—but I guess you can when you feel like it."

"I was in a very slangy mood," replied the girl. "Now, take the Beaver-ville Road, Charlie. You know what I said—that we were going driving, to find the answer to that question you asked me yesterday."

"Sure, but where on that road is the answer?"

"At the station. Charlie, I've had my trunks sent over from the hotel. I'm going to the Georgian Bay for the rest of my holidays. Don't argue, old chap. You have nothing to do with it; it was all arranged before I met you. I came up here for a week because my sister-in-law needed a change and she didn't want to come alone. Sorry you didn't meet her. You see—you see, we have a cottage at Georgian Bay, and the family will be on the train from Toronto today, and I'm joining them. As for those reasons against my marrying you—you dear youngster—you'll see them at the station—five reasons why I can't marry you."

Charlie looked slightly dazed. "Five reasons? At the station? I don't understand. Have they something to do with your family?"

"You've said it, Charlie. The five reasons and the family—they are one and the same—my much-adored hubby, and my four big boys."



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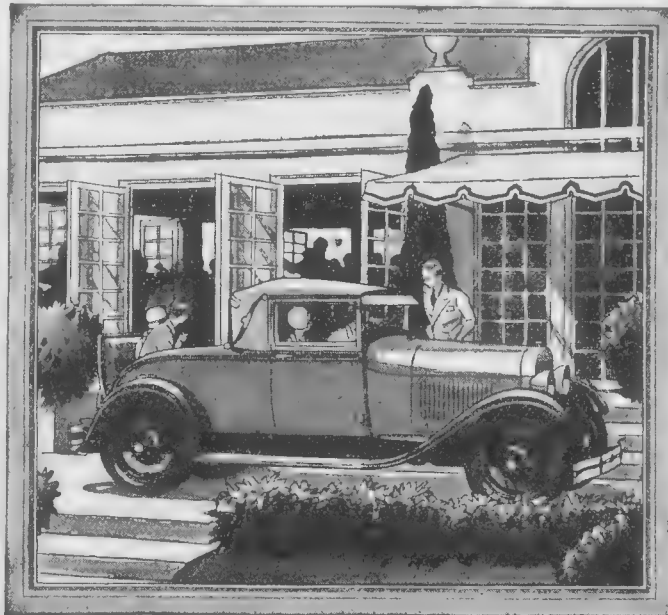


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"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

gives a brilliant lasting shine with a minimum of effort. Use it daily on your shoes, not only for appearance's sake but also because it preserves the leather.

THE "NUGGET" TIN OPENS
WITH A TWIST! 61

What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck, I have told you how the American Mary Borden, has played a certain section of English Society in "Jehovah's Day." The next novel that I read showed us an equally putrid section in American Society, dealt with as mercilessly by Edith Wharton. I got to the point where I felt I could not be bothered to finish reading, this novel of hers "The Children." In fact, I closed it, and pushed it aside. The next night I took it up again, because Edith Wharton is too thoughtful a woman and too brilliant a writer to be ignored entirely because she was tedious for a few pages. "The Children" is boring in parts; I believe Edith Wharton herself would confess it! There is too much reiteration. It is hard enough to accept such a conglomeration of people as the Wheaters and their various, periodical marital partners. I suppose such a state of affairs could occur in America. We have plenty of divorces in England too, these days, but I can't imagine an English woman going in for divorce on such a grand scale as the women in Edith Wharton's book. As a matter of fact, divorce is not the important theme; it is the effect of the divorces on the children. One could imagine a husband and wife being divorced and the children living quite happily with one or the other, but when it becomes a matter of four different sets of children related to either the husband or the wife through their various marriages, all living together, the result is more like a band of "wandervogel"

children whom I saw marching through Germany last year. To add to the complications, Edith Wharton has arranged that some of the children shall be Italian, some American, and some quite nondescript I fear that this review so far is just a jumble of words. Well, so is Edith Wharton's book at the beginning, and I have had to struggle through that! I wonder which was written first—"The Children" or "The Constant Nymph"? Edith Wharton's Judith reminds one so much of Margaret Kennedy's Tessa, but with this difference. Tessa is crushed by irresponsibility and Judith by an overload of responsibility; but both had a similarly vicious upbringing. I wish I knew what happened to Judith; the last we hear of her is that she is dancing happily and that her real mother is married for about the fifth time, to a highly respectable solicitor. His knowledge of the law makes it possible for him to prevent the various mothers swooping down upon the heterogeneous mass known as the "Wheater children," and each one claiming her own offspring! And now at last I have come to Judith's problem, her overload of responsibility. The be-all and the end-all of her little, delicate existence, was to prevent the separation of herself from her own brothers and innumerable "steps." "But why?" you may ask. "Because she so ardently desired this that they should all live together." "But why did she desire this?" So that Edith Wharton might write her book!

Having completed "The Children" I then turned my attention to "Ask the Young" by W. B. Trites, who wrote that beautiful, tragic story, "The Gypsy" one evening, sitting beside the fire, and "Ask the Young" was much of a similar length, so that I could also read it completely in one evening and a very pleasant evening's entertainment it was. "Ask the Young. They know everything," says the Chinese proverb. So they do, by the time they are themselves parents. I would like to give this book away to scores and scores of young men and women round about the age of twenty. Oh no! Not because it is a preachment, but because

it is an ironic comedy which shows more clearly than any number of preachings, that, to put it very slangily, "We all go the same way home." I learnt something from his book. It has enabled me to express what I have known but could not put into words. Namely, that the human species can only vary within the limits of the species. I am no scientist, and I fear that I may have made a fearful blunder in this statement. But what I mean is this. The mere change in fashion, the shingling of hair, the wearing of skirts above the knees or sweeping the ground, the going through a church marriage or a registry marriage, or no marriage at all, girls smoking pipes and boys wearing earrings, Eton-cropped females and marcel-waved males; all these things really matter

Cosmic Kindness

By E. L. Thompson

*People are so kind to me,
Though why, I cannot see!
They look at me with friendly eyes
Reflecting all the joy of skies
Asparkle with vast golden lights
After the dark of purple nights.*

*It's not that I am full of love,
Radiant like a pure white dove;
Nor that, as sceptics might suggest,
They wish my aid in their lifelong quest.
No—rather their kindness a sign must be
When the God in them, helps the man in me.*

very little at all. It is only we who make such a fuss about them. Nature just observes and smiles, and goes on relentlessly, her one purpose ever in mind, to reproduce the kind. Therefore, one is not surprised to find Reuben and Clancy, the modern of the moderns, scoffing at the marriage law; drinking too much and smoking too much; disregarding everything that their parents held dear, even disregarding the parents themselves; becoming instead a very ordinary, legally married couple, wrapped up in their legitimate children. Why? Simply because they belong to the species homo. They acted a little differently within the limits of their species, and then fell into line as Nature intended them to do. It is what Arnold Bennett would call, I think, a "delicious" book, and if Arnold Bennett should ask me what right I have to put this adjective in his mouth, I would reply, "You used the word delicious at least ten times in one very short story which I read the other day." "Ask the Young" is a delicious story. It helps parents to breathe a little more easily.

Children—wild youth—and now we turn to married couples. We find them in a novel called "Humdrum" by Harold Acton, and if you wish to spend an evening in boredom and depression, read this book. The title is most inappropriate. The characters portrayed in "Humdrum" are no more like life as it is than are the majority of the characters in Noel Coward's plays. I suppose the author would say he had given us a true picture of a certain type of young married woman utterly bored with the humdrumness of decency and normality.

"The Women at the Pump" by Knut Hamsun, is in no way as interesting nor as powerful a novel as "Hunger" and "The Growth of the Soil" by this foremost of Norwegian novelists. This perhaps is accounted for by the theme of "The Women at the Pump." It does not smack of nobility; nobility of soul I mean. A long novel, over 400 closely packed pages, portraying the gradual deterioration of Oliver's character, due to an accident. This accident did more than deprive Oliver the sea-

man of his leg and his seafaring livelihood. It changed his whole nature. He acquired womanish physical traits, and his mental calibre decayed. It is, I suppose, a remarkable feat to be able to portray in words, such a state of affairs, but I became rather weary. I knew so very early in the book what the author was hinting at, whilst everybody else, except the local Doctor, seemed to be so stupid. There is something Ibsenesque about "The Women at the Pump." I can't say exactly why, but I thought of those plays, "The Pillars of Society" and of "The Wild Duck" whilst I was reading this novel. I also thought of George Eliot's "Romola." You will remember how Tito's character gradually disintegrates until he becomes destroyed by his own failings. The way in which Knut Hamsun has revealed the character of Oliver, using a very large canvas, is reminiscent of George Eliot's magnificent work.

"Into This Universe" by Frederick Jackson, is a whirligig type of novel, dealing with the life of a woman who, at the beginning of the story has neither education, nor moral sense, nor fastidiousness; who is, in short, quite satisfied to ply her shameful trade; but who, at the close of the story, is highly educated, successful in the world of Art and Music, and in fact, becomes an operatic star. She hobnobs with Dukes and Princesses and in the end marries Viscount Kingsley. In justice to the author, I think I ought to say that the glimpse we get of John Adams is one that makes us wish that he had not died of tuberculosis a few months after we meet

him, and that the book might have been concerned with this brilliant creature rather than Carmelela's meteoric, but unconvincing flight to Stardom.

Very different indeed is "The Vicar's Daughter" by E. H. Young. There is nothing sensational or impossible in this quiet, subtle, and biting story. The girl, Hilary is the Vicar's daughter, but she is not the one implied in the title of this novel. By the "Vicar's daughter" the author means Caroline Mather. And she is not the Vicar's daughter at all! The Vicar's wife thinks she is because the Vicar's wife is a woman of intuition and swift feelings and impulses, and very little ability to think clearly. Maurice, a brother clergyman, also thinks that Caroline is the Vicar's daughter, because he wishes to think so, and because he is a blundering fool in whatsoever he does, thinks, or says. As for Hilary, who is really and truly the Vicar's daughter, I am inclined to think that she is a little suspicious also of Caroline Mather. There is a puckish humour about this book. It is a Comedy of Errors, a Much Ado about Nothing, and yet it is so important to the Vicar, his wife Margaret, Maurice, Hilary, and the Blunts. A very clever book. The entire story seems to take place in one day on one spot, although this is not actually the case. The portrayal of Margaret, the Vicar's wife, is brilliant. No one could help but love Margaret, even although one deplores her attitude to ethics, morals, religion, and all the things that a Vicar's wife should hold dear. She is a most lovable, irresponsible, ridiculous woman! One would have loved to have seen Margaret in her right milieu—a Mothers' Meeting. When I say "right," I mean where her sense of duty should have taken her. But I can think of no setting so foreign to her nature as a Woman's Bright Hour or a Sewing Afternoon.

And They Didn't Call It "Whoopee"

"Whoopee" is a word which we are hearing more and more of. In the old times the same thing was not unknown—but they didn't "make" whoopee, they "raised" it.—Lethbridge Herald.

"Suddenly I realized my husband was ASHAMED OF ME"

"... and that was the night I sent for your Beauty Sampler, which taught me the most important lesson of my life."

By MME. JEANNETTE DE CORDET

IT happened when we moved to a strange city, and Bob and I were invited to dine with an old college friend of Bob's. "Bring your wife," Ralph had said, "you know I've never seen her."

Bob was so eager for me to look well—wanted me to wear my nicest dress. But when he introduced me, I knew his friend was disappointed. And far more cruel, more heartbreaking, I knew my own husband was ashamed of me!

And there, in the smart restaurant, among all those well-groomed women, I could not blame them. For the first time I saw myself for what I had become, just a woman who had forgotten to care for her own appearance, in caring for her home. Like a flash it came to me why Bob had cared less and less about taking me out. Why he preferred to go on business trips alone.

That was the night I sent for your Beauty Sampler and booklet which taught me the most important lesson of my life! First, the type to which I really belong. And, second, how to make a person of my type just as attractive as possible.



Knowing the things you taught me, it is just as easy to be attractive. Every bit as easy to select the right colors as the wrong ones! Just as easy to use the right cosmetics, in the right way. I believe my husband has actually forgotten that he was ever ashamed of me, and I promise you he never will be again!

New happiness in these beauty helps

The knowledge that made this wife happy is all contained in my little booklet, "Your Type of Beauty," and my Beauty Sampler.

The booklet is a catalog of beauty types, delightfully illustrated in color. Look through it until you find yourself, for YOU are there. And right there I tell you what shade of Pompeian Powder and Bloom you should use.

A Powder and a Rouge especially for you are included among the varied Pompeian shades. There are five exquisite shades of Pompeian Powder, each carefully blended to flatter a particular complexion tint,

and clothe it in velvety softness. Five shades of Bloom, too, so artfully ranged in tint that every face may be accented most becomingly.

You may try your shade of Pompeian Powder as soon as you have read the booklet. For the Sampler contains all five shades of Pompeian Powder in five glittering vials. Try *your* shade at once! See how it seems to melt into your skin, bringing new life and radiance.

Your beauty questions answered

Think of it! Authoritative answers to the questions that have puzzled you all your life... "What is my type?"... and "Just what shade of Powder and Rouge should I use?" The coupon will bring this vital beauty knowledge.

This coupon will bring you valuable beauty information!



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NO engine is better than its spark plugs because it is on them that it ultimately depends for ignition and complete combustion which result in power, speed, and all 'round performance.

Moreover, it has become an established engineering fact that just one type of spark plug is right for your engine. Modern, advanced engineering deals in varying degrees of temperature and compression. There is, therefore, an urgent necessity for the type of spark plug which exacts the utmost from your engine.

Champion's engineering staff, keenly aware of the varying trends in engine design, recommends the *one* correct type of Champion Spark Plug for your engine. Every Champion dealer has an up-to-date chart which shows the requirements of every engine.

A complete new set of Champion Spark Plugs will restore lost power, speed and acceleration to an amazing degree, and pay for themselves in gas and oil savings alone.

Judged by every standard, Champion is the better spark plug, and is accordingly universally preferred.

Consult your Champion dealer for the correct type for every engine and every operating condition.

**CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS**

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

Increasing the Anglers' Harvest

Continued from page 22

Taking a position slightly ahead of the nest, and facing upstream, the female releases the eggs at the same time continuing the same fanning motion of the tail that she used to make the nest. The result of this is that the eggs are driven into the interstices of the gravel on either side; without it the eggs would rise to the surface and float away. After releasing each batch she moves off the nest and the male takes her place. He releases the fertilizing agency which, with actions similar to the female's, he drives into the gravel where the wash of the water, and the natural absorbing quality of the eggs, draws it through tiny vents into them. Directly this has happened the eggs hermetically seal. Before fertilization the eggs are soft—jelly-like, after sealing they become pea-like in their firmness.

During the whole of the spawning period the trout must defend their nest from the attacks of their enemies. These are many, including different-period-spawning trout, suckers, saw-bill ducks and other bird-life. They are all adept at sucking the newly deposited eggs from the nests.

All fish don their wedding-gowns at spawning time. They blossom forth in their gayest colors. In addition to this, however, they also acquire a great fighting spirit.

In the Banff Hatchery show-pond, at spawning time, it is no uncommon sight to see a ten-inch male putting to rout one of another specie, several times his own size. At such times trout attack like lightning and with great ferocity. Sometimes it is another male of his own specie that the gallant is called upon to fight; when that happens the battle is worth viewing. The lady in the case, however, does not appear the least bit interested in the outcome, for she accepts whichever one is victor. Although the male will fight valiantly to hold his lady-love, yet, should the latter be netted and lifted from the water for but a few seconds, he will instantly forget her, and, unless he can find an unattended female, will proceed to oust another male from the affections of that one's lady.

TO RETURN to the spawners: Each time the female returns to the nest to deposit a new batch of eggs, she takes a position slightly further upstream than she previously occupied; the fanning operations lengthens the nest noticeably, drives the eggs into gravel a little ahead of the previous batch, and also sends gravel downstream to cover the last batch fertilized.

When spawning is finished the fish separate; they are exhausted, almost lifeless. For some days they stay in the vicinity of the nest, taking what food they can find and gradually gaining the strength necessary to take them back to the lake.

For some time after the spawners have left, the nest is open to spoliation, but the action of the water, and particularly the first freshet, levels it off and the eggs are secure from natural enemies. Unfortunately, in its action, a freshet will destroy whole nests by covering them with mud. Fish eggs absorb great amounts of oxygen previous to hatching; if this cannot be obtained the eggs suffocate. Fish culturists have many times discovered spawning grounds where every nest had been thus ruined—every egg suffocated. It is thus seen that under natural spawning conditions the percentage of eggs that hatch, and from which the fry develop into mature fish, is very small. Before the advent of the angler there is no doubt that Nature so arranged this that the correct balance of fish-life might be sustained. With the advent of thousands of anglers, a condition Nature could not take into account when balancing her ledgers, the numbers of fish, allowed by nature to survive, became naturally inadequate, hence the fished-out streams. By resuming the story of the stripping operations the extent to which man has improved on Nature will be clear.

Fish culturists have, amongst other knowledge acquired, learned how to decide the exact moment when spawning maturity is reached, and, no matter if this occurs at night or day, the operation must then be performed.

Seated astride a spawning bench, the operator places a bowl between his knees. His left hand is enclosed in a woolen mitt; this serves two purposes—the fish will not slip through his grasp and his hand will not bruise the fish. A bruised fish will soon be a dead fish. An attendant, also wearing woolen mitts, hands him a female. The "stripper" grasps the fish firmly by the tail and places it at a slight angle across his body, from left to right. His right hand is placed against his body, in the shape of an arch, with the finger and thumb behind the pectoral fin. He leans over the bowl and as the mitted left hand pushes the body of the fish through the "arch" a slight pressure of the fingers of the bare right hand expresses the eggs through the vent and into the waiting receptacle. The last few eggs are obtained by a very little increased pressure of the right hand fingers; this is the real "stripping."

Without losing a moment the female must then be gently replaced in the lake proper and the same spawning operation performed on a male to fertilize the eggs. This part of the work is very similar to what takes place under natural spawning conditions.

The eggs are next washed to remove all foreign substances, placed in fine-mesh wire baskets and suspended in troughs of running water which are equipped at their outlets with very fine screens. The length of the hatching period depends on the temperature of the water.

When in the water the fertile eggs appear to retain a semi-transparent quality, but the infertile ones quickly become white and opaque. The latter are removed with fine tweezers.

The first noticeable stage in the egg development is known as the eyed-stage; this is when the two eyes and a connecting vein appear on the egg. In the Banff Hatchery approximately six weeks is needed for eggs to reach the eyed-stage; in other hatcheries, where the water is warmer, less time is required.

Previous to the appearance of the eyes the eggs are very delicate and to move them any distance is attended with great risk and loss. After the first phase of development is passed they can be shipped long distances without danger.

Nature has decreed that the young trout shall emerge tail-first from the eggs; all who reverse this law are doomed.

For some time after their tails break through the shells the partly-hatched trout lie motionless at the bottom of the wire basket. As they grow stronger, using their tails as propellers, they move about and soon the partly submerged basket is alive with darting, diminutive, balloon-like objects, each propelled by a tiny tail.



When the time arrives for the young trout to escape from the shell, it darts strongly in a straight line, stops suddenly and the discarded shell continues its journey. Young Master or Miss Trout then turns wrong-side up and slips through the basket bottom into the trough. For several weeks the young fry lie motionless at the bottom of the trough, for until their fins develop their only method of movement is by tail-waggings. Nature provides each one with a yolk-sac attached to its belly. This sac contains sufficient nourishment to last the newcomer until its fins have developed and it has reached the free-swimming stage. Once this last point of development is reached the fry must be planted without delay.

Some eggs produce twins with one yolk-sac between them; such oddities are doomed, for the one sac does not contain sufficient food to last the two until free-swimming is reached.

IN DECIDING in what streams to plant the fry many things must be taken into consideration. One has already been mentioned—the period-spawners that already inhabit the water. There are many others, however—the temperature of the water, the abundance of natural fish food and the speed of the current and number of quiet shallow pools in the banks of the stream all must be examined before a decision is arrived at. Cold water retards growth; lack of sufficient food will naturally mean that many will die; fry planted where the current is too strong for them will be washed into the larger streams and be devoured wholesale by the larger fish—even their own specie.

The fry are transferred from the hatchery to the streams in large containers similar to milk cans; each can holds approximately 5,000 fry. In the neck of the can fits a false neck or perforated ice container; the dripping of the water from the melting ice supplies oxygen for the fry. At the Banff Hatchery a speed truck is used to convey the fry to the planting beds; it carries twenty containers—100,000 fry.

During transportation very little ice is necessary as the road vibrations splash the water in the cans and in thus breaking it up allow it to absorb the necessary oxygen. If it becomes necessary to allow the cans to stand for a little time then a good supply of ice must be in the necks of the cans.

The truck is driven as near as possible to the watershed in which the fry are to be planted. Sometimes packhorses, wagons, and even human shoulders must be called upon to convey them the last stretch of the trip.

Equipped with hip-boots, the fish-culturist enters the chosen pool. From the can he pours some of the water and replaces it with water from the stream. This he does several times until the temperature of the can-water and stream are the same, for a too-sudden change would be fatal to the fry. When this is accomplished the mouth of the can is partly submerged and some of the fry dart out. The man then moves a short distance and allows more to escape, for not many may be planted in one spot. Releasing a few here and a few there the can is soon empty and another batch of anglers' prizes is away to a start.

Trout eggs are, under natural conditions, deposited in the spawning beds by the trout at about the same time as those taken by the fish culturists are stripped from the fish. Naturally hatched, and hatchery-hatched, will parallel each other in development right through to the free-swimming stage, but, while the fish-culturist gets almost a hundred per cent. results from the eggs he secures, but a small percentage of the fish-deposited eggs will hatch, and leave the nests as young fry, as a result of enemy depredations and nest silting.

In one point only have the naturally hatched ones an advantage over the "hand-raised" kin—they retain their inherited fear of every movement or shadow on the water while those that are planted by the fish-culturists have, to a certain extent, [Continued on page 34]



Film on Teeth

The breeding place of germs

You must remove it daily

NINE times in ten when teeth are discolored and dull science has discovered them to be simply coated with a film. That film is the greatest enemy of a lovely smile. It is also a dangerous enemy to your health, for today film is held largely responsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other serious troubles. Every dentist knows this to be true. Thus the approved method today of protecting teeth is by removing this dangerous film. A special dentifrice called Pepsodent has recently been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

Please accept a 10 days' supply. Mail coupon.

You must fight film

You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that

Film is a basic cause of decay and pyorrhea. It is the reason teeth grow dull and dingy. Now remove it the new way urged so widely.

film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film also is the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

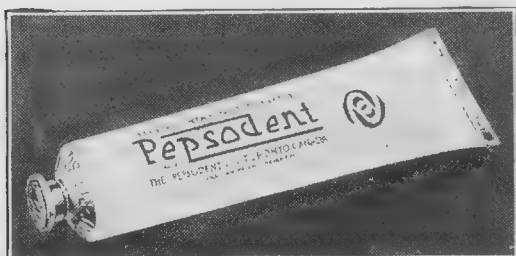
Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing this dangerous film. You must employ the scientific method that curdles film so that brushing removes it in safety to enamel.

You marvel at the whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for ten days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.



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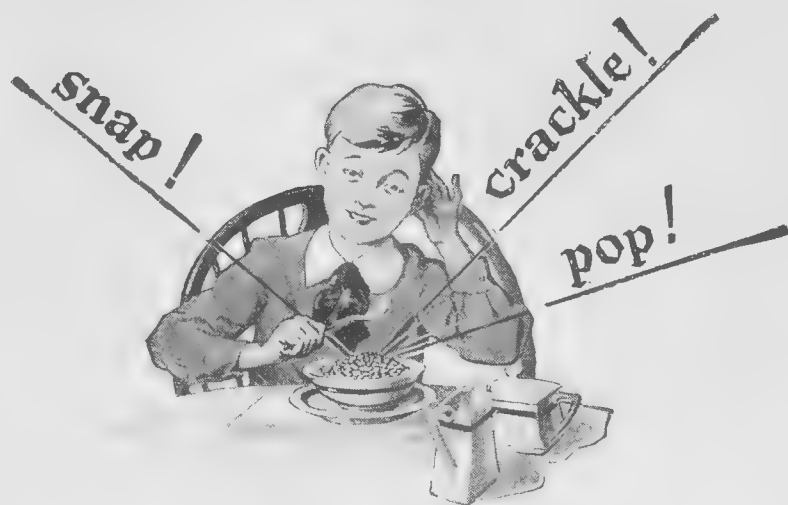
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Only one tube to a family 3207-Can.



So crisp you can hear it *crackle!*

RICE KRISPIES is the new cereal that's attracting so much attention. It's utterly different!

Nourishing rice. Has a flavor like toasted nutmeats. And as for crispness—it crackles out loud when you pour on milk or cream!

Order a package for breakfast tomorrow. You'll surely surprise the family! Great with fruits or honey added.

And don't forget lunch. Rice Krispies is a fine suggestion. Give the children some for the evening meal. So easy to digest.

Rice Krispies make wonderful macaroons and candies. Put them in soups. Serve them buttered, like pop corn.

Phone your grocer for a crisp red-and-green package. Rice Krispies are so good you'll want to eat them right out of the carton.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at London, by the Kellogg Company of Canada—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles. Other plants at Battle Creek, Mich.; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES



Increasing the Anglers' Harvest

Continued from page 32

lost that fear, due to the many shadows that play on the water-troughs during the last stage of development. Thus, accustomed to movements in the water, the planted ones do not take to cover as do the others. They very quickly learn to hide under stones, however, and a short time after planting, the least disturbance will cause them to vanish.

THE Banff Fish Hatchery was established in 1914, its first output being 985,345 salmon-trout fry, all of which were planted in Lake Minnewanka, Rocky Mountains National Park. In 1919, 769,250 trout for planting in small streams were hatched; since then the annual output has steadily increased until it reached the two and a half million output of 1928. Rainbow, Cutthroat, Loch Leven, Brown trout and other species have been successfully hatched and planted, and the country served has been increased in area from a few miles in and around the Rocky Mountains Park, until its boundaries today are Cold Lake, north-east of Edmonton, on the north, the International Boundary at the south, a little over the Great Divide on the West, and part of Saskatchewan on the east.

The following outstanding facts give one an idea of the wonderful success the fish-culturists are obtaining, and the value of this work to Canadian anglers:

Previous to the year 1919, the Highwood River, south of Calgary, contained no rainbow trout; its finny inhabitants were all of an inferior specie. Fish culturists decided that stream was exceptionally well suited for stocking with Rainbow; it had, and has yet, a remarkable supply of natural fish food, the temperature of its water is much higher than that of many other streams, and such fish as Nature had placed there belong to the same spawning period as the Rainbow. The fish-culturists accordingly planted Rainbow fry—today there is not a stream in Canada that is superior to the Highwood as a Rainbow stream. Thousands of anglers can testify to the good work and wisdom of the fish-culturists in stocking the Highwood with the fish they did.

The Little Frenchman River, in Saskatchewan, contained but suckers until the year 1924 when Loch Leven fry were first planted there by the officials of the Banff Hatchery. Abundant proof that these fish have done well has been secured, and anglers in the vicinity of that river are anxiously waiting for fishing to be declared "open."

Brown and Loch Leven trout have been introduced in the headwaters of the Red Deer River, and the Elbow and Old Man rivers have been receiving their particular species for some time. The Swift Current River and its tributaries received their first plantings in 1928, and many park waters, previously devoid of fish life, are today yielding good sport to the anglers. The 1928 fishing season, both inside and outside the National Park, was the best anglers have experienced for many years. It is very probable that in 1929 farmers and townsmen of Southwest Saskatchewan will indulge in a sport hitherto unknown to them—trout fishing. During the next few years more and more of the people of Saskatchewan—northwards, eastwards and southwards, will have that sport brought to them and maintained almost at their very doors.

Mr. Present Angler and Mr. Future Angler . . . when you have made a nice cast . . . when you have felt the incomparable thrill of a strike . . . when you have used every device—every trick known to you, to bring to the net the few pounds of shimmering gameness you have hooked . . . when you gaze at the sporty little battler in your creel and words of self-praise for your skill and admiration for your catch escape from your lips . . . then, even while through your mind passes pleasant anticipation of the envy your prize will engender in the breasts of your angling friends . . . pause—pause and reflect. Reflect that there is a great possibility that all your skill—all the lures ever invented—all the expensive outfit you own—all of them would have availed you nought in the sport you love, had it not been for one factor . . . then—pause again and take off your cap to that factor—The Fish Culturist.



Just Foothills

By Frank Miell

Not the grandeur of the mountains,
Snow peak sheer or canyon dread;
Not the thundering roar of waters,
Crevasse deep or glacier bed.

But the gentler pine-clad hillock,
Shadowing each alternate vale,
Rippling creek and grassy meadow,
Sparkling lake by woodland trail.

Not the turmoil of the city,
Bustle, noise, or frantic speed,
Not the worship of the dollar,
Business bonds or senseless greed.

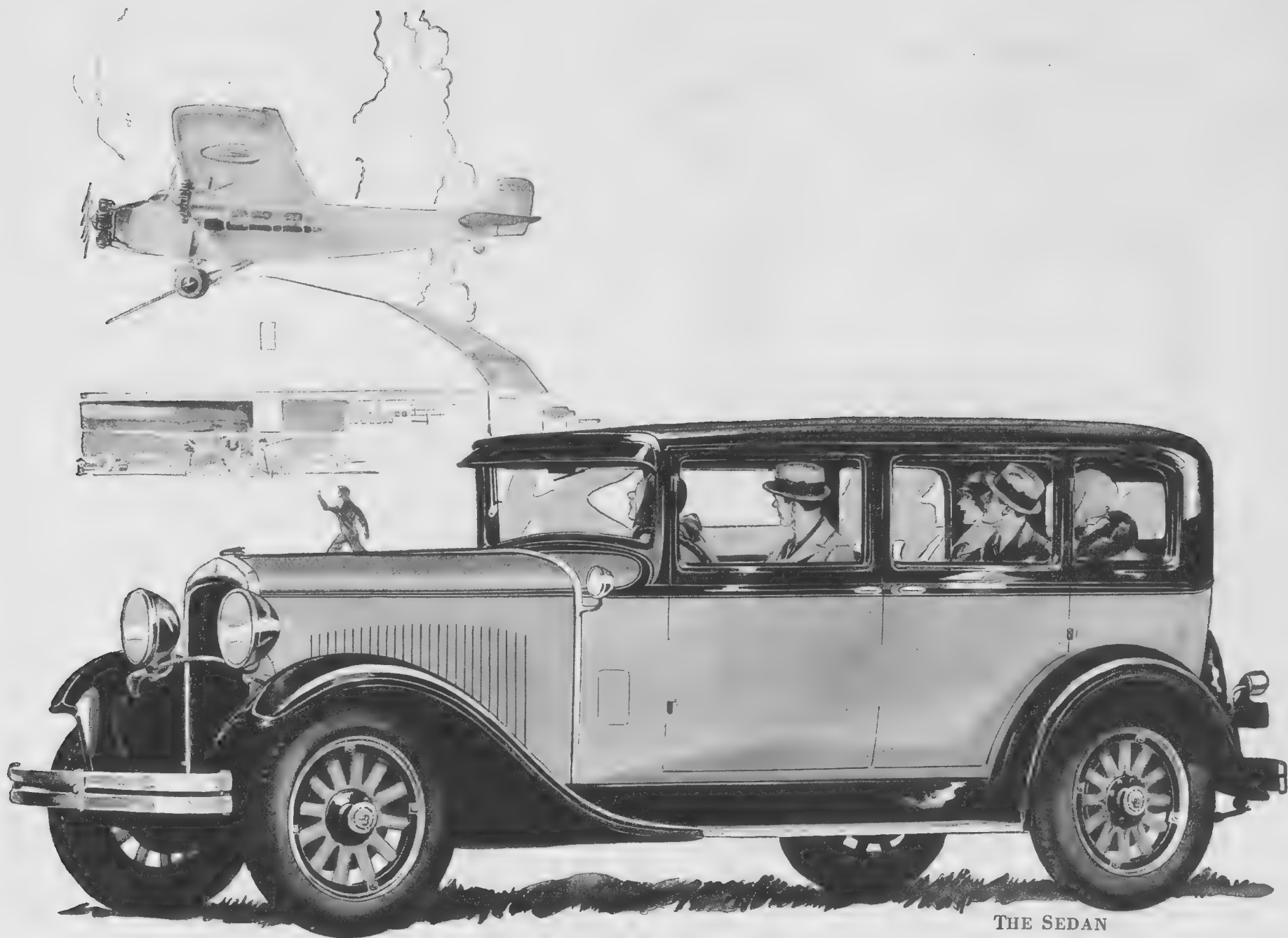
But the whisper of the tree-tops,
Song of lark and splash of ford,
And the helping hand of neighbour,
Time, a servant—not a lord.

Not the bigness of the prairie,
Boundless fields of golden grain,
Not the pictures in the booklets,
Tales of wealth and lure of gain.

But the little flat of hayland
Set between the spruce and hill,
Garden up among the poplars,
Home of log beside the rill.

Little fishin', little huntin',
Much o' work but more o' fun;
Little pleasures, little sorrows,
Joggin' on till life is run.

In a joggin' sort of country,
Far from any madding throng;
Where the folks are "folksy" always,
Where the foothills mosey 'long.



THE SEDAN

Dependability—in smartest style

The new Dodge Brothers Six is all that is sound and dependable—backed by an organization whose success is founded on these very qualities. Its alert, powerful performance is surpassing even for a Dodge Brothers car. Yet with all these practical qualities, the new Dodge Brothers Six could sell itself on style alone! Unusually smart—tasteful in colorings—with a wealth of modern style-features, it is admired wherever it goes. Dodge Brothers have never before presented a car offering so much for the money. Nor one so appealing both in dependability and in charming style.

NEW EIGHT BODY STYLES . . . CONVENIENT TERMS IF DESIRED
 DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

GAS COOKING SERVICE for HOMES BEYOND the GAS MAINS



YOU may live far out on a farm, or in a town or suburb without gas mains . . . but no matter where you live, you can have modern gas service for cooking.

The Coleman Air-O-Gas Stove makes this convenience possible. With this stove in the kitchen, it's like having a gas well in your own back yard. Because the Coleman is a complete gas-making, gas-burning, gas-cooking unit. It produces the gas it uses from regular clear-white gasoline.

The Coleman Gas Starter lights instantly. In a minute or less from the scratch of a match the burners produce a clear blue, intensely hot gas-cooking blaze . . . a steady, clean flame . . . free from soot . . . does not dirty and smoke up your pots and pans.

The Coleman Stove is ready for any kind of a cooking task any time. You can bake, boil or roast . . . fry, broil or toast, on this handsome, up-to-date stove.

Your Coleman dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Coleman Air-O-Gas. And if you'll fill in and mail the coupon, we'll send you the new "Coleman Time Table—A Guide to Accurate Cooking".

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The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Ltd., Toronto 8, Ontario, Dept. 3533

☐ Send me your new "Coleman Time Table—A Guide to Accurate Cooking."

☐ Send me name of nearest dealer handling Coleman Stoves, also descriptive literature and prices.

Name _____

Address _____

(AO33)



The Gentleman King

Continued from page 18

her handwriting by heart. He tore the seal and read:

"Meet me at the south end of the orchard, near the mulberry trees, fifteen minutes after the Duchess retires. Burn this. Do not mention it to me or anyone else. Renée."

She was going to forgive him then? She cared? It seemed at once impossible and inevitable that she should love him. He dared not say that she loved, and yet for his heart's peace he did not deny it. But why this secrecy? Perhaps she merely wanted to inform him of some political danger, perhaps she was acting for the Duchess. And was the handwriting just exactly the same as that of the contract? A little unsteady—yes, shaky. Perhaps she had been excited; perhaps her handwriting had changed.

He hurried his dressing. At length he left the room with his red hat a little to one side and a brown cloak over his shoulders. His long rapier stuck out like a tail behind the cloak. He made his tour of inspection, questioning Labay, who reported no danger.

After dinner Peter left the table early and strolled into the salon, where he sat down. Several other courtiers were there ahead of him; turned and spoke to him civilly. At length the Duchess entered accompanied by her ladies. Peter joined in the talk and laughter. He watched Renée closely but saw nothing unusual in her manner. She had a large crowd around her tonight admiring a new mechanical doll recently arrived from Florence, the gift of some Florentine nobleman. As Peter followed her with his eyes, he continued talking with the Contessa Beatrice, who, he was aware, watched him closely. Presently the Duchess sent for the Contessa to join in a game of cards. No sooner had she left his side than Peter saw Renée approaching with a careless smile. She was magnificently clad in a red velvet dress which was very small at the waist, accentuating the fullness of her white bosom. The dress was trimmed with gold. With a graceful swirl of the wide skirts, Renée glided into the chair that the Contessa had just vacated.

"Monsieur," she said gaily, "you are the only one who has not yet admired my pretty puppet. He is a native of Florence named Salvo, and you shall pay your respects to him. See—I pull the string and his legs and arms become all excited—there—he salutes—or bows. Pull the string yourself, Monsieur, as I hold him on the arm of a chair."

While Peter, wondering, reached for the silken string, she whispered quickly: "The Duchess wishes you to know that she suspects that the Count Orlando has reached Savona."

Peter said nothing. "No, Monsieur, you shan't keep my puppet all to yourself. Here is Signor Paccini desiring to make his obeisance too." She turned to the handsome lieutenant of the Duchess' guards, who had approached them closely. Peter looked at Paccini, to see whether he was a friend or an enemy, but could not tell. Renée showed the doll to Paccini and made him pull the string, as Peter had done.

So Orlando had arrived at last! Peter shivered involuntarily. To him the name connected invisibility, dread. And if Orlando had arrived, then there was danger. But what was the danger and where? With all his preparedness, Peter had never in his life felt so unprepared. He had no weapons because he had no antagonist.

And in view of her appointment with him an hour hence, why had Renée chosen this rather dangerous means of giving him the news? Peter could not understand it and tried to hold Renée's eyes. He tried to ask her mutely, but she did not seem to catch the meaning of his question.

He left the salon at the first opportunity and walked into the large hall with black and white-tiled floor. At the other side of the hall was the sumptuous dining-room, where the Duke now sat with his courtiers, drinking and telling tales. Peter paused to listen to them. On his right was the front entrance, leading down several flights of stairs to

the terrace and the town square. On his left the main stairs with marble banisters ascended to the apartments of the second floor, reaching a landing half-way up where they turned to their left and became very narrow. The old medieval tower formed the wall of this landing. The tower could be entered by a door high up in the side of it, which was connected to the second storey by a high gallery across the end of the main hall. The gallery had a white marble balustrade, beneath which tapestry hung and fluttered.

Peter paused only a moment outside the dining-room. Then he turned to his right, passed through the front entrance, reached the terrace. From there he went to inspect the guard. He made a long inspection. Then, satisfied that he could do no more, and having warned Labay that he expected danger, he returned to the salon, keeping a watch out of the corner of his eye for anything unusual.

Peter realized, however, that there were half a dozen secret passageways that could not be guarded.

At last the Duchess arose to retire to her apartment. She herself had not been able to discover any unusual danger; she had merely turned over to Peter the report of one of her spies. When he came to bid her good-night their eyes met, and Peter's assured her that he was doubly on the watch. But when Peter said good-night to Renée, trying again to make her express some recognition of their appointment, which was to occur in fifteen minutes, he could not tell by her eyes what she intended to say. There was so much to be said between them that Peter was unable to distinguish one meaning from another.

But after the salon had subsided he strolled out to the terrace, following it around that side of the palace which overlooked the orchard and the bay. It was a clear moonlight night. He put his hands behind his back and studied the mulberry trees at the far end of the orchard. Why had she chosen that spot instead of their usual one close under the orchard wall? And why had she not given him some assurance with her eyes? And was that note written by her, really?

He turned to look at the palace. It was measureless and white, seeming to have no substance in the moon. Peter noticed a yellow light in the window of the chancellor's room. He started. Surely the chancellor's study-window! And yet, surely, the chancellor was off with Sir George!

To Peter the moment seemed a critical one. He was sure that assassins were waiting for him in the orchard; and yet he was not sure enough. Renée might really be waiting for him there—and he wanted very much to see Renée.

Peter was not afraid of being killed, but he was afraid of being stupid. He was a coward when confronted by the doubts of his own mind. He loved his own cleverness. For some time he studied the lighted window; thinking he saw a curtain move; always in doubt; wondering whether someone were standing behind that curtain to watch him. At last he said: "Oh, the devil take them!" shrugged, walked off directly toward the orchard. He was going to clear up this mystery.

BEHIND that lighted window, unseen by Peter, sat an Italian whose thin face suggested guile. He sat slightly forward with one arm across the table, tapping the end of his pen on the rolls of two or three documents. Occasionally he twisted a little in his chair or twisted his lips meditatively. He was interrupted at last by steps in the corridor behind him. He turned, shading his eyes from the candle with his hand. He waited expectantly.

Philippe appeared at the dark doorway and greeted the Italian. Philippe's face was keen and triumphant—an expression which it had not possessed since the failure of his plot with the Pope and Orlando. His anger for the failure of that plot had fallen upon Renée, whom he treated insultingly and watched day and night. Now, [Continued on page 38]



Everlasting watchfulness, daily tests and laboratory methods assure its

Scrupulous Purity



THERE'S a thrill to the marvelous flavour of this fine old ginger ale . . . refreshing as a cool breeze from the sea . . . sparkling as the grass when sun shines through the dew . . . mellow as a tree-shaded lawn . . . and as delightful a beverage as any you ever drank.

It is served in smart Toronto hotels and clubs and has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over.

One simple fact—matchless excellence—has won for "Canada Dry" this universal appeal. Absolutely pure ingredients, Jamaica ginger of the highest quality, contribute the inimitable result—"Canada Dry."



An exact process of blending and balancing is directed to one end—its marvelous flavour. A secret process of carbonation produces delicacy in taste—neither too sharp nor too flat. Daily tests assure its purity.

Have you tried it? Do you know the thrill of drinking this better, purer, finer beverage? Its sparkle adds zest to a meal. Its cooling vigor brings welcome refreshment the whole year through. And its gracious charm enhances the hospitality of any occasion. Serve "Canada Dry" with dinner tonight. Offer it to your friends when they come in to see you. Order it when you dine out.

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON

accomplished hostess, suggests

SALAD AND "CANADA DRY" and thin bread and butter! What a party this makes in summer . . . a picture of cooling deliciousness . . . giving joy and health . . . raising the plainest meal to the party plane . . . but it must be the *right* salad.

VEGETABLE GALAXY

- 1 small head crisp lettuce
- 1 small bunch watercress
- 1 medium-size carrot, scraped and sliced
- 1 tart apple, diced
- Sections of 1 small grapefruit
- 1 cup shredded celery
- 1 minced green pepper
- 1 small cucumber, sliced

Arrange the ingredients in a large salad bowl to be dressed at the table. Beside it, place on a small tray a small pitcher containing two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a cruet of olive oil, salt and pepper shakers, a bottle of "Canada Dry" Ginger Ale, a bottle opener and the salad fork and spoon. To dress salad for six, pour over eight tablespoonfuls of olive oil and mix. Season with salt and pepper, pour in the lemon juice, mix again and add "Canada Dry" to taste—about four tablespoonfuls—mixing the salad until the ingredients look a little wilted.



Your Doctor Knows Kotex

He Prescribes this Scientific Sanitary Napkin for Better Health, for Comfort, Convenience and Economy

The 4 Big Features

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 36

with this triumphant expression, he stepped aside and half pushed into the room a figure in a dark cloak and hood, whose appearance caused the Italian at the table to rise and bow profoundly. It was Renée. Her face was white and frightened and her hands were clasped in front of her as if she did not know what to expect from this mysterious conference. She studied her brother and the Italian alternately.

"Will Mademoiselle please be seated," said the Italian.

Renée obeyed silently, placing herself opposite the thin stranger. Philippe stood at the end of the table overlooking the candle towards the window.

"Has the Count arrived, my lord Castiglione," asked Philippe.

Without seeming to move the muscles of his face the Italian replied: "The Count Orlando is in the palace."

Renée gasped. Castiglione looked at her inscrutably and then said to Philippe: "All is in readiness in the town. Bovaro will lead the mob against the palace gates as soon as we give him the signal. The signal is simple. We have but to put out this candle. Then they will charge. Have you eliminated the Lieutenant Pole?"

Philippe gestured toward the window. "If you will stand behind that curtain, my lord, you may have the pleasure of seeing him creep toward the cheese in my trap. But watch out lest he see you instead."

The Italian arose while Philippe continued to explain the scene which was being enacted below them.

"It is easy to handle your Englishman by means of the billet-doux," he said. "A little note, a pretended appointment, draws him into that group of mulberry trees which you see at the far end of the orchard. I have put a devil behind every tree."

Philippe's face was distorted with hate, pride, victory.

Castiglione turned from the window and said: "He has already started. Mademoiselle, in two hours you will be the bride of Count Orlando. Your good fortune is due to the Count's passionate love and to your illustrious brother's cleverness."

He bowed, whether ironically or not Renée could not tell. After the first appalling realization of Philippe's intentions, and after her first helplessness, she had been able to draw upon resources unknown even to herself. By these she became composed, though her face was white. She looked keenly into the Italian's eyes. Had Castiglione been able to understand a character such as Renée's, he would have been warned by that mixture of fear and despair in her eyes; because Peter was walking toward the mulberry trees, toward a death by which she herself would be partly responsible; because Peter was going toward his death, she experienced an uncontrollable desire to save him or else encounter her own. It was the resolution of a pure and nevertheless passionate woman, who, during the past few months had come to realize how indispensable her lover was. Walking toward the mulberry trees . . .

Since Philippe had stopped speaking, Castiglione turned back to the window to watch Peter. Renée leaned forward with her head purposely to one side, as if she heard someone in the corridor. Her motion caused Philippe to turn away from her toward the door. Then came a sudden wavering of the light. Renée lifted the heavy silver candlestick and threw it at the window. The crashing of glass caused the Italian to cry out. The candle dropped to the floor and guttered and was extinguished.

"Mother of God! What have you done?" cried Castiglione. He heard the candlestick clattering upon the terrace below. "They are not ready for the signal to charge! They have not gathered!" He turned toward the dark room, fiercely toward Philippe. Philippe was shouting at Renée: "You fool, you fool! He is to be killed. Why don't you let him be killed?"

Renée arose and recoiled, and pressed herself into a corner of the room fearfully. She had had to choose between

her brother and her brother's enemy. She realized that her own life was as liable to extinction as the candle which she had so bravely thrown through the window to save Peter. And had she really saved Peter? Would he be warned by the candle-stick falling through a window?

But before her eyes had become accustomed to the moonlit darkness Renée discovered with terror that her brother's life was in danger. Castiglione was attacking Philippe. He was crying: "You dog of a Frenchman! You have planned this!"

"You lie! You lie!"

"But it is time to get rid of you. It is the hour to get rid of you!" Castiglione was snarling. Then he laughed: "Almost the appointed hour, my friend!"

Renée, pressed into her corner, with her nails digging at the stones of the wall, realized that she had done this thing at her brother's expense. Philippe would die. She could feel the hands of his fate lying upon her heart. She had exchanged a brother for a lover. She screamed.

In the moonlight she saw Philippe and Castiglione clutching each other's throats—saw the Italian's arm reach upward and backward; saw the glitter of his blade as it paused for a moment near the window. Renée reached toward them but the blade shot forward. There was a horrible sound as it penetrated Philippe somewhere—his mouth, his throat. The Italian sighed horribly. Philippe collapsed. He gurgled. Renée sank to her knees, unable to bear the burden of her own crime. She whispered a prayer to Mary, the beloved, eternally merciful; to the Virgin who had never sinned, to her who could always understand. Renée felt that she was losing consciousness. She saw Castiglione leaning over her; felt that he was leering. She saw him wipe his dagger with his fingers. She heard him saying indistinctly: "You will stay here, Mademoiselle Renée. I go to seek Orlando." As he glided through the door and then locked it with a key, and then locked it with bolts, she fainted, hearing the clang of bolts like death-bells for her brother's soul, hearing the footsteps in the corridor like the steps of her brother's soul going away.

HAVING made his decision, Peter turned from the window and walked swiftly along the terrace. He reached the steps and descended to the lower terrace. He drew his sword, then walked directly down into the orchard. He kept peering into the orchard beneath him, studying the shadows of the moonlight. As he advanced he became certain that he was going to his assassination. He was excited. Half-way down he stopped, hearing the crash of glass, distantly, and the falling of glass upon the terrace above him. He heard something heavy fall upon the stones of the terrace and roll several feet. But he had proceeded so far down the steps that he could not see the place. Immediately he ran up and peered over the edge of the terrace. Through the low pillars of the low balustrade he could see the palace and he saw that the chancellor's window was dark. Just then he heard a scream, subdued, as if it came from inside the palace. Peter was not sure, but he thought it originated somewhere near the chancellor's window. He could see the moonlight glittering on the window, and he thought he could see a shadow on the glass, as if it had been broken. Then he heard someone cry desperately: "You lie! You lie!"

Was that Philippe's voice? Then Philippe was being attacked. By whom? And where was Renée?

It was necessary to find out about Renée: whether she was waiting for him out here, or whether she was in danger in the palace. Peter turned and hurried down the steps and ran out into the orchard with his sword drawn. The orchard was deserted. He could only hear the sound of his own steps and of his own breath. He ran toward the mulberry trees. A hundred yards away from them he stopped, with his back to the thin trunk of an orange tree and his head thrust

[Continued on page 40]



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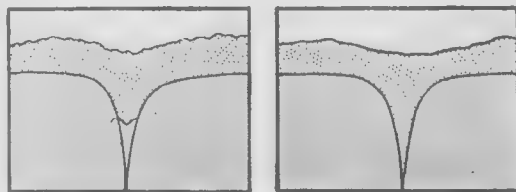
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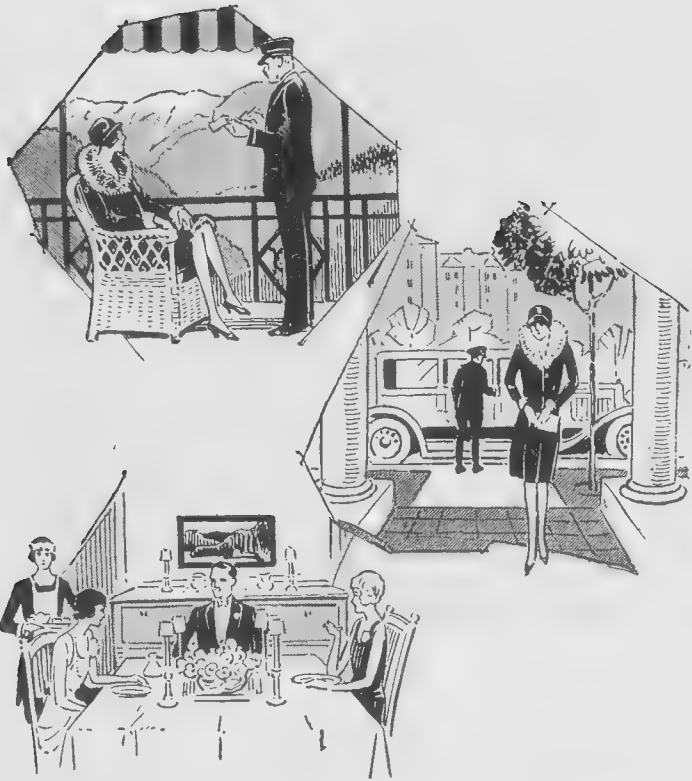
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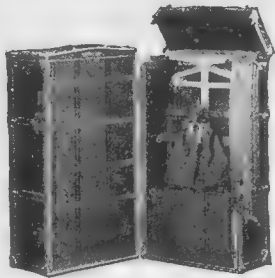
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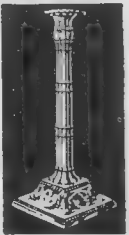
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 38

forward to study the shadows. There was nothing. "Renée!" he called. "Renée!"

No one answered.

Peter looked up at the palace which was now in darkness. The room where the Duke had been drinking was on the other side. Peter was anxious to find out what had happened in the chancellor's study. He decided that he must call his guards. He drew a whistle from his pocket and blew it three times, loudly enough to be heard everywhere on this side of the palace. Then he waited for Labay to answer the whistle. He waited a quarter of a minute without hearing any answer, and then blew again.

Peter was listening for Labay's answer to his second signal when he heard a footstep just behind him. He swung around, with his sword guarding him, and saw a man crouching under the next orange-tree. The man had a dagger already drawn.

"Who goes there?" cried Peter.

The man stopped and did not answer.

Peter cried again, "Who goes there," and then began advancing toward the crouching figure. He took two steps, then remembered that he must guard himself from the rear. He turned his head swiftly and saw eight men running from the mulberry trees toward him. They came on as silently as ghosts.

Seeing that he would be overpowered Peter turned back to the first assassin, yelled, and charged him with his sword. The man had just thrown away his dagger drawing his own sword; but before he had time to put himself on guard Peter was upon him and had pierced him in the chest. The man cried out, and put both hands upon his chest, and fell backward. Hearing the others almost on top of him, Peter fled up the orchard without looking around. He was a very fast runner and kept ahead of his pursuers. Two of them discharged pistols, but the darkness prevented accuracy and the balls whined past Peter.

He ran the whole length of the orchard and reached a passageway that led off to the left of the courtyard. He wanted to reach the guardhouse to rouse Labay. Yet since Labay had not answered his whistle something must have happened to the faithful sergeant. Peter's pursuers stopped at the passageway to the courtyard, fearing the French guard. At the end of the passageway, which led under the terraces, Peter closed and bolted a thick iron door. As he ran across the courtyard he noticed that no sentries were pacing before the gate, one half of which was open and deserted. He could look out into the town square beyond the wall. It, too, with its fountain and its clean cobblestones, was deserted. And yet Peter noted with consternation that a number of dark forms were gathered in the shadow of an overhanging roof at the opposite side of the square.

But besides this, the three sentries were sprawled in drunken attitudes around the gate. His sentries drunk? But how? They were perfectly faithful, he had chosen them himself. He stood still and looked out through the gate, which towered above him. The immensity of it, combined with the largeness and mystery of the palace behind him, impressed upon him a feeling of insignificance. He was lost in the greatness of treachery and hate. And the more he studied the group at the other side of the square, the larger seemed the number of which it was composed.

Mastering his own emotions, he ran up to the gate. He pulled at the springs and levers of that half which stood open. Then he applied all his strength, leaning against it, stiff-armed and straining every muscle. It moved slowly. Peter heard a cry from the crowd and a number of men ran forward. The gate gathered velocity as, step by step, he forced the ton of iron around on its hinges. It was closing. It crashed into position with a rattle of loose bars and springs. Peter pulled three or four levers to lock it. A cry of anger arose from the crowd outside, several of whom had thrown themselves against the gate almost in time to stop it. Peter leaned against it for a few moments, panting. So they were planning to storm the palace!

He paid no attention to the drunken guards but ran back across the courtyard toward the guardhouse, whose door was closed. He opened the door and stood in the yellow light that it released. He gasped. There was Labay with his head upon the table, his arms stretched out in front of him. The whole watch was sleeping around the table in the same condition, some with glasses tilted in their candle-lit hands.

"Drunk!" cried Peter. Then he realized that this was more than drunkenness. The men would not all have succumbed, Labay least of all, who prided himself upon his capacity.

Peter took Labay by the shoulders and shook him viciously. He threw him out of his chair and kicked him. The Frenchman, whose capacity for wine was notorious, at last opened his glazed and bloodshot eyes. Seeing his superior attacking him he tried to rise. But his limbs were almost paralyzed. Peter had to lean over and assist him.

"You have betrayed me!" cried Peter.

"You have betrayed the King!"

"Oh my God, Cap'n." The sergeant held both hands on his cheeks, over his beard. He stood in front of Peter, swaying. His eyelids kept closing as if they had weights hung to them.

"What have you been drinking?" asked Peter.

"Nothing but the wine you sent us yourself, Cap'n."

"The wine I sent you? When do I ever give you wine on duty?"

Without answering, Labay staggered toward a bucket of water in which he immersed his head. He kept it there so long that Peter was afraid that he had become unconscious again, that he was drowning. At last Labay took his head out of the bucket and sputtered.

"Cap'n, we aren't drunk. Only had one drink. Clink glasses with Monsieur your friend."

"What friend? Who?"

"I don't know his name, Cap'n. Thin fellow, thin face, thin lips. Nice fellow. Italian. Twisted his mouth."

"Where did he come from?"

Labay pointed a swaying finger toward the door that led directly from the guardhouse to the palace. "Had a fellow with him carrying basketful of bottles. Said you sent them to us as a reward for extra carefulness. B-r-r-r." He shook his head to fight off the sleepiness, then rushed to the bucket again.

"This fellow came just after you came to tell us to be extra careful," said Labay, having once more rescued himself from the bucket.

"Has every man taken this stuff?" cried Peter in despair. He would be helpless without his guards.

"No. Only those on duty, Cap'n. The relief is still above, sleeping. That there was for them." Labay pointed to half a dozen bottles in the corner. Peter's first impulse was to kick them to pieces, then he thought he would keep them for evidence. He was impatient to proceed. So much time had elapsed since the crashing of glass in the chancellor's window—ten minutes perhaps—that he was beginning to doubt whether he could reach that room in time to find out what had happened. Then there was the crowd outside the gate. He must make sure of the other gates.

"Rouse the rest of the guard," he cried. "Send two men to each of the other gates. Close all of them. Then have the men return. We are being attacked! When all the gates are closed, pick up these fellows—" he pointed to the half-dozen sleepers—"and carry them into the hall of the palace. Bring up the ammunition also. Wait for me there. We shall not try to defend the outer gates. Let no one pass in or out of the palace. Give me one man to accompany me!"

In about one minute the whole reserve guard were bundled down the stairs by Labay. Peter chose a Swiss. Wondering where Renée could be, and even more uncertain as to her connection with this night's plot, he led the Swiss down the corridor into the palace. They passed through the basement up to the kitchen. There was no one in sight. He hastened through empty [Continued on page 42]

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 40

pantries and storehouses and at last burst through a door into the dining-room. Here, for the second time that night, he stood upon a threshold to struggle with his own amazement trying to guess the identity of the unseen hand that was leaving such evidences of treachery behind it. For here the Duke sat in his great armchair, his head to one side and a little backward, his jaw hanging open as if in death, his arms drooping limply outside the arms of the chair. Around him were eight or ten of his friends—those few who could not be trusted by the conspirators. Peter noted that Philippe was not present. Some leaned downward, some leaned backward, some were contorted, some had fallen to the ground. Not a guard or a page was visible.

Seeing that none of the Duke's followers could be trusted, even if they could be found, Peter was afraid to leave His Highness there. Any number of assassins might be in the sumptuous corners of the palace. Yet what to do with him. What place in all Savona could be trusted? Peter beckoned to the Swiss. They approached the Duke noiselessly, looking about them. They lifted the Duke, Peter taking his feet and the Swiss his shoulders. With great difficulty, they carried him out of the banquet room into the large hall. Here Peter hesitated. Should he deposit His Highness in the salon, or take him upstairs? Peter decided to leave him at the foot of the stairs for the present, hoping that Labay would arrive in time to guard him against attack. Having deposited his heavy body on the broad bottom step, Peter pulled down a large green and golden tapestry with which he covered the Duke's body so that it could not be recognized.

"Guard this body with your own," he cried to the Swiss, slapping him on the shoulder. The man looked around him nervously. "I'll be right back," said Peter. Then he paused. From behind the opened palace door, at the end of the hall, came loud cries and blows upon the gate. The roar of a mob aroused by their orators could be heard in the square. They had begun battering the gate.

"Stand your ground!" cried Peter to the guard. "Your comrades will rescue you in a minute. I'll be back in a minute."

He turned and ran up the stairs. He reached the landing and disappeared to the left. The guard hitched his shoulders and pointed his pike resolutely toward the door of the palace.

AT THE head of the stairs Peter paused to make a decision. Immediately to his left were three doors, all leading to the chancellor's apartments. It was here that Peter was most anxious to penetrate, not only because he wished to solve the mystery of the breaking glass, but because he surmised that these apartments served as headquarters to the invisible conspirators. On the other hand, Peter's problem had grown larger than the mere investigation of a broken window. He had to protect the Duke and Duchess of Savona from a rebellion! Standing at the top of the stairs, he had on his right hand that gallery which crossed the end of the hall above the landing and entered the old tower by a door. Peter had never been in the old tower—it was used merely as a dungeon and a storehouse. He saw no reason to go there now. He therefore passed the end of the gallery and walked across a large, darkened hall. He walked toward the rear of the palace, called the "north wing," which included the apartments of the Duchess, Renée, and other ladies. With drawn sword Peter hastened through the wide double door.

"Back, whoever you are!" cried a voice. A lithe form leaped out in front of Peter. Peter found his sword crossed by another.

The moonlight which filtered through the windows on his left gave Peter a glimpse of the intense-fearless face. It was Signor Paccini, the lieutenant of the Duchess' guards, the man who had come

so close to Peter and Renée during their hurried communication earlier in the evening.

"Paccini!" cried Peter, withdrawing his sword.

"The same. What do you want?" The young man leaned forward. Then he recognized Peter and stepped aside courteously. "Your pardon, my lord. I did not see it was you."

Just then Peter heard a scuffling of feet and the sound of arms in the hallway below. Was it Labay or was it the invading mob? He had no time to find out.

"Paccini!" he cried, "are you with the Duchess or are you with the traitors?"

"Sir!" The young man stepped forward again.

"Pardon, pardon!" cried Peter. "Let me look into your eyes. I do not wish to insult you. I am desperate." He put his hands on Paccini's shoulders. "There is treachery. There is an uprising tonight. Arouse the Duchess if you are her friend. Call her ladies! Then come back to me here."

Paccini, having had one look into Peter's eyes, glided off into the shadows. Peter ran back to the stairs. Here he snatched two candles from their position at the head of the stairs, ran with them to the window, and gave his signal of alarm by raising and lowering the candles alternately. He allowed himself a few seconds to see whether the signal was being answered from the dark belfry of the cathedral. At first he saw nothing but shadowy stones reaching up toward the stars. At last a lantern was lit and swung in his direction. And just as Peter was blowing out his candles he saw a faint red glow spreading from the belfry of the spire. He returned to the stairs and descended three or four steps at a time. He reached the landing. He stood for a moment surveying the hall. There were eighteen of his guards gathered around Labay with their pikes held in front of them. Some were inspecting their muskets. Labay stood with his arms folded beside a large keg of powder and a supply of balls. The drug which he had taken seemed not to have affected that powerful head of his. And around him the seemingly lifeless bodies of eight guards were stretched out. Once aroused, he had proved himself a man of action.

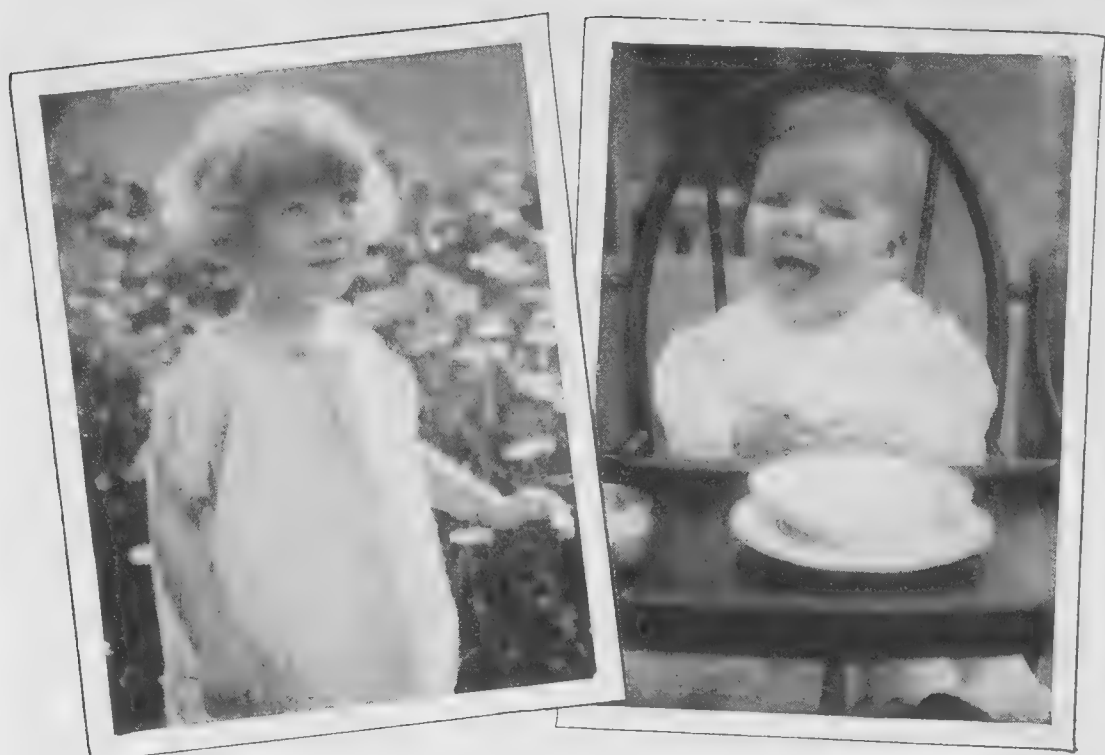
From beyond the front door, which was still open, since Peter had given no orders to close it, arose the threatening cries of the mob. Fortunately, Peter thought, they had not expected the gates to be closed and hence had brought no machinery with which to burst it.

"Soldiers of France!" he cried. His voice echoed down the hall. Every face turned toward the landing. "The honor of France is at stake. The honor of your king is threatened. If there is any man here who is not prepared to defend these with his life, I have left the door open"—he pointed down the hall—"that he may retire before the hour of fire. Let him go now." Peter paused. He took enough time to look every man in the eyes. Then he proceeded.

"It is as I presumed. I congratulate you all. Your individual names will be submitted to the King. We defend a palace and not a fortress. I have therefore determined not to guard the gates. Instead, you are to build a barricade upon this landing and you are to defend these stairs against all aggression, with pistols and pikes, until reinforcements arrive. I have signalled for reinforcements. They will be here by dawn. This stairway is the only one by which the rebels can storm the apartments. Your opponents will be cowards, soldiers of France; may the glory of France be with you!"

Cheering, the group dispersed to seek furniture and cushions with which to construct the barricade. A man was dispatched to the front door to keep Labay informed of what was transpiring in the courtyard. Peter ordered two men to carry the Duke upstairs. They lifted him, with the tapestry still hiding his identity. Peter seized a pistol from Labay's ammunition pile, and followed upstairs.

[Continued on page 64]



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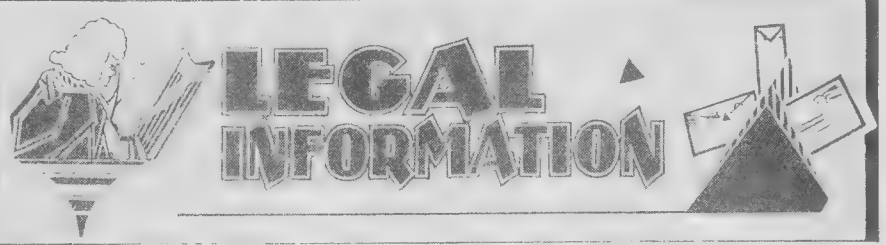
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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



A CERTAIN individual who was an agent for a bottle exchange association in Ontario was required by the terms of his engagement upon requests made from time to time by any member of the association to operate trucks owned and equipped by himself for the purpose of collecting bottles and other dairy equipment in the City of Toronto. One day he received a request from one of the railway companies to call and remove milk bottles from certain premises of the railway. In accordance with this request, he drove to the premises in a Ford motor truck. He backed the truck up to one of the buildings as instructed by one of the railway employees as near as possible to the location of the bottles, which he was requested to move. During the trip he was accompanied by his infant daughter who remained in the truck while it was being loaded. After this had been completed the driver mounted into his truck and it was then struck by a freight car, which was being pushed over the end of the siding. This freight car was travelling at a rapid rate of speed as was evidenced by the fact that after damaging the truck it ran into the building, breaking down the brick walls of the same.

The railway company admitted that it was liable to the owner of the truck for the damages, but refused to compensate the infant daughter who was seriously injured. The refusal to acknowledge her claim was based upon their contention that she was a trespasser on the premises and that there was no breach of duty owing by them to her. After fully considering the matter the trial judge came to the conclusion that the daughter was not a trespasser, but was a licensee, that is to say, she was permitted to be on the premises by the employees of the Company and that in so allowing her to be there they owed her a duty of care not to injure her, or to expose her to any trap or concealed danger. The duty of care rests upon the assumption of law that if any party is actively negligent in his duties to a licensee he must be prepared to pay for such negligence.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Drake Lake, Sask.

Q.—With interest I am always reading your Legal Information department, and as I have a problem of my own, I thought I would write you and beg you to answer me in the Western Home Monthly.

I bought a farm on the half-crop payment plan, the vendor's share to be delivered December 31st each year, the vendor to sell it within reasonable time. Can I be charged interest for the amount the vendor's share is worth from the date the grain is delivered to the time he sells it? Nothing is mentioned about it in the agreement for sale.

In another case the vendor is member of the Wheat Pool. Can the purchaser be made to pay interest for the time from delivering the wheat till the vendor gets his payments from the Wheat Pool?—W. H. Reader.

A.—In answering the first question we are of the opinion that the purchaser could not be charged interest on his payment after the date of delivery of grain to the vendor. The amount to be credited on the agreement is not ascertained until the grain is sold, but we are of the opinion that the amount must be credited to the purchaser as of the date of delivery, and not as of the date of sale. The reason for this is that the vendor could obtain a very substantial advance on account of the security of the grain even before the grain was sold and as the vendor apparently decides the time of sale and has full control of the grain it is really the vendor's property and the purchaser should be credited accordingly.

We believe that the same answer applies to the second enquiry. It is the delivery of the wheat or other grain

which constitutes payment by the purchaser on his agreement. The amount of the credit may not be ascertained at that time but a credit must be made as at the date of delivery.

Strome, Alberta.

Q.—Please advise me regarding the following:—

We homesteaded here 23 years ago. Can my husband sell without my knowledge and consent. He says he can as he proved up prior to 1910. This is all the land he owns.

My husband has given me neither clothes, nor money for over ten years. If I borrow even a nickel from him I must refund it. I have no means of my own excepting what little I can make raising a few turkeys under the most heartbreaking circumstances.

When under the influence of drink, I am obliged to run out into the night and stay hidden regardless of season or weather, and before a little child threatens to blow my brains out. I am afraid of him, and he calls me all sorts of the vilest names imaginable.

I used to help outdoors but do not do so now as I am in bad health now and he says I am not entitled to clothes nor money as I do not earn them. I do all that is required in my house, cook for his hired help, threshers, and land-breakers. I am heartbroken. Please advise me as soon as you can.—Jemimia.

A.—Under the provisions of the Dower Act, your husband cannot sell the property on which you reside without your consent. It would be possible for him to commit perjury and say that the property was not his homestead and if an innocent purchaser relied on this statement he might obtain title to the property. We consider this very unlikely, however, as long as you yourself are living on the farm. Your being in possession of the farm would be constructive notice to any purchaser of your Dower interest therein.

We note your remarks with respect to the very cruel treatment accorded to you by your husband. Every wife is entitled to receive maintenance from her husband, commensurate with his means and income. If your husband is not giving you this it would be quite easy for you to obtain same by asking the assistance of the court. You had probably better get the assistance of a lawyer in obtaining the protection of the court against your husband's brutality.

Neepawa, Man.

Q.—I am writing for a friend of mine who has been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for some time now.

(1) When is a girl of age?
(2) Can a girl of 17 or 18 leave home without her father's permission?
(3) If she is not properly provided for, can she work out, if she is capable of earning her own living, without her father's consent?
(4) Can her father bring her back?—G. M.

A.—A girl is of age when she is 21 years old. In answering the other questions we must first point out to you that a great deal depends upon the particular circumstances as to how the court would consider the rights and duties of a girl of 17 or 18 years. Strictly speaking the girl's parents are entitled to control her actions until she is of age, but as long as the girl is conducting herself properly there is no reason why she should not go out to work in order to keep herself. This is especially so if her parents are not providing her with maintenance commensurate with their means, or her earning power. As long as the girl is employed in a position which is not likely to prejudice her moral well-being, we think it is very unlikely that her father could compel her to return home if she is able to adequately support herself.

When Frances Barkley Came

Continued from page 13

than twenty days. He offered to take the English to the spot, if only "Good Queen Bess would furnish him with one ship of fortie tonnes burden and a pin-nance."

In 1774, after a lapse of two hundred years, a Spanish expedition under Juan Perez, sailed as far north as latitude 54, and touched Queen Charlotte Islands, north of Vancouver Island. In 1775, another expedition, under Heceta and Quadra, sailed north, but returned without having seen anything of de Fuca's Strait.

Captain Cook, who in 1778 tried to find the Northwest Passage, came within ten miles of the entrance, but was blown to northward by a gale. It was Captain Cook, however, who gave the world the first chart of these shores. And he was responsible for the trade in sea otter skins which was soon afterwards opened up with the Indians of Vancouver Island.

It was to trade in sea otter skins that Captain Barkley's ship was sent out, and so he sailed to Nootka, the headquarters of the fur trade, arriving in June, 1787, and encountering a terrific storm off Nootka Sound. Shortly afterwards some natives came out in canoes to greet them, and one man, dressed, as Mrs. Barkley says, "disgustingly," in native garb, astonished them by addressing them in perfectly good English. This was Dr. John McKay, who, at his own request, had been left at Friendly Cove the previous year by Captain Lowrie of the ship Captain Cook. Dr. McKay proved of great assistance to Barkley in dealing with the Indians.

From Nootka, the Imperial Eagle moved gradually south from bay to bay, trading as she went. Barkley and his party spent some time in the large sound which now bears his name, but the chief harvest of furs was gleaned around Wickinish Sound (now called Clayquot), named from a chief of the Indians encountered there. Captain Barkley, his wife tells us, was unusually apt at languages, and having learned the vocabularies attached to Cook's charts, he was soon able to converse quite fluently with the natives. According to Mrs. Barkley, the Indians of Vancouver Island—which at that time was supposed to be part of the mainland—were quite intelligent, and much less warlike than the ones encountered farther north on their second voyage. She mentions particularly in this connection the chief Maquilla (also called Maquinna), and Callecum. It was the first-named intelligent chief who, because of a fancied insult from the captain, Salter by name, captured the American ship Boston, in 1803, and murdered the entire crew with the exception of two men, who were afterwards rescued.

CAN you not just see young Frances Barkley, on those warm days, standing on the deck of the Imperial Eagle and watching with interested eyes all that took place; marveling at the barbarous natives in their primitive garb, manoeuvring their canoes to the side of the big ship; admiring the prowess of her clever husband; gazing at the wild beauty of the rugged coast-line. Then when they left the shelter of a bay, and encountered the Pacific rollers that pound unceasingly against the rocky shores, she would be forced to forsake the decks and would perhaps sit and watch her husband working on his charts, or bringing his journals up to date, and help him decide on names for the islands, straits

or bays he was continually discovering. Frances Island, and Hornby Peak were named after herself, Hornby being her second name.

It was on the afternoon of the day when they sailed eastward from Barkley Sound—the exact date is not known—when the discovery was made which Frances thus describes: "A large opening extended to eastward, the entrance to which appeared to be about four leagues wide, and remained about that width as far as the eye could see, with a clear easterly horizon, which my husband immediately recognized as the long-lost Strait of Juan de Fuca, and to which we gave the name of the original discoverer, my husband placing it on his chart."

This is believed to be the authentic account of the first discovery of this Strait which separates Vancouver Island, on the south, from the mainland.

At that time no further exploration was made, for Captain Barkley, satisfied with his cargo of eight hundred sea-otter skins, set sail for China, and eventually disposed of the skins for thirty thousand dollars.

THE next explorer to see the Strait of Juan de Fuca was perhaps that mendacious adventurer, Captain Meares, who tried to claim the credit of discovery, though it was by the use of Barkley's charts that, in 1788, he found the entrance. Mrs. Barkley, in her journal, is very bitter about Meares, who, she claims, got Captain Barkley's journal from the agents of the company under whose charter Barkley made the voyage. The latter had contracted to give up all his papers, charts, and journals to the company that they might be withheld from publication for a certain time, as they thought it was to the disadvantage of the fur trade on the Northwest Coast that the public should be given any particulars about that section of the world. Then instead of later restoring these papers to Captain Barkley, the owners of the Imperial Eagle gave them, or more likely sold them to Meares and to others, who claimed priority of discovery, and Mrs. Barkley claims that Meares invented all sorts of stories to discredit Barkley.

However that may be, the owners, finding that they were not quite within the law on that voyage, sold the ship after it returned to China, and tried to get out of paying Barkley the amount his contract called for, although he had made them a nice profit on the venture.

Barkley brought an action against them and was awarded the sum of five thousand pounds. This, Mrs. Barkley points out, scarcely compensated her husband for the outlay he had made, as he had himself paid for large quantities of supplies, and the most expensive nautical instruments, to be used not only on this trip, but on the two future ones which he had contracted to make in the Imperial Eagle. For this outlay, he had expected to be reimbursed, but instead of that the company had not only confiscated the supplies, but gave him nothing for them.

Frances Barkley outlived her husband by eleven years, according to a note added to the first journal, which is quoted in Walbran's "British Columbia Place Names," and reads as follows: "On May 16th, 1832, I lost my beloved husband—in his 73rd year—worn out more by care and sorrow than by years, as he was blessed with a very strong constitution."

The Swallow and I

By Edgar A. Wood

Low above the wave caps
See the swallow fly,
Hunting gem-winged insects,
Skimming through blue sky.

I climb up the hill tops,
Through the dales pass by;
Searching for the something
That ends the heart sigh.

So we go together,
Bounded by kindred tie,
Chasing fairy visions,
The swallow and I.



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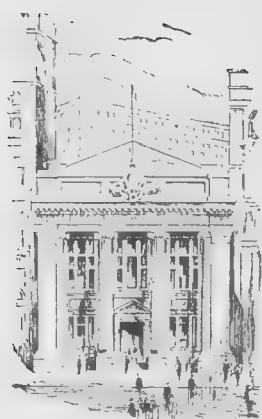
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What does a young man think about?

Some of you have problems that are difficult to decide. Let us help you. The writer of the Young Man and his Problem in the Western Home Monthly has assisted many a one in some momentous decision and he will be pleased to do the same for you if you care to write him. Address your enquiries to H. J. Russell, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



TWO events of importance to Canada have taken place almost simultaneously during this month, and now that the smoke of the battle of words has cleared somewhat, we are able to look upon the scene with a clearer vision.

In the first place, the United States has, at least through its House of Representatives, increased tariff rates to a very great extent, and in the outcome Canada has not come off entirely scathless. Whilst on the whole the Canadian press does not advocate a course of retaliation yet it is fairly unanimous in pointing out that at present Canada is altogether too dependent upon the whims of the United States Government in the matter of Customs duties. An analysis of the situation as far as Canada is concerned seems to show that various sections of the country will be affected. The dairy farmers of Quebec and Eastern Ontario have built up a very profitable business in the yearly export of some seven million gallons of milk and cream, the value of which in dollars is equal to the gallonage. The new duties amount to 100 per cent increase, and it is an acute question if the American consumer will pay twice as much for these supplies as before. The dairy farmers have largely neglected their old stand-by, the cheese industry, in their desire to participate in this recently developed export trade, and they will now be forced perhaps to assume the task of re-creating their old market.

The Prairie Provinces have not been greatly hit, more especially in the matter of the export of cattle. The present rate is 1½¢ per lb. on stockers, of which about 400,000 were shipped every year. The definition of a "stocker" has been altered so as to prevent the inclusion of fat slaughter cattle under this heading, but this is the only alteration so far as cattle are concerned. The duties on fresh beef and veal are doubled, while the duty on swine has been trebled. So far there has been no suggestion of any increased duties on wheat. The province which seems to have suffered most is British Columbia. A 25 per cent ad valorem duty has been placed upon cedar lumber and shingles and a general tariff of \$1.00 per thousand on lumber. It is feared that the imposition of these duties will place this lumber industry in a very precarious position.

It must be pointed out that the action of the House of Representatives does not end the matter. These new rates will have to be confirmed by the Senate, and there is every possibility of their being radically altered, before they become law. These rates by no means meet the approval of all the United States, if one can place any credence in the newspaper comments. The farmers in particular are contending that no relief has been granted to them, and that the only change has been to make their cost of living higher than ever. One Congressman has gone so far as to predict that the proposed rates will add yearly between 600 and 700 million dollars to the cost of living, an increase which works out to between \$25 and \$30 yearly for a family of five. The question is thus very unsettled, and time alone will show the ultimate result.

In the second place the price of wheat has fluctuated violently, in Chicago going below the \$1.00 line and in Canada keeping a few cents above that. The price is now lower than it has been since the 1923 collapse. Various reasons are assigned for the sudden drop but we believe that it is due to a combination of all of these reasons, and not to any one in particular.

In the first place the carry over from last year's crop was tremendously heavy, being estimated at 150 million bushels at the date of writing. In addition, the winter wheat yield of the United States has been more than usually heavy, and there is also an excess of Argentine wheat on the

market. Then, too, to crown all, prospects in Canada, the United States and France for the 1929 crop are extremely good. No wonder then that the European buyer is content to ca' canny, and to wait until the patience of the Canadian exporter is exhausted. The situation is serious, especially if the price continues at the present low ebb. The great question arising in the mind of the pool farmer is, "What will be the initial payment next fall?" Any change in the weather conditions for the bad, will have the immediate effect of increasing the price, but the continuance of the present favorable weather will have the reverse effect. Truly the situation is very much on the knees of the gods at present.

IN SOME of the previous articles we have directed the attention of our readers to the principles of the investment trust companies which are becoming so numerous in this country. A new light on these plans of financing is shed by a recent announcement of John J. Raskob, who has been termed the financial genius of the General Motors Corporation.

The proposal is to start a \$5,000,000 "Equity Security Company," in the nature of an investment trust company, and sell the shares on the instalment basis, just in the same way as motor cars and other commodities are sold. In an extract taken from a New York World interview we find him speaking as follows:—

"Now, all the man with, say \$200 to \$500 to invest can do today is to buy Liberty bonds or to turn his money over to some gyp concern for investment in wildcat oil and other promotion schemes. I don't mean to say all of the present investment trusts are tricky, but there is no question that a number of them are, especially those which handle the money of the small-wage earner who has little knowledge of stocks.

"The corporation I am thinking of would be different than the ordinary investment trust. It would have a board of directors in whom the public had explicit trust. It would only operate in common stock of proven worth. Its holdings would be listed publicly, and there would be nothing secret about its transactions. It would meet the requirements of the New York Stock Exchange, and it would not deal in speculative stocks.

"Say a wage-earner had saved \$200 and wished to invest it in stock in the proposed corporation for the purpose of profit. Well, he would be allowed to buy \$500 worth of stock for his \$200. Through a subsidiary finance company, or discount company, the \$200 investor would be granted a loan of \$300, the subsidiary company accepting his stock as collateral. Then by payments of \$25.00 a month or so the investor would pay off his loan."

The scheme has been hailed with acclaim by a number of newspapers and individuals, one declaring it to be a "practical Utopia," and another declares "that it looks more like financial statesmanship than has come out of Wall Street in many a moon." However all the comments are not so flattering. It is well pointed out that investment trust companies have done well because they have been in the throes of a bull market, and that when they have undergone all the stress of a bear market it will be time then to form an accurate opinion as to their security and strength. In addition it is claimed that the creation of such a gigantic company will have a tremendous influence on the stock market in that it will be able to manipulate and artificially inflate prices for its own benefit. The present plan has only been formulated and nothing definite has been done in the creation of the company. It is discussed from every angle by all kinds of people and is receiving wholesale publicity.

The Aristocrat

Continued from page 9

who could spend money with more inherent ability than the shrewdest Jew could make it.

Isaac's American Beauties went by the carload.

And yet she hated ostentation about one's person. Isaac had been wearing a large solitaire. One day she had asked calmly:

"Why do you wear that thing?"

He had stared. His magnificent stone—"that thing!"

Then she had said kindly:

"My dear Mr. Rabinovitch, you are too nice to wear diamonds. Our sort of men don't do it."

A week later he had begged her to accept the stone, reset in a platinum vanity case.

Yes, he had learned much from her. He talked better. He was getting control of his "v's" and "w's."

Strange that he loved her so madly, when all his memories of her were a record of humiliating mistakes on his part. That awful moment, when, in response to his ardent: "Nanette, you are divine!" she had smiled her slow, wide-eyed smile and said calmly: "Divine—if you don't mind, Isaac."

She had even taught him how to order a dinner which should not merely be expensive, but the choice of a gourmet.

No, she never riled him. She was too horribly right. He knew he was common. But she was an aristocrat. And he wanted her; wanted her as he could never want a woman of his own race or class. More, he wanted her as no man of her own race or class could possibly want her. And that was the only reason Isaac could find to account for his success against the other suitors which such a woman must have—the depth of his love.

And yet, even his dreams dared none of the bolder desirings. But the subconscious knowledge of what marriage must eventually mean kept his censored longings at white heat.

As Isaac sat, smoking and dreaming, a knock sounded.

Isaac nodded pleasantly to Esther Ogulnik, best model in his huge wholesale women's clothing business.

"If you please, sir—" meekly.

"Yes, Esther?"

"Please sir, my mother is sick. Doctor and medicine cost much. I would be grateful, sir, for a little advance."

"Certainly, Esther, just give this note to Goldstein."

How pale the girl was, and thinner. She'd better watch herself, or she wouldn't long be a "perfect thirty-six."

Esther bowed humbly, and left.

Isaac gazed after her. And a year ago he had thought . . .

Had he not met Nanette, he would have asked Esther to be his wife. He was glad he had never given Esther any reason to suspect his interest in her.

He rose. In half an hour he was to meet Nanette for tea at the Plaza. But Isaac liked arriving early.

One block short of the Plaza Isaac sharply ordered his chauffeur to halt. He alighted, and dismissed his car. Ahead of him was Nanette, walking leisurely—with a man.

Isaac felt sick. It was the second-rateness of Nanette's escort. Isaac's eyes bulged. An undersized little "gru," clad in that peculiar brand of masculine attire, which pinches the waistline, flares over the hips, and riots in diagonal pockets.

"A damned cake-eater," registered Isaac's bewildered brain.

How could Nanette walk with such a "kike"? Hungering for the explanation—there must be some extraordinary explanation—Isaac watched Nanette and the creature stroll on into the park.

TEN minutes later Nanette was smiling on Isaac. It was some time before Isaac asked casually:

"Been shopping, Nanette? Or perhaps having a walk?"

"Oh, no. Just being lonesome for you, dear."

He could not speak of the "cake-eater." It was not timidity. There was some

simple explanation. She was a goddess; he could not insult her. But he compromised by stammering:

"Nanette, you do care? You won't ever want any other man?"

It seemed an insulting question. But she was not angry.

"Isaac, dear, am I not getting my divorce—for you?"

"Forgive me!"

She forgave him, with an impenetrable smile.

"Nanette," he said gravely, "I too give up something. I never meant to mention it, but it means a lot for a Jew to marry a Christian woman. If my poor old father had lived to see me marry a goy, he would have held a funeral service, and have worn mourning for seven days. It would have broken his heart."

She gasped, her smile widening into astonished mirth.

"Your father," she said, with slow, word-by-word incredulity, "would have broken his heart—because—you—married—me?"

He nodded.

She laughed—her short staccato laugh. "That's—funny!"

"No," he said passionately, "no, Nanette, it's not funny. It's real. My father would have mourned me as dead. For a whole week he would never have left the house, nor once sat on a chair. When tired, he would have sat on an old soap-box or some such thing. For a week no member of my family would have left the house, or have worn shoes. They would have walked around gloomily in their stocking-feet, and they would never have eaten at table during that period of mourning. Friends would have called to sympathize, but there would have been no greetings, no good-byes. Every morning and evening there would have been services."

He paused. Then, as she merely gazed amused astonishment, he hurried on.

"No, had my father lived to see me marry a Christian, he would have mourned bitterly, and he would have said Kadish over me. For him I would then have been really dead."

She stared blankly.

"But why? Religion, I suppose. Well, I don't care much about religion. As to children, any I ever had could be brought up with their father's faith, even if it were Chinese."

And Isaac, by some flash of instinct, understood her. It was not unselfishness. It was not great love. Beneath her imperiousness she was primitive. She was one of those women whom passion transforms for the moment into the mere complement of their mates. They prefer to think of the child they are bearing as entirely the man's.

Isaac forgot the cake-eater. His head swam. He leaned toward Nanette. But she was still smiling composedly.

"Nanette," he cried, "you know that big art gallery in Paris, the Louvre, that had that picture, the Mona Lisa? They say men have gone crazy over that woman's smile. Nanette, your smile could drive men crazy."

"That is very pretty, Isaac dear." She smiled, and added calmly: "Isaac, dear, when I get my divorce, you will give me a little present?"

"Anything!"

She shrugged.

"Oh, nothing much. I just thought it would be nice to commemorate the occasion. I think I'd like some pearls—a longish string—decent ones."

ISAAC had bought the pearls. They were decent ones. But their price seemed merely another proof of the value of the woman who was to wear them.

The jewels in his pocket, Isaac was planning a surprise visit at noon to Nanette, when his youngest brother was shown into the office.

Joseph Rabinovitch was taller, slimmer, suaver than Isaac. The latter had begun to prosper before Joseph was ten years old. (There were eight intervening children.) Isaac had sent Joseph to Columbia University, and had then set him up in a wholesale millinery business.

[Continued on page 48]

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The Aristocrat

Continued from page 47

Joseph's standard was not "rich," or "stylish," but "polite," and he was, in Isaac's estimate, "quite a gentleman." And to this extent Isaac was right; among casual people Joseph would have "got by" where the line would have been drawn at Isaac.

Solemnly Joseph placed his hat and gloves on his brother's desk.

"May I speak to you about something personal, Isaac?"

"Sure, Joseph."

But Joseph hesitated embarrassedly. Then:

"Isaac, I don't want to intrude. It's about that Mrs. Crombie."

Blood was very thick with Isaac.

"Well?" he said shortly.

"You think she's pretty wonderful, eh? Just because her people had money for a few generations, you think she's of different stuff from us, eh?"

"Joseph," Isaac said slowly, "Mrs. Crombie IS of different stuff from us. She's an aristocrat."

Joseph shrugged.

"And I suppose, Isaac, that you think you're a hell of a fine fellow because she likes you, eh?"

Isaac squared his shoulders.

"Yes," he replied, defiantly.

"Very well," continued the younger man kindly, "I just want to warn you before it's too late. Isaac, I beg you to listen. That Mrs. Crombie—I've had, and still have, the detectives on her. Her father was a swell, all right, but when he married his typist, most of the snobs—all the women certainly—dropped him. Your lady was never really accepted by the set you think she belongs to. Her husband was a penniless waster, shipped out from England by his own people, and he married her for her money. That was before her father's bankruptcy. She and her mother have gone through most of their principal with their absurd extravagances. Just realize that. As far as money goes, you can buy and sell her. As for all this aristocracy business, remember her father's garnish with his typist, his bankruptcy, his suicide. She is one of those women who have no set. Their own has dropped them, and they think themselves too fine to mix with any other."

"Joseph," Isaac said slowly, painfully, "aristocracy is something inside a person. Failures, suicides, nothing could make Mrs. Crombie other than she is—distinguished. Joseph, I love Nanette Crombie."

The younger man fidgeted nervously. "I'm sorry to hear you say that. I had hoped it was just . . . Isaac, do you know that your lady walks daily with a third-rate interior decorator?"

Isaac paled.

"There—there's some explanation, Joseph. A poor relation—or something—"

They left it at that. Bidding his brother good-bye, Isaac hurried to Nanette's apartment. He was to dine with her that evening, but, apart from the pearls as a surprise, an immediate visit seemed now imperative. Joseph's words had troubled him. Old texts floated up from his childhood days at Cheddar—"to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives."

As his limousine halted before Nanette's apartment house, Isaac saw a man entering. It was the cake-eater! Isaac re-entered his limousine.

ISAAC kept his dinner engagement that evening. The pearls were in his pocket.

Nanette welcomed him with outstretched hands and dazzling smile. Isaac ignored the hands.

"Nanette," he said ponderously, "a smile should be the opening of one's soul to a friend."

"That is very pretty, Isaac, dear."

"Your smile is a mask."

Still she smiled.

"Sit down, Isaac dear. You are tired. Had a bothering day?"

Her voice was as unruffled as her smile.

"Nanette, who is that man you walk with; that man who was here at noon today?"

[Continued on page 49]

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The Aristocrat

Continued from page 48

She tried her smile again, but it saddened under the look in his eyes. She sighed.

"You don't trust me?"

"I did trust you. Have you deceived me?"

She placed her hand on his.

"Isaac, I am free today."

But the Oriental in him was not so easily switched. He forgot her remote inaccessibility. She was only a woman for whom he was betraying his race and religion; a woman who was double-crossing him.

He caught her hand roughly, his eyes blazing.

"If you have played me false . . . you, whom I have worshipped . . ."

Her eyes widened with sudden primitive joy.

"You are wonderful!" she whispered.

"Nanette, for God's sake, be square with me! Tell me the truth!"

"The truth, Isaac?" She circled his neck, pressing her slender body to him.

"The truth, Isaac? Isaac, I love you! I love you with every fibre of my being!"

It was his answer. He crushed her to him; kissed her as he never before had done. For the first time the inhibitions of his unnaturally abject love were released.

Nanette caught his intoxication and abandoned herself to it.

Time ceased for these two. The dark gods bent to their offering, and swung wide the gates of their kingdom. Isaac's blood thumped in his temples. She was his; heart of his heart, soul of his soul. Were she ever untrue to him, he would kill her.

"You are divine!" His voice was thick. He wondered dazedly how he had escaped saying "diwine."

WITH a discreet cough the maid entered.

"Madame est servie."

By supreme effort he became calm. Before he entered the dining-room he drew from his pocket a mulberry velvet case, containing the pearls. Tossing it on the table, he cried:

"Put them on, Nanette. Put them on. I have worked two years for them. Jacob served fourteen for Rachel. Put them on!"

Eagerly she ran the creamy pearls through her fingers.

"Oh, Isaac!" she gasped.

"You like them?"

"I shall always wear them—always. I shall sleep in them. Pearls! I have never worn pearls—never. But, oh, how I have wanted them!"

No, she had never worn pearls. All women wore pearls—imitation, of course—but Nanette had never worn pearls. That was Nanette. She scorned all imitation. She had never worn anything false. She was magnificent.

There are moments when one should die. As they entered the candle-lit dining-room that night, Isaac Rabinovitch should have died.

They chatted of casual matters under the hearing of the efficient waitress. Everyday life won them back from the dark gods. They were ordinary people once more; so ordinary that before the salad Isaac was inquiring:

"Tell me, Nanette, who was that little kike I've seen you with?"

And Nanette, who an hour ago had cried passionately: "I love you with every fibre of my being!" smiled and shrugged.

"You old silly, I believe you're jealous."

And the soul of Isaac Rabinovitch caught the false note, and wilted under it, crying voicelessly: "Tell me, tell me! I must know! Oh, Nanette, I trust you, but do not ask trust of me! Give me certainty! Be square with me; I would die for you!"

But when the maid left the room, what Isaac's lips said was:

"Look here, Nanette, who's that damned little cake-eater? I've seen him twice, and today my brother said to me: 'I suppose you think you're a hell of a fine fellow because she likes you, and all the time you're sharing her with a kike!'"

Nanette smiled patiently.

"Isaac, dear, you are a little unjust. Don't you realize that for the past two months I have had to draw a her-ring across the trail. My lawyer said that if I were seen always with the one man, I might lose my case. He said: 'Be general, Mrs. Crombie, if you wish your divorce.' You do understand now, don't you, Isaac?"

For a moment Isaac understood. He was about to apologize, when another idea occurred to him.

"I wish you'd chosen someone who wore decent clothes."

That annoyed her.

"Mr. Ferguson is an artist. He may not dress expensively; he is not rich, nor is he in the clothing business. Money is nothing. The commonest people make it nowadays. He has taken up interior decorating to express himself."

"Do you like him?" dazedly.

Nanette smiled provocatively.

"Perhaps," she said archly.

"But—today you have your divorce. You won't see him again, Nanette?"

Her smile became patronizing.

"My dear Isaac, I shall always have men friends, though you will come first. Don't tell me that you have the bourgeois idea that a married woman may have no men friends?"

And all the dark gods suddenly lost their power over Isaac. Again he was the shrewd self-made Jew. He saw himself selling his birthright of race and religion, of quiet hours with a loving Esther Ogulnik, to share a slim, pale Gentile with cake-eaters and others.

It was not ten o'clock, but Isaac rose, and insisted on departing, pleading a heavy business day on the morrow. He must be alone; he must fight this out.

Nanette pouted at the chill of his good-night kiss.

"You aren't tired of me, Isaac? I have given up everything for you. You aren't fickle? You still want to marry me next month?"

He took both her hands.

"Nanette," he said solemnly, "only one person can prevent me from marrying you—yourself. I can never share you."

She parried that with her light staccato mirth.

"You old dear! You will never have to share anything that really matters. But I like you to be a little jealous."

ISAAC had been home two hours. It was past midnight, but he still sat smoking and thinking.

His old idolatrous worship was dead. To "come first" . . . "men friends" . . .

Then memories of those moments under the sway of the dark gods surged through him. Again he felt her slim body pressed trembling against him; again he heard her—"I love you with every fibre of my being!" Surely that was enough.

Passion conquered. He forgot his fears. Women said a lot of things they didn't mean. Also she had as good as confessed that she was only trying—oh, so childishly—to make him jealous.

His telephone rang.

"Isaac, Isaac, is that you?"

It was Joseph's voice, excited.

"Yes, Joseph."

"Isaac, I'm speaking from Pierre's. Isaac, if you want proof of what I told you, come here at once. Your lady is having supper down here with that little kike. I instructed the detectives to notify me the next time she saw him, but I came down here myself before I would phone you. I found out about the little schnorer. His name is Ferguson, and—"

"Thanks, Joseph, but I'm rather tired. I'll take your word for it. Good-night."

It was the end.

Nanette must have telephoned the man after Isaac had himself left so early. Nanette never went to bed till the small hours. He supposed that she must have someone to amuse her; so, failing the "first," she took the "second."

A woman who scorned imitation pearls! Joseph's wife wore Teclas, but wanted no other man. Esther Ogulnik would have rejoiced in a fifty-dollar necklace; would have borne him Jewish children, and have wanted no other living man.

[Continued on page 55]



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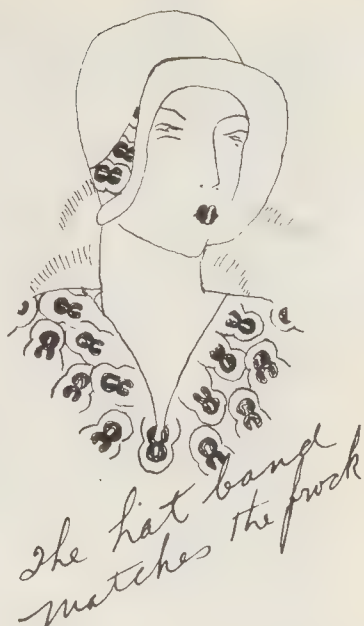
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PARIS has picked her cotton, for 1929, and includes piqué, voile, organdy, repp cords, basket weaves and gabardines, and the coarse linen and handkerchief linen which we associate with the cotton groups; and in these varied weaves, we have both printed and plain fabrics. Paris has used them (and we closely follow her lead) for frocks for sports, teas, garden parties, evening wear and, of course, for the useful house frock. Formality fails to awe the new cottons. They lack none of the sophistication of their silken associates. Every really complete wardrobe will have place for several cotton frocks this summer, this being a season of cottons.

And varied they are! To start with sportswear. The frocks are sleeveless—and rightly so, for Dame Fashion has ordained that this year, one must be tanned; the sleeveless models are the obvious answer to her whim.

The slim hip-line rules the day and the full skirt and ample blouse are necessities of sport, so these are the rudiments on which the frocks are designed.

Pleats and circular flares have the skirts completely under their command, and there are so many and diverse types of each that the scope for individuality is tremendous. Large box pleats vie with small knife pleats, and both are challenged by all the intervening types and sizes of pleating.

Necklines follow no set rule, either. They vary from the simple V and round neck, to the bateau line and deeply cut-out back.

White takes precedence over all the colors, followed by green, blue, yellow, pink and rose, carried out in the gayest and freshest manner known to the experienced and clever manufacturers and to the best of French designers.

Sporting in the Sun

THE sleeveless frock completed by a cardigan or seven-eighths length coat, has practically become the uniform for this summer's daylight hours. The cardigan type or longer coat may be of a different material and color than the frock but showing the same pattern or weave on a larger or more definite scale. Simplicity governs all of these coats, which are frequently made on straight cardigan lines, and trimmed very slightly—with bands of like material, in the predominating color or one that contrasts pleasantly.

A sunburst of small tucks at the back of the neck—colored or oddly-shaped buttons or buckles—belts and pockets of diverse sizes and shapes—are practi-

The Tricky Ways of the New Cottons Described in Our Special Fashion Letter

By Jane Kyle

cally the only means used to individualize the coats.

But the frock? That is different! Individuality reigns here. Sleeveless, nearly always. Fashion turns a chic back toward the new sun tan mode. Sun tan, to be really smart, must cover a large enough expanse of back, shoulders and arms to show an even tan above the most formal and daring of evening frocks, so the neckline—whenever suitable, drops down, leaving narrow shoulder straps and a generous exposure to the health-giving as well as tan-giving sun.

Of course for town wear, business and travel, the low neckline is neither serviceable, appropriate or beneficial—in fact, it would be in extremely bad taste, so the conservative higher and becoming necklines are adopted.

Two-piece frocks are as popular as ever for sports wear but have added, in some cases, a new note—the tuck-in blouse, when the figure is slim enough and in proper proportions to make it becoming. Many women find it too trying, too ruthless toward their deficiencies of figure, and declare firmly for the more flattering and ever-comfortable overblouse.

It's Done Like This

NOW to consider some of the individual models suitable for golf, tennis, boating and general every-day wear:

One particularly smart white sleeveless frock is made in two-piece style with a low-cut back, round neck-line in front,

two-inch knife pleats across the front and fitting perfectly flat across the back. To complete the costume, a cardigan coat is added, made of apple green, black and white block-pattern cotton gabardine, cut on strictly plain lines and entirely unadorned.

Another sleeveless frock is of piqué, made in one piece and with long, straight lines and a rounded neckline both front and back. Around the neck a flat two-inch band is applied, ending in the centre front with a minute bow, casually tied, with short ends that cannot interfere in any way with the game in progress. The skirt has a deep inverted pleat reaching to just below the hip line on either side, both front and back. A rose tailored belt completes the frock, and this color is carried on again in the cardigan coat, made of diagonally striped piqué in rose and white, with a seam down the middle of the back as well as the sides, in order to match the stripes and form angles running up in the back and front of the coat and down at the side seams—quite modernistic in effect! The jacket is edged all around with a two-inch band of the plain white piqué set on in the flat manner

used for the neck-line of the frock. A French dressmaker, knowing well the charm of gingham checks, designed for a summer bride a one-piece sleeveless frock of many shades of yellow with the checks running straight around in the very long-waisted bodice and diagonally, in the pleated circular skirt. The neckline embraced the square outline both front and back, finished with an invisible facing. The circular skirt was attached to the long top, well below the hips—and as in almost all cases, the hip line fitted snugly; two large pleats in both front and back, started at mere pin-tuck width, becoming wider as they approached the hem. A one-inch stitched belt of the coat material finished the frock and related it to its jacket. For the latter, piqué in the darkest of the gingham's yellows, was used, made in single-breasted box style, with three yellow buttons to fasten it; the sleeves came to an interesting end in small circular cuffs closed by three small matching buttons.

The Mode's More Formal Ways

ORGANDY and voile are important this year for frocks that are not of the sports mode. Bold, modernistic designs vie for popularity with dainty floral and polka-dot patterns. The diagonal line is greatly liked, and apparently the more tucks, flares and bows that follow it, the better.

Voiles are—of necessity—made softly, with loose and flaring lines. The natural way in which they lend themselves to draping, places them among the leaders. Tier upon tier of circular lengths make the graceful skirts and are even carried up in to the blouses, sometimes in the form of bolero coats, capes and berthas. Many voile frocks are trimmed with dainty laces and embroidered insertions. A dress of this type was recently modeled in a fashion show. The background of the printed material was cream-colored, closely covered with a pattern of conventionalized nasturtiums in all the glory of their flame and leaf-green tones. Into the binding of the oval neck-line there was fastened at the back a long narrow cape, edged with narrow pipings of nasturtium and black. The bodice was loose and quite long, cut in one piece with the straight skirt. To the latter were attached two ten-inch circular tiers, which dropped decidedly [Cont'd on page 51]



Even the made frock claims its matching jacket



and is belted when not worn tucked in. The neck, arm holes and belt are bound around flatly and a small terrier motif (concerning which more will be said a little later) is appliquéd just above the waist-line, toward the left side. The skirt is made on a visible six-inch yoke, very snug-fitting around the hips, and with the skirt proper added in regular

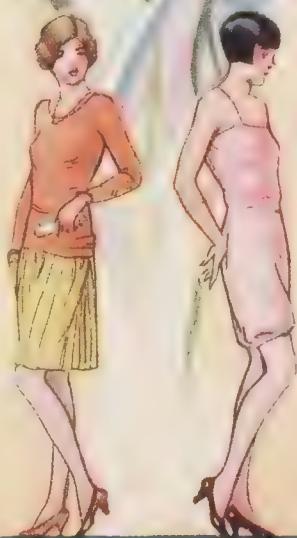
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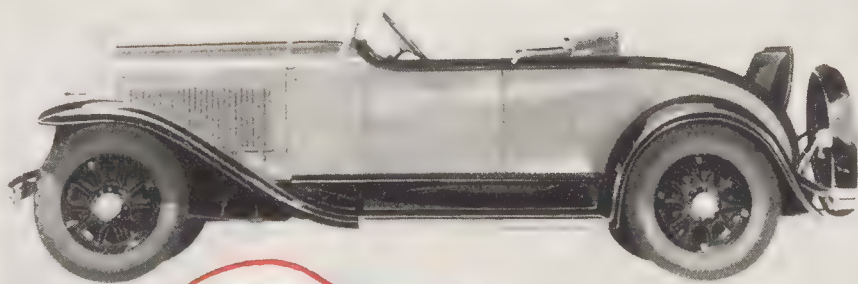


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"I just snuggled down into those big, deep cushions and made up my mind to enjoy every minute. And, my dear, the figures that showed on the speedometer, when I looked at it! Positively alarming. I'd no idea we were going so fast. So I tried out the brakes. They're smooth as velvet, but they pull you up in an instant. Of course, I have always the feeling about this car that everything is just right. I don't have to *worry* about a thing. The engine is so big and powerful . . . the steering so easy . . . and those Lovejoy Shock Absorbers make it so smooth-riding that the longest trip seems too short.

"And the price . . . why it's too absurdly low for *anything*. You can't possibly have any idea how far your dollars go until you see and drive a Pontiac Big Six."



Pontiac
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Romance of the Boulevard

Continued from page 14

passing throng moved closely packed. "A pedestrian has no rights in this fair city," Lawrence said jocularly as they crossed the terrace and went within. In a corner beyond the orchestra they took a seat.

When the garcon arrived, the girl ordered chocolate.

"But would not an aperitif or coffee be better now," he protested. "If you take chocolate, it will spoil your supper. You see, I'm taking it for granted you are going to have it with me."

She turned again upon him the brown eyes of a baby, in them still a faintly questioning light, but mingling with it a growing confidence and gratefulness.

"You are very kind. But I think I will take the chocolate too. Even with it I still will be ready for dinner. When one has not eaten since yesterday morning there is plenty of place within." She said it with an off-hand casualness, as if going without meals for twenty-four hours were the most commonplace of everyday affairs.

It was not alone her words, but the way in which she said them. A sharp, darting pain struck Lawrence's heart.

With an impulsive gesture he stretched out his great right hand and laid it upon her left one, a gesture of the fullness of his sympathy. A brief moment she let her hand remain unmoving, then drew it away; but with such an air of modest shrinking, he could not feel offended.

They drank their consummations in silence. Lawrence drew forth his cigarette case and tendered it to her. Again her eyes met his, in them a light half rebuking, half apologetic. "I do not smoke."

For something to say, he remarked after a time:

"We may as well sit here until it is time for dinner. Do you perhaps know of some place near that dinner begins early?"

She shook her head.

"I do not know any places near here. I live near Republic, or"—she hesitated a long moment, while the troubled look upon her face deepened, "or at least I did until this morning."

Lawrence, who had never missed a meal in his life save through indifference or pressure of amusement, for a moment was at a loss at her words. Then intuition guided him.

"You mean you have lost your room?"

She nodded.

"You see," the girl continued, and now she spoke hurriedly and earnestly as one eager to defend herself against any blame for being found in such a position, "when the place where I worked closed down, I paid my rent for three weeks in advance. I was sure I could find something. And with the little I had left, I was so very, very careful. But two days ago it came to an end. And I had found nothing . . . nothing. Now for ten days I have not paid. And this morning the patron told me if I had not the money to pay what I owed, I need not come back for there would be no place for me."

Lawrence listened with a sinking heart. With his pity was now mingled financial worry. His father had given him sufficient money for his vacation from college to permit of a pleasant time on modest lines for the next ten days. He heaved a little sigh. There was nothing for it now but to curtail his expenditure to meet this unexpected situation.

"How much do you owe?"

"Seventy-five francs."

He nodded. "Well, we will go and have dinner, and afterwards I will go with you and pay the money."

She raised her hand in a little protesting gesture. "Oh, you must not. I cannot let you, a perfect stranger, do this for me."

"Please," he begged.

She pondered for several seconds. "Well, I will accept. You are so kind. But you must write me your name and address, so I may send it when I find work." Struck by a sudden thought:

"How ridiculous. Here I am having a drink with you. We are going to dinner. You are my rescuer, and I do not know your name."

Proudly Lawrence took out his card, wrote upon it his post office address.

A little distance down the Rue Montmartre Lawrence found an Italian restaurant, the listed prices suitable to his pocketbook.

It was a little after eight when they emerged. The summer dusk, the strange soft, magic dusk of Paris was creeping down. Timidly she took his arm.

"We walk this way to the Metro at the Bourse. It is not far, and it takes us direct."

They entered the underground station and leisurely boarded a train, for even the Metro in Paris has about it something unhurried and tranquil like the people who ride upon it; these people who are placid even in their haste.

At the station Art-et-Metiers they descended. They walked a little distance. Then hesitatingly the girl halted.

"My hotel is just around the corner," she said, pointing to the Rue Volta.

"Well, all right," he answered, and went to move on.

She raised her hand, laid it timidly detaining upon his arm.

"You don't understand." There was an agony of embarrassment in her voice. "If you come with me and pay the money . . ." She stopped, and a blush mantled her face . . . "why, the patron will think . . ."

Lawrence gazed upon her in sudden realization. Yet he was for the moment still reluctant to forego the pleasure he had promised himself of giving the hotel keeper a piece of his mind for his heartless treatment of this so simple unfortunate girl beside him.

She misjudged his hesitation.

"Oh," there was bitter hurt in her cry, "you have not confidence in me!"

Shamed by her words he drew out his pocketbook. He found he had no change. He handed her a hundred francs.

"This will pay you a little in advance."

She took the money.

"It is just around the corner. I will not be long. And then we shall go for a walk."

She crossed the street, and passed out of sight.

Feeling there could be no harm now in moving on, Lawrence moved toward the end of the street, his eyes gazing a little curiously to see what manner of hotel this was in which so charming a child found shelter.

Abruptly he halted. There was no hotel in sight, only a small bistro and beyond a grocery store. And now near the end of the fairly short street he caught sight of the familiar figure. The girl was running. She passed around the corner.

Realization flashed upon him with a force more stunning because of its unexpectedness. Then anger flooded his being.

Then in the next second it passed. Lawrence, for all his youth, had the true sporting spirit of the well-bred Anglo-Saxon.

"Done, by jove! Done! What a consummate little actress."

He turned and went slowly back to the Metro. As he rode once more toward the Boulevard he passed in review all the words and gestures of the past three hours. And now he studied the situation with eyes suddenly strangely matured. While his intentions had been only the most kindly, the most philanthropic, he now saw how subtle was the game this girl had played; how every phase of it would appeal and lure on men moved by other motives than those by which he had been swayed. And weighing all her actions in this latter light, he was suddenly moved to once again silently repeating, with admiration in his heart: "What a consummate little actress! I don't grudge her the money. She did it so cleverly!"

He came out of the Metro smiling. After all, Romance, Romance with a capital "R" was not yet dead in Paris.

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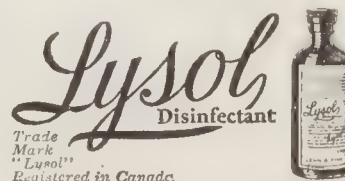
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The Romance of No. 10 Downing St.

Continued from page 6

campaign first broached in your newspaper, and almost unanimously approved by the press of the nation. The Congress has thus shown an inclination to treat a president with the same kind of consideration it extends to our birds, or other wild life!" But in this case \$200,000 had first to be paid for the place, and the grounds that went with it.

I HAVE described Downing Street itself as a cul de sac, with no through traffic possible. In the lurid days of militant women suffragists, the Whitehall entrance to it was boarded up, and police challenged every visitor to that austere backwater. "No. 10" is always watched, though not in the tiresome and aggressive way that the Secret Service men guard America's White House and its occupant. State papers full of imperial secrets often pass back and forth from the Foreign Office over the way. And only the other day, Mrs. John Berry, the wife of the office-keeper at No. 10, was violently assailed by a mysterious stranger, who saw this humble woman carrying two attaché-cases across the famous street quite late at night.

Mrs. Berry was struck down with a savage blow from a knuckle-duster. She clung to her cases, and schemed. Miss Betty Baldwin, one of the late Prime Minister's daughters, just then getting into her car, ran to the woman's aid. And so did Sir Ernley Blackwell, an Assistant Under-Secretary of State, who was just leaving the huge pile of the Home Office. Luckily, also, there was a doctor at the Chancellor's official residence next door (No. 11), and he was able to minister to the victim, who escaped with bruised ribs. Needless to say she carried no papers of any importance at all. But that ugly episode shows the need for vigilance. There are spies abroad in peace-time as well as in war. And State secrets, whether of diplomacy or national defence (especially new naval or aerial designs) have a very high cash value in exalted quarters abroad.

The fabric of the historic old house comes under the Office of Works; but any alteration of it is taboo, from the ancient door-knocker to the dormer windows of the attic storey. In the chilly vestibule hang rows of antlered heads which some enthusiastic sportsman presented to a Prime Minister of long ago, who lacked the moral courage to decline these frowzy "ornaments". From the bare, echoing hall a dreary aisle leads into the Prime Minister's secretariat, whence one may hear the clack of typewriters.

ALL visitors are aghast at the first sight of No. 10, which I heard an American condemn as "unfit for a retired grocer!" Yet there it stands, grim and prim from without, stark and cheerless inside, with little enough distinction until you get to the classic Cabinet Room, where in full council sixteen or seventeen plain Britons debate the ruling of one-fourth of this earth, and all its myriad peoples.

Stanley Baldwin, who was the actual "Tzar" of this far-flung Empire is the typical John Bull; kindly and shrewd, with his ever-present pipe, his strong common-sense and total lack of affectation or pose. He is above all things a practical man, and his first thought, on surveying with his own eyes those wondrous tides of wheat in Canada's West was: "I want to bring our 'Will-ing Hands' (i.e.—Britain's unemployed) and the 'Empty Spaces' together."

His wife was the first hostess of No. 10 to set up her own socio-political office and personal staff in the "upstairs" of this Haunted House, Miss Nourah Chard was Mrs. Baldwin's first secretary until she married Sir Ronald Waterhouse. Then came Miss Judith

Jackson, who had acted as secretary both to Lady Astor, M.P., and the Duke of Atholl—whose duchess was a junior minister in Mr. Baldwin's government.

Mrs. Lucy Baldwin has her own politics. It would take me too long to tell how she helped and sustained her over-modest husband in his early House of Commons days, when the young "back-bencher" strove in vain to "catch Mr. Speaker's eye", and at last gave up in de-pair, even intending to forsake Parliamentary life altogether.

"Try again," Mrs. Baldwin urged upon him and gave reasons for her counsel. And after fifteen attempts the fateful "eye" rested on the budding statesman. That maiden speech was made, and with it Stanley Baldwin's political fortune as an ultimate "Ruler" with greater sway than any monarch who has ever lived. Yet he remains today the good-humored Worcestershire squire, "kicking-off" for the lads at a football-match, for ever lighting his old briar pipe and dealing with the fifty governments of the Empire with the ease that free peoples and our great self-governing Dominions expect and exact.

Beyond official receptions and "At Homes", it is not possible to do much entertaining at No. 10. The kitchen was long ago modernized; so were the sanitary arrangements, with new bathrooms and lavatory-basins duly supplied with hot water. Luncheons and dinners here are mainly "family" affairs: political breakfasts are not what they were during Lloyd-George's more strenuous tenure of the house over the war and reconstruction periods. Each couple who occupy it naturally make their own impress, with their own furniture, pictures and ornaments, and the ways of life they love best. The bedrooms are few and small.

Mrs. Baldwin believes in sex-equality, and took twenty years to convert her husband to her own views. Yet, oddly enough, she remains luke-warm about women members of parliament; there are still only about a dozen in a House of over 600 members. Mrs. Baldwin favors a separate Woman's Imperial Parliament, which should work in conjunction with the present House of Commons, debating problems of vital interest to her own sex, and passing these along to the Legislative Chamber.

Mrs. Baldwin does make brief public speeches, with Conservative and anti-Socialist bias. Unlike her husband, who must weigh his every word, she speaks without any notes, and loves especially to address an audience of poor women in the teeming East End of London.

HOW many more generations of Prime Ministers will Britain's Haunted House of History accommodate? It is dowdy and shabby. For months the fabric was propped up with timbers. Could the Government's workmen (the Office of Works' surveyors wonder) reface the dull brick front with Portland stone, and so give the old place a new lease of life? If only it could be made as presentable as the White House in Washington—to say nothing of the Elysée in Paris! These things are pondered anxiously—and then shelved in the comfortable British spirit of: "Sufficient for the day—!"

To lay profane hands upon "Number Ten" would be like violating the Ark of the Covenant. Was it not into these antique rooms that a "jeremiah" minister dashed when news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga reached London, and the Thirteen American Colonies were forever lost to the Motherland?

"This"—wailed the pessimist—"is the ruin of Britain!"

"Sir," returned the placid "landlord" of Number Ten on that historic day—"this country can stand a great deal of 'RUIN'!"



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THEY STICK ON

A Girl and Her Own Room

Continued from page 27

added, it will assume much the rôle of dressing table or bureau.

A bedspread of ruffled organdy would be charming; the top would be cut to fit nicely over the mattress, and a yellow flounce cut so that it will clear the floor; it should be edged with a narrow ruffling to match the table and curtains.

THE shades for the electric lights and for a little bed-lamp will have a lining of tightly-drawn pink silk, with inch-wide ruffles of yellow organdy to entirely cover it.

And for the floor—a couple of smart little colored rugs of oval or oblong shape. I have seen just the thing in floral patterns of a French type (but Canadian-made) that would be delightfully in the spirit of such a room as we have planned—a black border, yellow flowers on a light ground—perhaps with a touch of pink if it has been introduced elsewhere—and the soft leaf-green of foliage.

A girl's own ingenuity will suggest the means of working other pieces she may have, into the furnishing scheme. Chairs, for instance. A little wicker or wooden chair which can be painted to match the furniture; or if the latter is walnut or other polished wood, leaf green would be attractive in our present room. I should like cushions for it covered with a chintz showing yellow flowers and green leaves; or such a chintz would make a pretty slip-cover for a little upholstered chair. A most ordinary round stool, with a cushion made to fit its top and a ruffled skirt to just clear the floor, would do duty at the dressing-table; it would be very dainty in the organdy of course, but more desirable in the chintz.

A little painted desk is almost a necessity for a school-girl, and a hanging book-shelf above it would be very attractive. And so it goes—she makes her own additions, to fit her own needs and desires—for in this one room it is her privilege to express herself!

The Aristocrat

Continued from page 49

To "come first"—first of cake-eaters and kikes!

He would have given his soul to save hers. She had none to save. She had only a smile. She was only distinguished.

When morning came, Isaac's decision was made. He would write Nanette, but he would never see her again.

At eleven o'clock, seated at his desk, a telephone message came for Isaac. It was from the Presbyterian Hospital. Mrs. Crombie had been seriously injured in a motor collision. Would he come at once?

Isaac went at once.

AT THE hospital they told him that Mrs. Crombie was in the operating room. Yes, it was very serious. Mrs. Crombie's taxi had collided with a motor bus. She had been conscious when she reached the hospital, and had asked for him. She would be permanently crippled.

Then they left Isaac in a waiting room. When Nanette was conscious, he would go to her—forever.

If only he had strangled her last night, when she had cried: "I love you with every fibre of my being"! If only he had died before he had realized the truth.

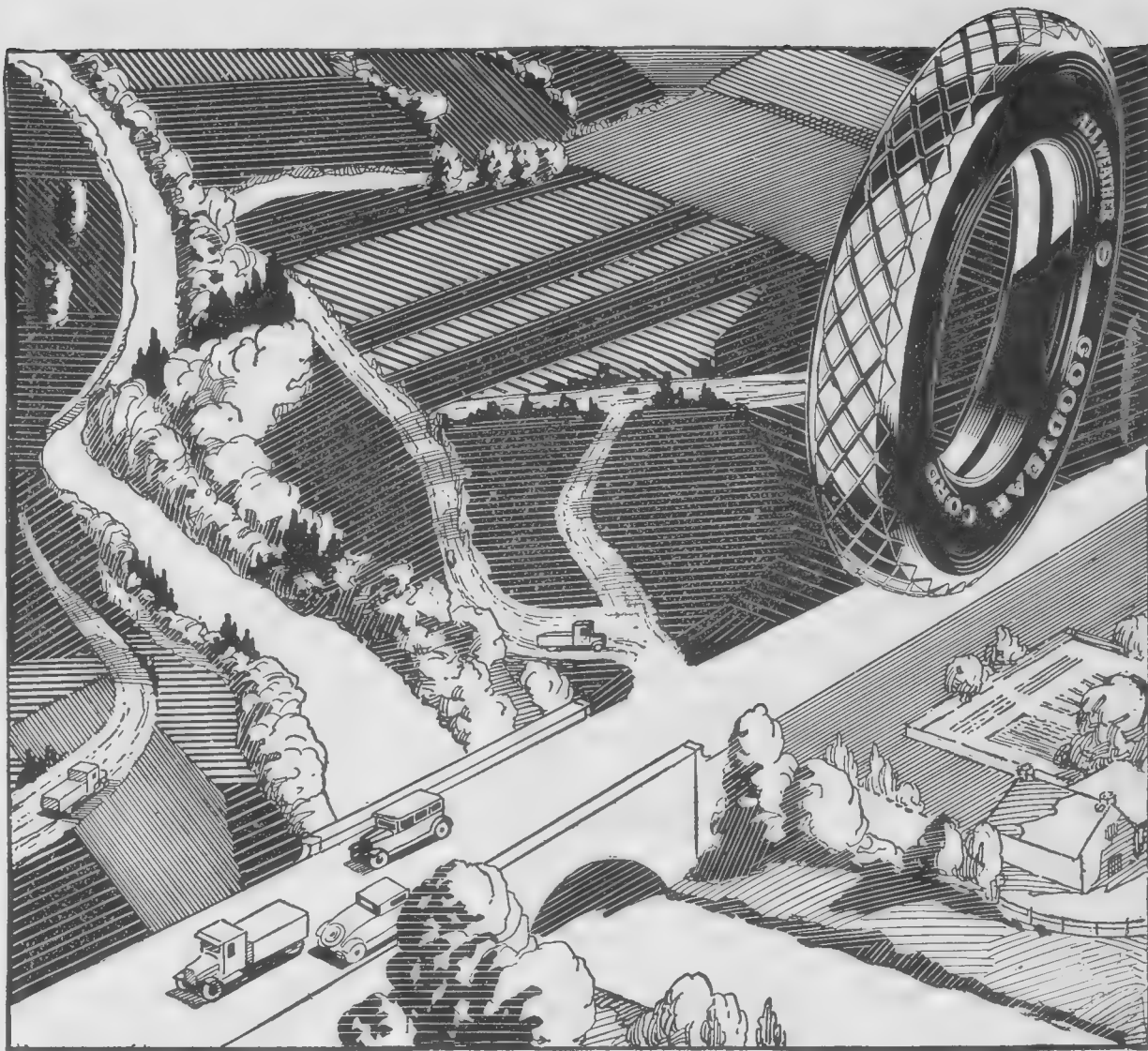
But she would never realize it. She would always see herself the aristocrat and him the parvenu Jew.

And Isaac remembered his words to Joseph: "Aristocracy is something inside oneself."

His Oriental brain thought in images. Before him Isaac saw a road, straight, dusty and long. He squared his shoulders to it. It looked endless. But it was wide and straight.

The BEST—not OUT of life—INTO life!

Isaac raised his head, a smile on his lips. That was how the aristocrats went to their fate.



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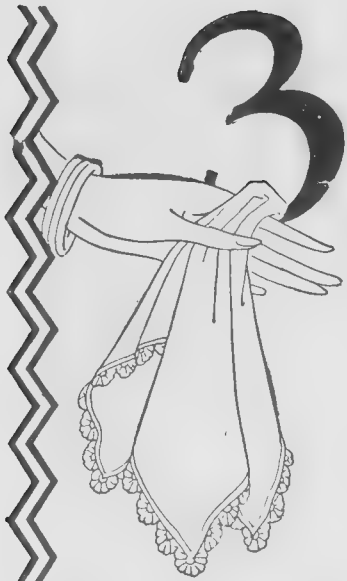
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The Tricky Way of the New Cottons Described in Our Special Fashion Letter

Continued from page 50

at the back. They, too, were edged with the nasturtium and black pipings. Many alternate rows of these pipings were attached to form and tubular girdle, which tied in a long loose bow at the centre front. The accompanying coat, made of slightly padded and quilted silk in a matching shade, was the popular seven-eighths length.

An organdy sleeveless frock, figured in small broken circles of red on a white ground, caught my fancy. It was made with the bodice cut very straight, with a bound V-neck, and the V-line, in modified form, was repeated front and back, and had four larger pleats on either side. The pleats were stitched down a short distance to keep them flat. The seven-eighths length coat of cotton repp cord, showed the same design but on a larger scale. It was made with a small, straight collar and plain three-inch turn-back cuffs as its only ornaments.

For the afternoon frock, sleeves are not entirely neglected. When present, they frequently display strongly contrasting details. The long and fitted sleeve ends in a decidedly flaring cuff, whilst the popular balloon sleeve contracts abruptly into a tight one. In dresses of this type, emphasis is given to the new wider hemline, to the bodice that is long and which joins the skirt in a decidedly curved and rounded contour.

For the Midsummer Wedding

WHAT could be more picturesque and beautiful, than a wedding party frocked in cool, colorful organdy? I was privileged to see, the other day, the finished costumes for a fashionable wedding that is approaching. The white bridal gown and the attendants' dresses in lovely colors, have all been made practically alike. A fitted bodice, simply bound around the armholes and the oval neckline, is unadorned in the case of the two yellow frocks, and has a circular bertha in the other two bridesmaid dresses that are developed in a rather deep orchid shade. The skirts are cut circular, and drop very long at the back. Many rows of picot-edged, petalled frills are tightly shirred and are attached to the skirt from a point just a few inches below the waist-line in the front and swooping lower at the back to conform to the drooping hem-line. A large loosely tied bow of six-inch silver ribbon is placed at the side back, the streamers falling slightly longer than the skirt. Picture hats of matching maline are trimmed with crushed silver ribbon drawn tightly around the crown and carried under the brim to form a flat bow at one side. Shoes and stockings exactly match the gown.

The bride's dress is made in the same style, except that the skirt is long enough at the back to form a slight train (much like the ruffled evening frock I have sketched for you). Clouds of plain tulle, falling from a Juliette cap caught with orange blossoms, is the choice of this bride, but the simpler lace veils are also being worn with organdy wedding gowns.

The Evening Gown and Wrap

SUMMER evening gowns—the epitome of all things beautiful—are crisply dainty and appealing when made of organdy. Billows and billows of this fresh and charming material or of the exquisite new voiles, float and flare to add grace and charm in the most flattering ensembles. Quoting one of the leading French designers, let me say here, "Every evening frock has its own particular wrap or coat." I saw such a wrap the other day which will, however, appear to belong equally to two frocks. It was a simple little cape, made of white crêpe de chine on one side and Nile green transparent velvet on the other—the edges slip-stitched so that the cape is reversible. The collar is just a six-inch ruffle with several rows of shirring at its base, and it falls to show either the green or white [Continued on page 57]



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The Tricky Ways of the New Cottons Described in Our Special Fashion Letter

Continued from page 56

side. It will be worn white side out with a white chiffon frock, but the green velvet will be uppermost when the cape accompanies a frock of Nile-green voile.

This very lovely little voile dress is made in the slim princess style, slightly fitted at the natural waistline. The neckline is very low in the back and becomingly rounded in front. The bodice drops at the front in a similar rounded line, and to it is joined a circular skirt which falls to ankle-length in deeply irregular points. Just below the natural waistline, at the centre back, a soft bow of the voile material is placed.

For the young girl, an exquisite choice is white organdy made with a semi-fitted bodice, narrowly bound around an oval neckline and with a row of about eight pure white gardenias over the left shoulder. A rather long and full-gathered skirt might alternate rows of white embroidered organdy and the plain material.

Accessories of Cotton, Too

SUMMER enlists as many accessories as does any other season. Cottons fashion many of these with authentic chic. There are informal little cotton hats to wear with sports dresses, hatbands of dress or coat material, on white hats; belts and handbags, and sometimes even shoes, are made to match, of corded material or of striped or patterned repps, chintzes and printed linens. Amusing little applied motifs are cut

from printed fabrics or from plain material, often felt, and appliquéd on a flat envelope bag, on the pocket of a jacket or on the front of a sports frock. Very often these are in animal design—the smart little terrier referred to earlier, the sturdy bulldog or graceful hound; the young girl finds they add a sporting and attractive touch to her sports models.

Even the bathing beach enlists our fashionable cottons for the making of beach coats, capes, shawls and pajamas, which are carried out in the gayest colorings and designs.

Considering all these uses for the new and altogether desirable cottons, could anyone ignore their just demand for an important place in the modern woman's wardrobe? I have not exaggerated their importance in the least; they are not only here, but are in command for the summer—and a blessing it is, too, because their place was never really satisfactorily filled during their fashion-enforced exile. No other materials can quite rival cottons for a certain charm of youth and color; fresh, cool, crisp and so easily kept in perfect condition, they are practical beyond most fabrics. The new finely-woven materials will ruffle, pleat and drape with the best of them. Their popularity, as predicted in the early spring, is now a matter of established knowledge. Cottons, in all their glory, have come back.



Laura La Plante, the star of "Show Boat" has a modernistic mirror and dressing table on the Universal lot. It is literally framed in small electric light bulbs which turn on with a switch and give an even light over the entire surface of the mirror. Her negligee is made of cream coloured cut chiffon velvet and fastens in the front with an orange coloured velvet bow.

"Moodies—the Lingerie for Every Mood"



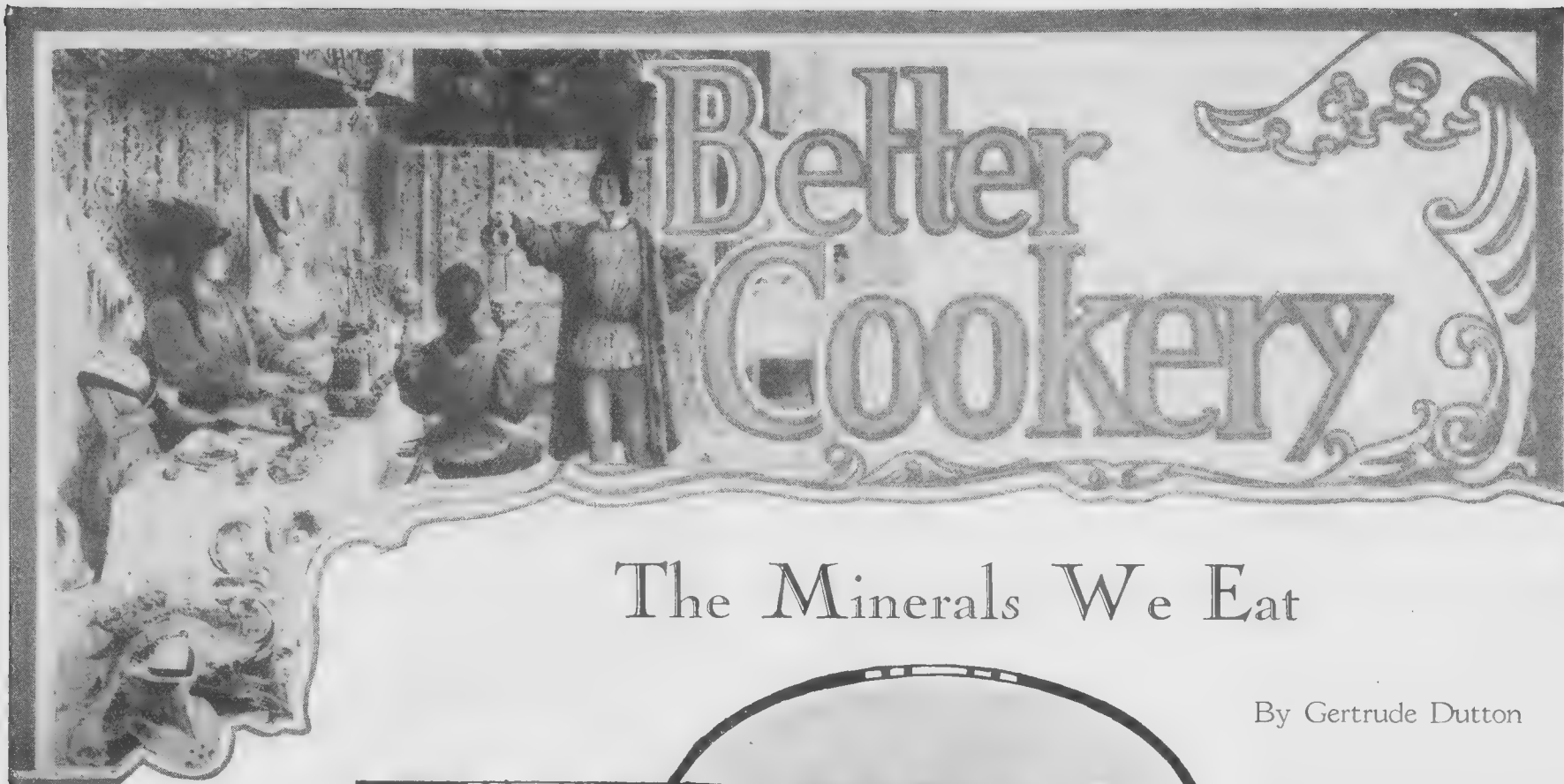
Every woman will appreciate "CUMFY-BAND" for these 6 reasons—

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Moodies
"CUMFY-BAND"
Bloomers and Bobettes



EVERYBODY knows, more or less vaguely, that certain minerals are essential to our well-being, but only recently have we paid as much attention to the matter as we should. We know that for some reason we must get in our food calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, chlorine, iron, magnesium, and iodine and sulphur, with perhaps faint traces of certain others such as zinc and copper. These minerals must be supplied to our bodies by some other agency than proteins, fats or carbohydrates, because these foods are mostly lacking in them. Neither can we take the minerals "straight," in their inorganic form, except to a very limited extent, as, for example, the sodium we eat as table salt.

The three important questions for us to consider are: why do we require them? How much do we need? and how are we going to get them?

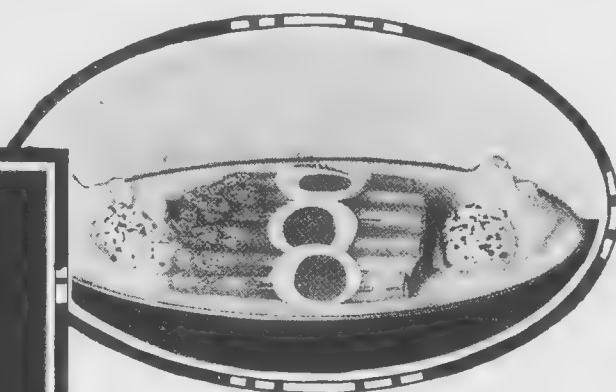
We must have certain minerals for bones and teeth, and for the solid portions of the soft tissues, such as muscle. Soluble salts of various minerals are essential in the different fluids of the body, in order that they may function. These salts must be in right concentrations, which is really slightly alkaline, so we must get the minerals in right proportions. Fortunately most of them will be right, if we eat a sensible, well-balanced diet. Then, too, there must be some for storage in the bodies of growing children.

For centuries it has been known that herbivorous animals must have salt. The farmer keeps a lump of rock-salt out in his pasture. Wild animals seek out "salt licks." Flesh-eating animals, on the other hand, get an adequate amount of it from the flesh and the blood of their prey. The sodium and the chlorine which we need are found in the salt which we eat in our food. The tendency in this country is to use more than we really need. All other salts we get naturally in our foods, especially in the vegetables. Potatoes are very excellent sources of potassium salts, which we must have for the soft tissues of the body. Unless flavored with sodium salt, however, we would not eat the potassium-rich vegetables. Imagine trying to eat a nice baked potato without any salt! With a liberal use of ordinary vegetables, we are sure to get all the potassium, sodium, and chlorine we need.

Sulphur is a mineral which is supplied by protein foods. Plants take sulphates from the soil, and build them into proteins, then we eat the proteins, in the form of bread, milk, egg-yolk, beans, peas, corn, meat, etc. So, if we eat sufficient protein food each day, we will not need to worry about our sulphur needs. The inorganic sulphur which we used to take with molasses will not do, because our bodies cannot utilize it in that form.



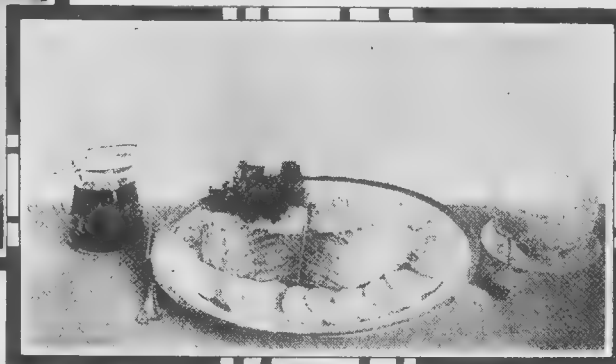
Phosphorus is a very important essential of the body and an adequate supply is to be found in milk. Every child should take a quart a day and every adult a pint.



Asparagus Salad: Asparagus is rich in iron

We must get it through the agency of the plants either directly, or by the milk or meat or egg from the animal which has been fed on plant food.

In the digestive processes, the sulphur is changed to sulphuric acid which must be neutralized at once by some alkali, or we will have the various troubles arising from an acid condition of the body. Acidity is not caused by the use of fruits which taste acid, such as lemons or tomatoes, but rather by meat and bread, and such other sulphur-containing foods. Sulphur seems to be essential to the proper utilizing,



Salmon Salad: Salmon is an excellent source of iodine

by the body, of the foods. Phosphorus is a very important essential to the body. It composes part of the bones, all tissues, especially nerve and brain tissue, and all fluids, especially milk. A small amount, taken in the form of milk, will be better utilized by the body, than a large amount taken as meat. While the body can accustom itself, apparently without injury, to a lessened amount of sodium, chlorine, etc., it cannot do without a considerable amount of phosphorus. The only way to be sure that the supply is adequate, is to have every child take a quart of milk a day, and every adult a pint.

Three-quarters of the bone material in our bodies is calcium, or lime, as it is more commonly called. It is also found in the soft tissues, and is essential for the coagulating of the blood, and in the regulation of the

By Gertrude Dutton

heart action. The ordinary diet of people in this country is more apt to be lacking in calcium than in any other element. This is partly because it is so unevenly distributed in nature, some foods being very poor in it, while others, especially milk, are very rich in it.

There may be a shortage of calcium from an adult's diet for a long time before he shows any evidence of it. That required for the soft tissues will be taken from the bones and teeth. The condition will show much more quickly in the case of growing children. There is very little danger of a diet containing too much calcium. The body can very easily eliminate all that it cannot use or store. Many experiments have shown that children utilize the calcium of milk better than they do that of vegetables. But this does not mean that the vegetables are any the less valuable for many reasons, but should not be used in place of milk. A child needs about twice as much calcium as a grown man. The necessary amount for a child is provided in one quart of milk a day. If children do not get enough calcium, the growth is apt to be retarded. The long bones are liable to lose their graceful liness and become stocky, and the children will in all probability develop rickets.

Among the foods rich in calcium are milk, egg-yolk, cheese, dried beans, whole wheat, potatoes, cabbage, oatmeal, carrots, turnips, oranges, dried prunes. Those which provide us with phosphorus, are lean beef, milk, cheese, egg-yolk, whole wheat, oatmeal, dried beans, beets, carrots, potatoes, turnips, apples, bananas, oranges, prunes. In fact many of the same foods which are good sources of calcium also gives us phosphorus. A free use of milk insures getting both.

Perhaps the most talked-about mineral in foods is iron. Although the amount found in the body, only one part in twenty-five thousand, by weight is very small, that little is extremely important. It is an essential part of the blood and of the body cells, and for the body processes. The supply of iron in the food is liable to be inadequate if left to chance, so it is wise to make a point of eating some each day which are known to be rich in it. Among them

are lean beef, egg-yolk, oatmeal, whole wheat, dried beans, string beans, cabbage, beets, carrots, sweet corn, dried peas, potatoes, spinach, turnips, apples, bananas, oranges, prunes, almonds, walnuts, peanuts, dates, figs, Swiss chard, barley, asparagus, lentils, molasses, oysters, raisins, water cress, wheat bran. Milk has a small amount of iron, but it is of such a type as may be easily utilized, perhaps owing to the vitamins which are present with it. Butter, sugar, starches, bacon, lard, confections, are all conspicuously lacking in iron. Liver is a very important source.

ANOTHER important mineral in which much interest has been aroused recently, is iodine. It is extremely important, even though there is only about one part in three million parts of body weight. It is found

largely in sea salt. As the dried spray from the ocean is carried in on the wind, the iodine finds its way for some distance inland to the soil, then to various crops, unless too far from the sea to get any benefit from it whatever. As a measure of safety, some sea-food should be eaten by people living at a great distance from the sea-shore. Fresh water fish, though valuable food in many ways, are quite lacking in iodine. Fortunately this is one of the minerals which may be added to diet lacking it, either in drinking water or as table salt, or as is done by some health boards, in the form of confectionery for the children needing it.

If the supply of iodine supplied by the food is insufficient, the thyroid gland becomes enlarged, and goitre results. This disease is far more prevalent than many people realize. In the "goitre belts," as the regions where the disease is very prevalent are known, some interesting experiments have been carried out with school children. They have been fed very small amounts of iodine, perhaps twice a week for a month, twice a year. Very encouraging results have followed. Evidently the body can store enough iodine in a short time, to suffice for several months. The amounts of iodine present in the foods containing it are so exceedingly small that scientists have still very much to learn on the subject. We do know, however, that it is present in wheat, oats and corn, barley, carrots, from near the ocean to a much greater extent than in the inland sections of the country. Salmon is an excellent source, as are goats' milk and butter (from cow's milk). Some experimenting is being done to determine if cow's milk may be made rich in iodine by adding it to the cow's feed.

Iodine is frequently added to table salt, with good results. But there are people with a type of goitre injured by the addition of iodine. For this reason, it is well to consult a doctor before taking any steps in the matter. As a matter of safety it is wise to use salmon in place of meat, quite frequently. Cranberries from Cape Cod are excellent sources of iodine.

Salmon From the Can

AS A matter of precaution, it is wise to serve some form of fish whose home is in the ocean, to be sure that everybody in the family is getting an adequate amount of iodine, at least every other week. Once a week or oftener would be even better. In many places, fresh salmon, halibut, etc., are not available, or if they are, may be too expensive. Fortunately, several of them are to be had in cans, and at a reasonable price. They may be prepared in many ways, and served either hot or cold. There are ever so many good fish dishes which may be used for the main dinner dish, in place of meat. Possibly salmon is the most familiar to most of us. The pink salmon, at a lower price, is just as good, and just as rich in food values, as the more expensive red salmon. Both come from the same fish, but the red portion corresponds to the tenderest cuts of a beef animal. We know that the less-tender portions of the same cow are just as good if properly cooked.

Salmon Sandwiches

To flaked salmon, add finely chopped pickles (not too sweet), moisten with salad dressing, and use as a filling.

II

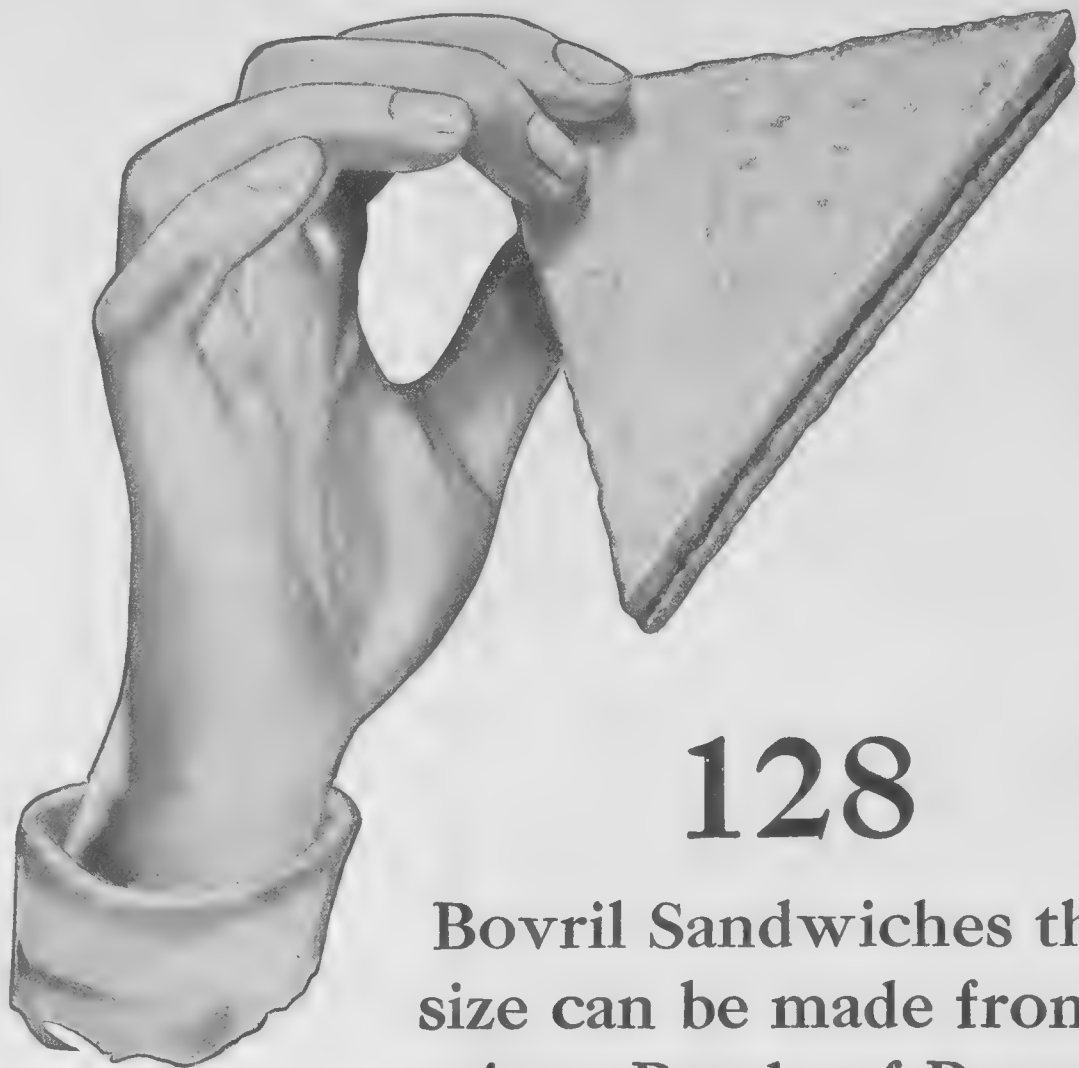
To flaked salmon add half as much chopped and drained cucumber, add seasonings and spread between buttered slices of bread.

Salmon Loaf I

Salmon 2 c. Eggs 2 or 3
Salt and pepper Butter, melted, 4 tb.
Bread crumbs, soft, 1c

Mix all together, put in a greased pan or bowl, and steam for one hour. More eggs may be used if wished, when they are plentiful. A little parsley stirred in when mixing, adds to the appearance of the mold. Turn onto a platter and serve hot.

(Continued on page 60)



128

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Blend thoroughly 2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon BOVRIL and use as a spread for toast, crackers, bread, or sandwiches.

Bovril Butter Sandwiches

Remove crusts from thin slices of bread and spread with BOVRIL Butter. Form into sandwiches and cut into triangles.

Egg Sandwich

2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped 1 tablespoon BOVRIL
½ cup mayonnaise

Blend together the BOVRIL and mayonnaise and add to the chopped eggs. Spread generously between slices of white or whole wheat bread.

Cream Cheese Sandwiches

2 ounces Cream Cheese 1 teaspoon BOVRIL

Blend thoroughly. Spread on toast, crackers, or on bread for sandwiches. This is also delicious dropped on lettuce by teaspoonfuls as a salad, or used as a garnish for cold ham or a meat salad.



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Salmon Loaf II

Salmon 2 c. Bread crumbs 2 c.
 Eggs 2 Salt and pepper
 Milk ¼ c. Minced parsley

Mix all together, and bake in a loaf pan, buttered, for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve it with tomato sauce.

Salmon Surprise

Line a bowl with boiled rice, pressing it against the sides at a uniform thickness, to about an inch from the top of the bowl. In the centre, put the flaked salmon, which may be creamed if one wishes. Cover with a layer of the rice, and steam till thoroughly heated, turn out on a platter and serve with tomato sauce, cheese sauce, or rich white sauce with either peas or cut up hard-cooked eggs.

Salmon Soup

Salmon 1 c. Flour 1½ tb.
 Milk 2 c. Butter 2 tb.
 Water 1 c. Worcester sauce 1 t.
 Salt and pepper. Chopped parsley 1 tb.

Mash the fish till very smooth, add the water, or preferably, water in which some vegetable has been cooked, such as potato and then salt and pepper and Worcester sauce (which may be omitted if one does not care for it), and heat to the boiling point, then add the flour and butter, stir till thickened, and add to the hot milk. More or less flour may be used, as wished.

Salmon in Salads

There are several ways in which salmon may be combined as a salad.

1. When removing it from the can, keep it in as large pieces as possible, put neat pieces on lettuce leaves for each serving, lay beside it a few slices of cucumber, and pass either boiled dressing, or sections of lemon juice to be squeezed over it.

2. Mix together, flaked salmon, half as much diced celery, a little chopped cucumber pickle, salt and pepper, and boiled dressing. Pile on lettuce leaves.

3. Mix together flakes salmon, finely-shredded cabbage, seasonings, and boiled dressing.

4. Combine flakes salmon with chopped cucumber, a little shredded green pepper if available, and dressing.

5. Salmon, shredded lettuce and water cress mixed with dressing.

6. Salmon, shredded lettuce and peas with dressing.

Salmon Soufflé

Salmon 1½ c. Milk 1½ c.
 Eggs 3 Flour 4½ tb.
 Salt and pepper Butter 4½ tb.

Make a white sauce of the flour, milk and butter. Cool, add the flaked salmon and the beaten egg yolks, and seasonings. Fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderately hot oven till firm, about 45 minutes, and serve at once, decorated with parsley or cress.

Salmon Croquettes

Salmon 1 c. Cooked rice 1 c.
 Egg 1 Seasonings

Combine the ingredients, and form into flat cakes or if to be fried, in any desired croquette shape. Dip in crumbs, egg and again in crumbs. Either brown in the frying-pan, or fry in deep fat.

Salmon Cheese Loaf

Salmon 2 c. Cheese, grated, 1 c.
 Milk ¼ c. Eggs 1 or 2
 Melted butter 1 tb. Salt and pepper

Bread or cracker crumbs to thicken
 Mix all together, using enough crumbs to stiffen it, place in a loaf pan, sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top, and bake till golden brown, in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold. If served cold, it will be stiff enough to slice. If intended to be hot, it will not, so might be cooked in a pyrex dish, from which it can be served. [Continued on page 61]

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Marshmallow Date Mousse

Add one teaspoon Mapleine to one cup cream and whip until stiff. Cut up twelve marshmallows and one-half cup dates and add to above. Pour this into a mould and chill thoroughly or pack in ice and salt, then freeze.

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Salmon Ramekins

Salmon 1 c. Hard cooked eggs 2
Bread crumbs Rich white sauce 1 c.
Seasonings Butter

In individual ramekins or custard cups put alternate layers of flaked fish and chopped or sliced hard-cooked eggs, and white sauce, having sauce on top. Sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter, and brown in a hot oven. Sprinkle with paprika, and stick in a little sprig of parsley in the top of each before sending to the table.

Vegetable Fish Salad

Shredded carrot 1 c. Salmon or tuna 1 c.
Shredded celery 1 c. Shredded cabbage 1 c

Mix together, moisten with dressing and garnish with chopped pickle.

Fish a la King

Heat either salmon or tuna in rich white sauce, serve on triangles of toast, garnished with pimientos and sprigs of parsley.

Jellied Fish Salad

Gelatine 1 lb. Green or sweet red
Cold water 4 tb. pepper a little.
Salt and pepper Sliced hard cooked
Tuna or salmon 1 c. egg or olives
Chopped celery 1/2 c.
Hot salad dressing 3/4 c

Soften the gelatin in the cold water, dissolve in hot dressing. Fold in the fish, etc. Put in individual molds in which a few slices of stuffed olives or of hard-cooked eggs have been placed.

Single Plate Specials

AS THE warm weather comes, several changes in our customs are desirable. The type of food should be different from that of the cold days. The burdens of cooking, serving and dish-washing should be lightened as much as possible. One means of doing this is to serve single-plate meals. There are two ways of doing this. One is to arrange the meal on a huge platter, to be served from it at the table. The other is to put everything on the dinner plates in the kitchen, and bring them already filled to the dining table. For this latter method there are to be had large dinner plates, divided into three or four sections. We have eaten from the most attractive milky-looking pyrex plates of this kind. Very appetizing dinners of this kind may be fixed without a great deal of labor, and one result of them is apt to be a greater variety of vegetables than would be used if each was to be served from vegetable dishes at the table. On a very hot day, there is no reason why such a meal cannot be carried to the coolest spot to be found, and eaten on one's lap, if there is not a table there, provided the meat is of such a nature that a knife is not needed. The bread may be buttered beforehand. For vegetable plates, if no meat is used, it is well to have either egg or cheese in some form, or the men and boys at least will not feel quite satisfied. Delightful color schemes may be planned. Red will be provided by beets, tomatoes, radishes, yellow by wax beans and eggs, the orange of carrots, white of cauliflower and potato, and the delightful cool greens of lettuce, peas, spinach, beet greens, asparagus or cabbage, and slices of cucumber.

Care should be taken to have the colors and flavors harmonizing, and to avoid sloppiness. White sauce should be used with caution. Such meals may be either hot or cold. The combinations one can plan are almost endless.

1. A stuffed egg, thin slices of cooked ham, half of a baked potato on the shell, salad of cucumbers and tomato.
2. Asparagus with cheese sauce. Boiled new potatoes, buttered carrots, radishes.
3. Cold meat, potato salad, buttered string beans, cauliflower.

4. Spinach with poached egg on it, hashed brown potatoes, buttered sliced carrots, a little cube of cheese.

5. Asparagus shortcake, cabbage salad, scalloped potato, beet pickles.

6. Spinach and carrot mold. Cooked corned beef, creamed potatoes.

7. Scalloped potato, wax beans, green peas, celery, radishes.

8. Baked acorn squash with bacon, mashed potato, buttered beets, lettuce salad.

9. Boiled new cabbage, boiled tongue, potato with butter and parsley chopped, lettuce and ripe tomatoes.

10. Stuffed ripe tomatoes, creamed potato, cauliflower with buttered crumbs.

11. Lima beans, beet greens, little whole new beets, celery.

12. Macaroni and cheese, wax beans, turnips, New York style.

13. Steak. Mashed potato, carrots and peas, buttered radishes.

14. Sardines on toast, scalloped potatoes, Cumberland tomato salad.

15. Corn pudding (made with fresh corn), baked potato, beets.

16. Fried tomatoes, creamed, boiled potato, cauliflower.

17. Swiss chard, creamed fish in croustades, new cabbage, sliced tomato.

18. Hard-boiled eggs, ripe tomatoes, potato, green beans.

19. Corn fritters, scalloped potato with cheese, greens, salad of lettuce.

With all of these meals, there will be bread of some kind, something to drink, and a dessert.

Carrot and Spinach Mold

This is an excellent way of using left-over vegetables. Butter individual molds. Fill them half full of cooked and seasoned carrots, chopped very fine, and if necessary bound together with a beaten egg. Fill the cups with cooked spinach, well drained, seasoned and chopped. Set the cups in a pan of hot water in the oven for 20-30 minutes, or in a steamer. Unmold on the plates or on a platter and serve hot.

Cheese Sauce for Vegetables

Make a rich white sauce, and melt in it grated or finely chopped cheese. The amount of cheese will vary according to taste, or to the strength of the cheese. It makes a very good meat substitute if poured over a head of cooked cauliflower in a casserole, sprinkled with crumbs and set in the oven to brown the crumbs. It is delicious poured over tips of asparagus, cooked, and piled neatly on toast.

To Cook Asparagus

Wash the asparagus, break off the hard ends, and tie again in bundles. Stand in a deep saucepan with a little boiling water, with the tender tips above the water. They will cook in the steam, while the less tender portion is cooking in the water. If one has not a deep enough saucepan, an excellent arrangement is to invert the inner part of a double boiler over the lower part.

To Cook Spinach

Pick the leaves from the stems, and wash very thoroughly, to get off every bit of sand. Cook in a tightly-covered kettle, without adding any water, as there will be enough adhering to the leaves from the final washing, and the spinach itself is pretty juicy.

Always use the water in which vegetables are cooked, as that is where so much of the mineral matter and vitamins are to be found.

Turnips New York Style

Cook yellow turnips till tender, after cutting in cubes about 1/2-inch in size. Sprinkle with melted butter to which chopped parsley has been added. Lift with a fork to get the parsley on as many cubes as possible.



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MANY a man has failed to land the job he went after, just because he looked seedy. The Boss looked him over and probably figured that a man who'd let himself slump would let his job slide, too.

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lar treatments with Nujol would certainly start things functioning again as they should. Nujol not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

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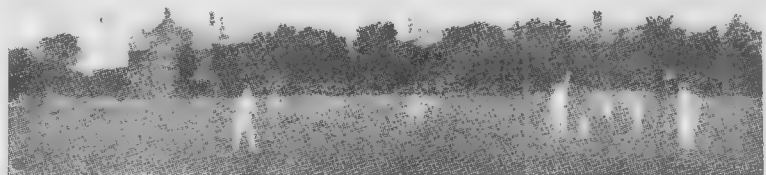
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The Song Sparrow

Continued from page 12

notes. Phrases had to be retried. A lovely melody had to be repeated. Sometimes Eliot would linger on a chord, or play it over three or four times, looking up at her for confirmation of his delight. Then she would smile back, strangely thrilled. Musical study had never been like this before!

Suddenly she noticed that the others were not in the room, and flushed. How long had they been gone? It was Uncle Alec's doing, of course. She stopped singing abruptly.

"What's the matter?" Eliot asked. "The rest—we've driven them out," she said, a little nervously.

"So we have," laughed the man. "Well, it's no fun for other folks, listening to songs being tried out. The dear public wants only the finished product. But what fun it is for us artists! Though I'm only a clumsy amateur at music, to be sure."

"Us artists!" The words warmed her strangely. "You are the best accompanist I ever had," she replied instinctively.

"I tell you what—we'll try songs every day, after the sitting for the picture, eh?" he cried, with his boyish enthusiasm. "Uncle Alec won't mind."

"No, I suppose he won't," she said, with a quaint smile in spite of herself. Then she quickly led the way to the veranda.

"Not a bad little voice, is it?" the host said half an hour later to his young guest, who was puffing a bedtime pipe.

"She forces the upper register a little, and her attacks are a bit uncertain," Eliot replied; "but, gee whiz, how she wants to sing! There's so much music she doesn't know, never heard of. Why, it will be like taking a painter to Italy for the first time to lead her into Gluck and Purcell and Debussy!"

"H'm," said the Bird House Man, "I'm sleepy. The enthusiasm of you youngsters is a bit wearying to us old chaps. Come on to bed with you."

TWO days later Eliot demanded to know where Ruth lived, and set off to find her. She blushed as she greeted him at the door of the little white house where she dwelt with her mother, and ushered him rather ceremoniously into a typical New England "parlour," which was dim and stiff, immaculate in its unloveliness and ungracious with Puritanical hair cloth. Only the corner where the piano stood looked as if it were in familiar use.

"I came about that picture," he began at once. "I'm all ready, got the canvas all laid, and the lights gauged. I'll have to paint on it from about two-thirty till four or five to have the light right. It's too hard in the morning."

"Couldn't you paint it here?" asked Ruth. She did want to have it painted, she did so yearn in secret for another session of song trials—yet she had her defences up, and her pride was challenged.

The man shook his head, with difficulty refraining from letting his eyes sweep the room. "How can I explain?" he said. "It's not alone you, but the particular light from the olive-brown walls in the Bird House, and just the corner of the smoky white mantel, and Uncle Alec's stuffed blue jay and that framed Audobon plate that hangs near the window. The scheme is ideal, and it couldn't be reproduced anywhere else."

"Couldn't you bring the blue jay here?"

"But hardly the wall paper." "Some of that is coming down already," Ruth smiled. "Mrs. Plumb has tried three times to glue it, because Uncle Alec won't have the village paper-hanger in the house; he says he knows he snares partridges."

Mrs. Barnes came into the room just then, and Eliot turned to her with his plea.

"Why not go, Ruth?" she asked. "If it isn't all right to go the Bird House, I don't know where you can go. You live there half the time as it is!"

Ruth flushed. She had not been thinking of the [Continued on page 63]

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The Song Sparrow

Continued from page 62

properties. Nobody but Uncle Alec could know what she had been fighting for, and he would only dimly understand. He was a man, after all. And now her mother had made it necessary that she should either surrender or withdraw; either go or refuse point-blank.

"Oh, very well," she said briefly. "What kind of a dress shall I wear?" "Show me all you have!" cried Eliot enthusiastically.

Her mother helped her bring down several dresses, and he made her hold each one to her chin in the light of the window. "That's it!" he said, at a white muslin with tiny pink roses on it. "Wear that, and come this afternoon—the light is fine today. Good-bye, I shall gobble my lunch!"

Mrs. Barnes seemed really more excited than her daughter after the artist's departure. Indeed, Ruth went with slow, reluctant feet toward the Bird House that afternoon. She felt oddly shy, and a bit frightened, as if she had made a surrender of something personal and precious, she knew not quite what. She was no longer angry at Uncle Alec. She didn't doubt that Robert Eliot truly wanted to paint her picture, and that he was too honest even to surmise that a scheme had been put upon him. And that made matters worse, because now she was a partner to the scheme. Therefore she couldn't be angry at Uncle Alec, which made her angry at herself. Besides, she wanted to go—oh, she wanted to go!

And she went. Uncle Alec was in the dining-room when she entered. He had been correcting proofs. There was also a fresh batch of manuscripts by the typewriter for her to copy. "More work for you," he said. "But now for the picture. I'm getting quite excited about this myself."

He was puffing at his pipe while Eliot posed her, reset the blue jay a dozen times, spaced the Audoban plate better to suit him on the wall, adjusted and readjusted the shades, and finally, when everything suited him, marked the spot for each object, even Ruth's feet, with chalk, and fell eagerly to work, first throwing his coat into a corner and rolling up his sleeves.

"You're not very polite to the lady," said the older man.

"Oh, bother!" cried Eliot. "We are working. Miss Barnes is an artist, too; she understands. You only write books, what do you know about art?"

"Nothing," said Alec Farnum; "absolutely nothing. I merely love birds, such as song sparrows."

He beamed on Ruth, who colored and looked straight ahead, in the pose that had been ordered.

"I think I hear one in the garden now," he added. "Being evidently in the way here, I'll go out where I'm appreciated."

"Good-bye," said Eliot.

"Oh, Uncle Alec, don't go!" cried Ruth. "Mr. Eliot is horrid!"

But he had already gone.

"I hope you don't really mind my working coatless this hot day," Eliot said. "I'm afraid I usually forget to be polite when I'm on a job which absorbs me."

"I don't mind," Ruth answered, "when—when you say 'us artists.'"

"But you don't doubt that you are an artist?"

"Oh, yes, always! I want to be, but the artists were the men who wrote songs. I'm a kind of phonograph. But I try to feel what they felt when they made the songs, and re-create the mood. That's something, isn't it?"

SHE spoke eagerly, forgetful of her earlier sensations. Somehow it was natural to talk thus intimately to this man, who was nearly her own age and who understood. He answered, and kept on painting; and before she realized the flight of time, or even how stiff her body was, he ordered the sitting over. She came around and looked at the sketchy beginnings of her portrait,

listening eagerly to his explanations. Then he went out to wash his hands and on his return they tackled Purcell. She had mastered the rhythmic swing of "Come unto these yellow sands," and was pouring it out with full-throated abandon, standing close to Eliot and reading the words over his shoulder, when Alec Farnum sneaked back to the house and peeped into the room. He withdrew again softly.

Thereafter the picture grew apace, and Ruth no longer drew near the Bird House with reluctant feet. She began to live for those sittings. Uncle Alec often remained in the room for an hour or more, and the three of them talked—a mixture of banter and jest and seriousness. She had never been included in such talks before—she had never heard such talks, in fact. Should pictures "tell a story?" She didn't know what this meant at first, and the two men almost swore at each other trying to explain simultaneously. Are all the melodies in the world used up, so that modern music has to adopt tone painting as an ideal? A thousand topics came and went in these talks, and Ruth almost felt that she had just begun to live. When Uncle Alec would go out to work in his shop, or his garden, and she would ask Eliot questions about some topic which she had not understood, and he would answer her gravely, and she would find herself almost thinking out aloud to him as she struggled to see things as he did. Then, when the sitting was over, she would always come around the easel to see how the picture was growing, standing by his side, and after that they would sing.

The picture was nearing completion now. It was going to be Robert Eliot's bid for the winter Academy. He had put the best he had into it, and he was pleased with it—and dissatisfied. He and Ruth were looking at it, the sitting over.

"The glass over the print is too realistic," he said. "I want the whole thing detailed and yet decorative, too, but I've got that photographic. And you are not right—your face. It's not eager enough. You are too still, too passive. A spark in the eye, a little parting of the lips—Oh, gee, I'd like to do it all over again!"

"I think it is lovely, only the picture of me isn't good. That girl there is— is pretty," said Ruth.

Eliot looked down at her, and laughed softly. "I suppose you don't know that you are lovely?" he said.

Ruth colored and dropped her eyes. "I know I'm not," she answered.

"Then you are strangely ignorant?" he smiled, and laid his brush on the easel rack before he took up her hand. She shivered at the touch of his fingers, but let her hand lie passive in his while he said: "Look! Look at your own hand, and your wrist, and your arm; aren't they lovely?"

With face averted, she shook her head. He pulled at her hand till she faced the canvas. "Now look at the girl there—only the pale, painted echo of you. Isn't she less beautiful than you are?"

Still Ruth shook her head, and drew her hand away.

"You have too much cosmos in you ego!" he laughed. "Let us sing."

Ruth couldn't sing that afternoon. She tried, but some emotion choked her. She failed miserably in her first attack, and Eliot ran a glissando over the keyboard and faced around on the bench. "Hello!" he said.

"I—I can't sing today. I don't know why." She had averted her face. It seemed as if she were about to weep.

The man suddenly took both her hands in his, though she tried to snatch them away. "What is it; tell me, Ruth?" he cried. "It's been our picture, and our songs—you and I working together. Tell me."

"Please let me go!" she whispered, and suddenly left him. But on the way home she began to sing the song she had attempted [Continued on page 70]

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 42

"Put the Duke down over there!" he cried to the two soldiers. He pointed to a couch near the entrance to the Duchess' antechamber. "Paccini, you stand where you are—you and one of the men. Guard that"—he pointed to the muffled figure of the Duke—"with your lives. Light torches!"

Peter disappeared down the hall that led to the chancellor's apartment. He drew his pistol. He found the hall in complete darkness. He fumbled along the wall until he reached the door of the chancellor's study. This he shook violently. It was locked.

"Jean!" cried Peter. "Jean!" His voice echoed down the stone corridor. "Jean!" Bring a couple of torches!"

He began fumbling with the bolts. Suddenly his fingers stopped working and he stood up stiffly. He heard a voice inside the room—a feeble, despairing cry.

"Peter! Peter!"

The voice was stifled. It was Renée's voice. He was sure that it was Renée's voice.

"Peter!" She heard him giving commands.

"Renée?" he called.

"Yes, it's me. Renée. Come to me."

"Set that torch down somewhere," cried Peter to the guard who had just arrived. He pushed back the bolts of the door. Then he discovered it was locked also with a key. "Renée," he cried.

"Yes, Peter."

"Stand away from the door. I'm going to blow it open. Stand as far as you can get."

"All right," she called.

Peter put the muzzle of his pistol against the lock of the door. He fired. There was a resounding explosion. The lock was twisted, torn from its socket. Peter put his shoulder to the door and burst into the room.

For a moment he and Renée faced each other, she leaning backward against the wall. Her hair was disheveled and her cheeks were stained with tears. One cheek and both hands were stained with Philippe's blood. She had torn her dress at her breast with nervous fingers. She was so beautiful with her long lashes and the pallor of her face that Peter could not advance. Nor was she strong enough to speak. The horror of the room in which she had been imprisoned with her dying brother made it impossible for her to express herself by words. Her only refuge was the slim figure of Peter standing before her. She was overpowered by her desire to be protected by his penetrating eyes, his stubborn lovable face.

"Peter" she whispered, raising an arm, stretching her hand to him. He came forward. He put his arms around her and pressed her to him. He laid his cheek against hers. Then Renée collapsed and Peter had to hold her from falling.

"Philippe," she whispered. "Save Philippe."

He lifted her in his arms and carried her out to the corridor. "Jean," he cried. "Carry the Count Duprés. Carry him gently. I shall send someone to help you."

Peter carried Renée along the corridor and through the antechamber. He kept looking down at her face, fascinated by the pale beauty of it, with her eyelashes closed. He had never seen her so pale. He had never seen a face so expressive of suffering.

THE Duchess had by this time arrived in the hall and she gave a cry when she discovered Renée. She wanted to take Renée back to her own apartments, but Peter would not hear of it. "The danger has only begun, Your Highness," he said. "Hark!"

From the square arose three successive cries of triumph, as if the besiegers had found some means of entering the palace gates. The Duchess looked at Peter with tense face.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

"They are about to break through the gate, Your Highness."

Peter held his hand up and listened again. There was profound silence everywhere. "Your Highness," he said, turning at the Duchess, "is there any other entrance to this wing of the castle besides the main stairs?"

"There is one, my lord. But it is both unknown and heavily barred."

"Very well," said Peter. He watched the women as they bent over Renée, reviving her. "Have your ladies attend to the Count Duprés as soon as they have revived his sister." He was very calm. The Duchess noted the iron sound of his voice.

"I shall," she said, studying his stern face. "But I fear it is too late. Tell me your plan, Captain."

"It is simple," said Peter. "I will leave you in this room with His Highness, who will soon recover, and with your ladies. I shall leave Signor Paccini and Jean to guard you. I shall also deposit in this room half a dozen of my guards who have been drugged but who probably will be revived before dawn. Then I shall close the door. Signor Paccini and Jean will barricade it from the inside. They will barricade it with every available article of furniture. I shall then defend the landing on the stairs as long as possible."

"You will defend? You will go outside and barricade the door behind you?" It was Renée who spoke, sitting upright on the couch. She had recovered her senses in time to hear Peter's last words.

"Remain behind to defend us, my lord!" cried the Duchess.

"Madame," said Peter, bowing, "I thank you for your solicitude. I must, nevertheless, remain with my men. I could not ask them to stay where I myself would be afraid."

"But," cried Renée, "but PETER!"

"Besides," said Peter, "I believe we can hold them off until dawn. They are a set of mongrels. By that time the drugged guards will be awake and you will have plenty of defenders in here."

Renée had arisen, pushing the ladies away.

"Peter, you cannot do that. It is suicide!"

He drew her a little apart and whispered in her ear: "I love you. That is why I must do it."

"Love?" She was looking up at him.

"And you have forgiven me?"

"Long, long ago. Peter, by writing to the King you made me love you—so much more."

She had her hands upon his breast. Everyone in the room was watching them. Nevertheless, Peter wanted to take her in his arms.

He was stopped by an explosion of such violence that the floor of the palace was shaken. The windows were broken. Statues crashed. Women screamed. They heard a detonation in the courtyard as the great iron gate was lifted from its hinges, wrenched, and blown to the ground. Then the mob began swarming through the breach.

For one instant Peter looked at Renée. Then he fled from the room, shouting to Paccini: "Wait until I send up the drugged guards." He dashed for the stairs and ran down to the landing. Here he found Labay surrounded by his men, behind a five-foot barricade of furniture, mattresses, tapestries, straw pallets and marble statues. Inside the barricade lay the eight helpless guards. Peter looked down the hall and saw that none of the insurgents had arrived. He could hear them in the courtyard.

"Take those fellows upstairs," said Peter to Labay calmly. Then he turned toward the stairs. "Hold out until morning, gentlemen," he called.

A SILENCE spread over the twenty-two men who crouched behind the barricade. Each man had two loaded muskets and a pike. Peter had sheathed his sword and held two pistols. He was the twenty-third man. The guards who carried the sleepers upstairs had returned. Peter heard a noise of moving furniture behind him, where the door that had cleared between him and Renée was being barricaded. Perhaps he would never walk through it to her again! Below him he could see the faint marble

stairs descending into the dark smooth floorway of the hall. He could see the walls bared of tapestry, the forsaken statues of Greek gods like immovable soldiers in graceful attitudes. There was no light from below, save that cast by the sinking moon through the windows of the salon and so to the floor of the hallway.

A hundred townsmen and over fifty of the garrison, led by an Italian named Rovaro, were cautiously advancing up the front steps of the palace. Peter could see them through the wide front door. His plan was to lurk invisibly behind the barricade until the attackers were within a few feet. Then he would fire two volleys. Then he would hold them off with pikes. If he could not hold the barricade Peter had decided to retreat up the stairs, where he would bar the narrow passage with as many men as remained. He would bar it with his back to the door that shielded the Duke, the Duchess and Renée. If he could delay the insurgents until morning he knew that his reinforcements would arrive.

And yet he had no right to expect to live until dawn. There were nearly two hundred men against him. They were a rabble, but nevertheless, should they but kill one of his men at each charge, they would clear the stairs in twenty-two charges. Peter was foolish enough to try rapid calculation. If every guard disabled one attacker in every charge, and if one guard was lost in every charge, how many would be left for the last defender?

Peter's imagination encouraged him to hope he would be the last defender. But he had no right to expect it. He had no right to begin these absurd calculations anyway. He should be exhorting his men; he should be thinking about Renée, but what was the use of thinking about Renée, now that he had made this decision to be the twenty-third man.

He went down the line, slapping each of his men on the back, and just then the leaders of the mob reached the hall and began reconnoitering. They had not yet seen the barricade.

"If we can hold out until dawn, Sergeant!" Peter whispered to Labay. He pressed the sergeant's hand. The crowd was advancing, holding torches above their heads. Someone saw the barricade and uttered a cry. Then their leader, Bovaro, emerged from their midst, stood in front of them, peered up at the barricade.

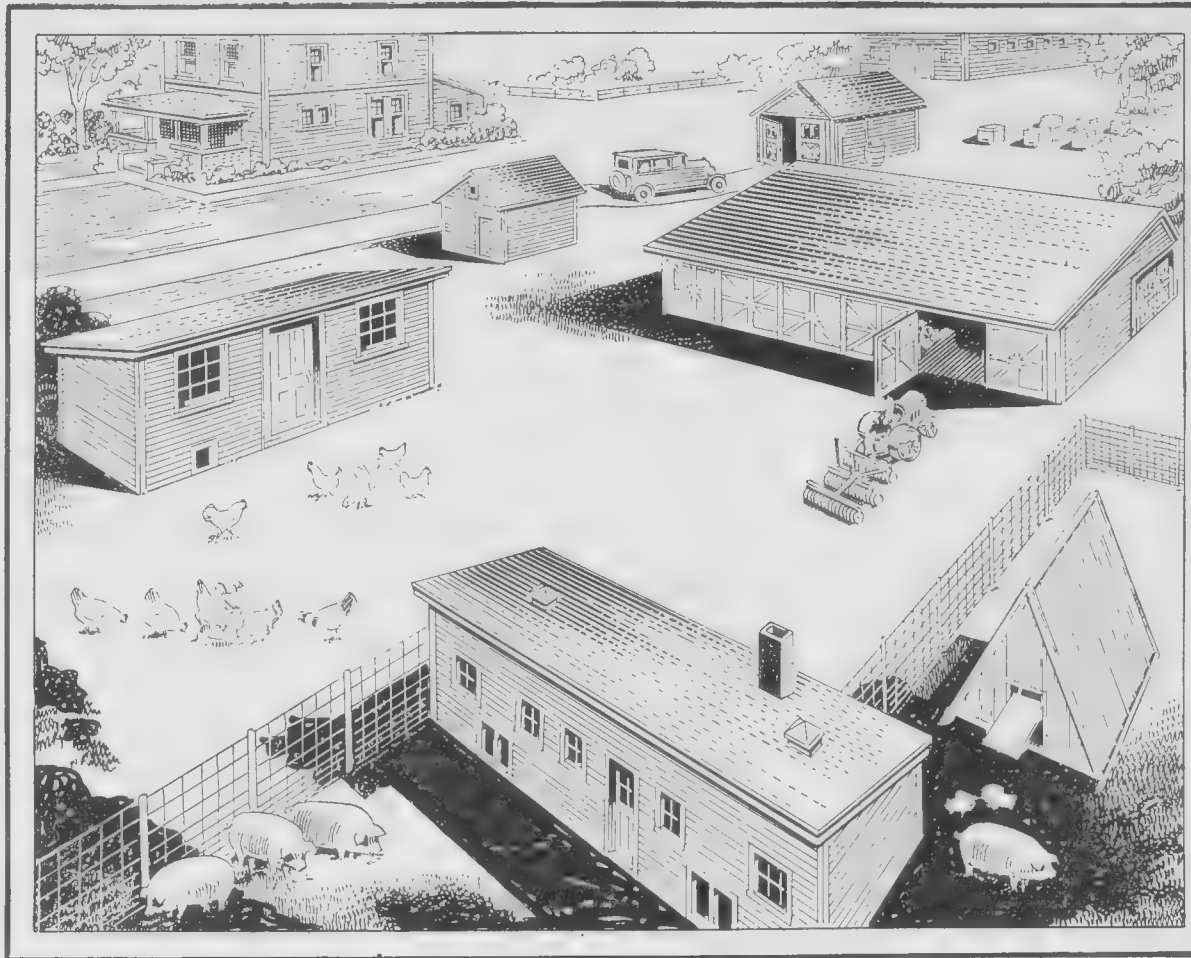
Bovaro shrugged, drew his sword, turned, and led the mob into the banquet-hall. Peter heard loud cries when they discovered that the Duke had been taken away. Obviously, they had intended to assassinate him. "The Duke is gone! Down with the Duke! Kill! Kill! Orlando! Orlando!" Furniture was shattered. They became more furious and spread over the whole hall, breaking statues and pillaging whatever they desired. A score were advancing toward the barricade. They were drunk. They had slung golden chains, jewels, and other booty over their shoulders, stolen from the victims of the banquet hall.

"Orlando Orlando!" they cried. As they advanced Peter thought: "What will happen to those women if I fail now?" Involuntarily he looked behind him toward the little door that indicated Renée's last refuge. As he did so his eye caught the glitter of a pistol aimed directly at him from the balcony above. A tremendous form stood behind the pistol, a few yards from the door at the extreme end of the balcony which led to the old tower. Light came from the door and glowed on the giant's jeweled hand and on the barrel of his pistol. Peter's muscles froze. He had been outwitted! He was to be attacked from the tower.

"Look out!" he yelled to Labay. At the same time he leaped toward the stairs and began running up them. The man in the balcony fired. The ball missed Peter, who did not pause. He had almost reached the head of the stairs. The man was advancing along the balcony to meet him. Peter stopped, pointed one of his pistols, fired. The Italian saw him in time and ducked below the balustrade of the balcony so that Peter's ball passed over his head and glanced against the wall. At that moment Peter saw another figure in the lighted doorway of the old. [Continued on page 66]

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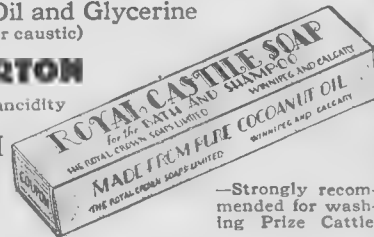
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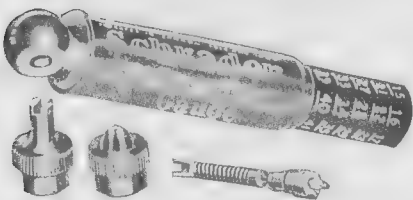
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 65

tower. This second attacker had already taken aim at Peter. But without flinching Peter fired his second pistol, and this time he scored a direct hit. The man fell forward, his gun clattering along the balcony, then dropping between the pillars of the balustrade to the landing below. Though Peter did not know it, this was Castiglione, who had so recently killed Philippe. No one else appeared at the tower door.

Peter threw away both pistols and ran up the stairs. He must stop his first antagonist, who was just now trying to reload. He reached the top of the stairs, drawing his sword.

Meanwhile the mob had been aroused by the sound of firing above them and were concentrating upon the barricade. They could see no one behind it, since Peter had already disappeared up the stairs to the left. But they could see the drama on the balcony, illuminated by the light that issued from the door of the tower. They saw Castiglione throw his hands above his head and fall. They saw Orlando looking over the balcony at Peter. Bovaro began to organize them for a charge.

Labay had lost his head for a moment, being attacked from the rear. He weakened his force by sending three men after Peter. These were running up the stairs. But Peter had reached the top of the stairs and was now turning back to his right, hurrying down the balcony. Ahead of him was one of the largest men he had ever seen. The lower part of the face was masked, while the brim of a black hat shielded two glowering eyes. The neck was thick, the shoulders nearly three feet wide, the arms solid and muscular. The heavy chest and stomach, which seemed muscular rather than fat, was supported by two enormous thighs whose action, as Peter soon learned, was that of steel springs. The whole dress was black, save for a glittering silver sash around the stomach and a large jewelled rapier at his side.

Seeing Peter running at him with drawn sword the man threw off his cloak with a giant twist of his shoulders, dropped his pistol, drew his own blade. He went on guard like a hungry tiger. The very click of his sword, as he crossed Peter's, was brutal; and yet it was that clean, imperative click by which one master of his fence is able to recognize another. The hand that guided that sword was both violent and instantaneous. No sooner had the giant tapped Peter's blade a few times than he gave a final tap much more forceful than the first one, and came whirling around Peter's guard, with a lunge that gave Peter no time to think. It was dark on the balcony and Peter had the disadvantage of looking squarely into the light shed from the tower door. As he felt the attack approaching he leaped backward, just managing to sweep the Italian's sword from his body. But the three guards had arrived behind him and almost caused Peter's death by blocking his sudden retreat. Nor was there room for anyone to fight at his side upon the narrow balcony.

"Leave me! Leave me!" cried Peter. "Return to your defence!" The giant's sword was whirling again. The man fought in the Italian manner, concentrating a succession of brilliant false attacks, to sound Peter's guard, and then lunging with all his might, to use whatever disengagement his sounding should recommend. Peter was only able to stop him by changing his defence at every instant.

There was a roar in Peter's ears as he heard the crowd charging the barricade. They fired upon it. They approached within five steps of it, and then Labay shouted "Fire!" Twenty-two muskets exploded and twenty-two hit their marks. It was impossible to miss at such close quarters. The crowd wavered. The French had time to reach their reserve muskets. "Fire!" cried Labay again. And again there were twenty-two shouts of fear from the mob as the bullets lodged themselves in that human wall. Those in the front rank broke and pressed backward. Then Bovaro's whole

company retreated in disorder down the stairs to the rear of the hall.

But Bovaro had seen the two fencers on the balcony above. They were lunging back and forth. In the momentary hush the click of their swords could be heard.

"Cowards!" cried Bovaro. "Behold your Duke fighting for you against the treacherous Englishman!" He pointed to the balcony. "Ornando! Ornando!"

"Ornando! Ornando!" shouted the mob, their harsh voices echoing through the halls of the palace.

The giant fencer waved his left hand without taking his eyes from Peter, without pausing in the gyrations of his sword.

"Advance, countrymen!" he bellowed. While all this was proceeding, Renée and the Duchess stood behind their barricaded door, holding each other's hands, hearing the tumult of the first attack, hearing Ornando's shout so close to them that they recoiled lest their defenders had already been overpowered.

The mob began firing at Peter, so that several bullets whizzed past him and thudded against the wall. Yet there was so little light upon the balcony, and the dim antagonists were moving so swiftly, it was almost impossible to aim at one without endangering the other. Peter indulged in some clever tactics. He had already retreated considerably before the ferocity of Ornando's attack. Yet he decided to retreat once more. No sooner had the first bullets passed him than he opened his guard. Ornando plunged forward to the attack. Peter retreated two paces. Three or four bullets were fired from the crowd and all of them nearly hit Ornando. The giant jerked his head backward and for a moment was disconcerted. Instantly Peter rushed him, with his arm and sword straight. Ornando recoiled. But this threw him further off his guard, and before he could raise his sword Peter's had just entered his ribs. The giant grunted, yet was not thus easily defeated; for even as Peter's sword wounded him he whipped it upward with such force that it was torn from his ribs, leaving a large gash in the flesh. The sword had not penetrated farther than a quarter of an inch, but the action of Ornando's blade in whipping it upward had turned this slight wound into a large one.

Seeing the danger of shooting at the fencers, Bovaro instructed his men not to do so. He began concentrating for another charge at the barricade. This time a dozen attackers climbed over the piles of furniture. The French fired their two volleys. Then they defended themselves with pikes against the few who had scaled the barricade. One of the Frenchmen was killed, another wounded. The barricade was seriously weakened. But the assailants returned again, leaving another score of wounded and dying stretched upon the stairs.

After that they stormed Labay time after time, giving him no opportunity to reload, slipping and sliding up the bloody stairs; gasping, struggling, falling among the bodies that now began to reinforce the barricade. Labay found his guard reduced almost by half, and, while he weakened, his insurgents seemed to gain power.

THOUGH his whole mind was concentrated upon the sword-play, Peter realized that the situation of the French had become desperate. The last charge had been so ruinous that it was doubtful if Labay could stand another like it. If Peter could only kill Ornando, kill the leader! But this was impossible. The giant was far superior to Peter in swordsmanship; his hand was more rapid; his knowledge more advanced. Sword for sword, Peter could not out-fence him. Indeed, Peter could not even follow his passes! Several times, when the Italian had opened Peter's guard, he had braced himself for the shock of the cold steel, had beaten it off by the merest chance. He was scratched in the chest, the stomach, and the leg, though none of his wounds were as deep as that which he had given Ornando.

Peter's greatest advantage was his mind. He was [Continued on page 67]



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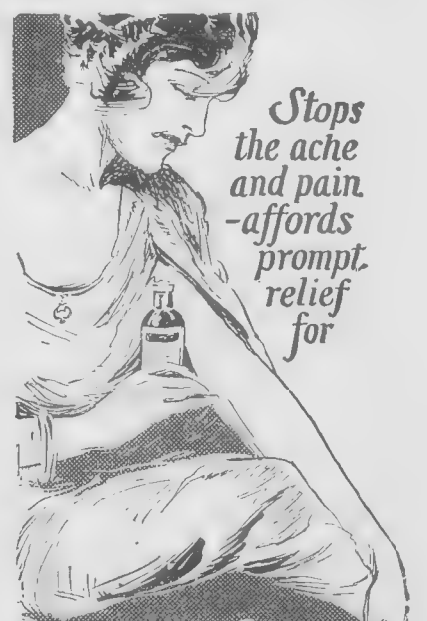
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 66

cooler than the Italian. Peter's unexpectedly skilful opposition had aroused the giant's anger. He began playing more rapidly. He used up a lot of energy while Peter was saving his own. The wound in Orlando's side not only irritated his anger, but also caused him to lose a great deal of blood. The floor beneath him was becoming slippery. Two or three of his lunges failed for this reason. He tried to draw Peter toward the slippery part of the floor, but Peter would not answer.

At this point there was a lull in both battles. Orlando retired a little to draw Peter forward into the blood. The insurgents below were making plans for their final attack. They had not fired upon Peter since Bovaro had pointed out the danger of that to Orlando. Bovaro was confident that Orlando would out-fence Peter anyway.

During this lull, Peter called out: "How many left, Labay?"

"Eight!"

"Retire to the upper floor. Take the wounded. Use the dead as a barricade!"

Hearing him give commands, Orlando lunged forward. He made seven false attacks, one after the other, so rapidly that by the last attack Peter's sword was entirely out of line. For the fraction of an instant Peter saw the Italian's blade pointing at his open stomach, not three inches away. The blade was shooting forward in mid-lunge. There was a swiftness in Peter's hand tonight which he had never disclosed before. Partly because Orlando's foot slipped a little, partly because Peter himself was fencing better than ever in his life—much, perhaps, because Renée was only ten paces behind him, Peter was able to catch Orlando's sword and sweep it to the left. It caught in Peter's clothes and penetrated the flesh of his stomach and passed out the other side of his vest. He felt a sharp cold pain. But instead of recoiling he leaned forward and was able to wound Orlando in the biceps of his sword-arm.

By an unexpressed but mutual consent they both retired, leaning over, swaying. Orlando, who had put all of his energy and skill into that last attack, now held his head forward, his eyes glaring over his mask. Peter could see by the mask that his jaw protruded savagely, as he panted. He held his wounded biceps with his left hand and held his sword limply in front of him. He was studying the expressionless, angular face which gave him no clue to the nature of his antagonist save that of stubbornness.

By this time Labay had made his retreat to the top of the stairs. Peter himself had retreated so far along the balcony that he was but a few paces in front of Labay. They could speak to each other quite easily. Just behind Peter the balcony ended and joined the second floor.

Suddenly and again the fencers were on guard, their blades flashing, as if nothing had interfered. Peter held his left hand over the painful wound in the muscles of his stomach. He found it difficult to lunge. Orlando had the endurance of a bull. Neither the wound in his rib nor that in his arm seemed to deter him. Yet there was an unsteadiness in his blade which Peter had not felt there before. His tapping was not clean. He often pushed rather than tapped Peter's sword. This gave Peter an idea.

With a wild cry the insurgents charged from below, demolished the barricade, flung themselves up the narrow stairs to their left in a solid mass. Peter was looking directly into their faces. Several were aiming their muskets at him. Their comrades jostled them so that when they fired they missed him. Peter saw that he must act instantly. He made a false rush for Orlando, was parried, pretended to lose his guard. Orlando came back with a riposte. Instead of parrying entirely Peter retreated with Orlando's point about six inches from his chest. Orlando advanced. Peter parried quarte, but slowly, so that it was easy for the Italian to escape into sixte. Peter still retreated. He retreated faster

and faster. He wanted to make Orlando rush him. He made imitation parries. He reached the end of the balcony and still the light from the insurgents' torches was strong enough to show the glimmer of Orlando's blade. Orlando lost patience and rushed. Peter had only three feet between him and the door which protected Renée. He fell. He fell purposely. The Italian jumped upon him wildly, with his sword a few inches from Peter's mouth. But Peter's hand, which had been under control during the entire retreat, was in guard now. His blade was touching Orlando's. He whipped the sword, executing that high binding movement which he had accidentally discovered in Picardy. He whipped Orlando's sword over his head, and twisted his wrist so that the point of his sword hit Orlando in the stomach. Then Peter collapsed with fatigue as the giant ran with his whole might upon the point which entered his stomach and came out at the other side.

As Orlando fell he bellowed. He had fallen over Peter, fallen against the barricaded door. He now strove to rise, his bloodshot eyes inspired with murder. Peter was up ahead of him, waited for his attack. The giant raised himself from his knees, staggering. He rushed at Peter with his sword held in both hands in front of him. Peter stop-thrust him through the heart.

But meanwhile the insurgents, having survived the three volleys which Labay had levelled at them, were pressing forward in an irresistible mass. Labay and his men were standing on the top steps, striking downward, having been driven back step by step. If a man lost his footing he was not able to rise again, for the fight surged over his body. As Peter left the body of Orlando he saw one of his brave Frenchmen leap into the air and clutch an assailant by the throat. He saw them both roll down the stairs together, saw how the momentum of their fall retarded the others. This gave him a second idea.

Weakened as he was, he was still able to drag the body of Orlando to the head of the stairs. The insurgents, delayed for a moment by the two men that had fallen upon them, were returning for another charge. With a final effort Peter lifted the dead Orlando on his back, tottered close to Labay, called, "Look out, Labay!" leaned far forward, balancing the huge carcass. Then, with a lift of his legs, he sent it sprawling into the faces of the foremost attackers.

They fell back. They recognized the body. They had not seen Orlando killed because the scene had been hidden by the French guards on the stairs. "Orlando the Duke! Orlando the Duke is slain!" Yet Bovaro on the landing below either did not believe, or for his own purposes did not care. He kept pressing them forward so that the ones in the front rank were forced to fight against the Frenchmen for their lives. Labay fell. Another Frenchman was wounded. Peter helped Labay to crawl away by shoving him with his foot. He and one guard were left alone. The confusion below increased. There was a loud discharge of musketry, cries, oaths. The Frenchman next to Peter was struck by a pike in the face. Peter stood before them with a pike in his hand, his helmet spilt, blood trickling from his head.

The twenty-third man!

FOR a fraction of a second, as he recoiled from a dozen soldiers who had reached the head of the stairs, Peter grinned. It was something to have anticipated this; and it was something, again, to have realized that anticipation. Peter retreated. He put his back against the door. He leaned against Renée's door in such a desperate situation that he was almost at leisure. It was like an execution. Like Jean Sandrecy—They were advancing . . . He noticed for the first time that it was dawn; he could see their faces for the first time . . . Dawn! Dawn! Then Renée will be saved. Savona and everything will be saved . . . What are they firing at below stairs . . . shouting . . . Pentley and St. George! Lorenzo! . . . [Continued on page 68]

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 67

The great noise . . . and the great noise behind the door . . .

The first pikeman with his face smeared with blood reached Peter. He made a jab at the twenty-third man. Just then Peter fell backward. He tried to catch himself from falling but could not do so. He wondered if, somehow, the wall of this infernal side-show had given way; or if it had evaporated, being nothing but a dream, having no real substance to begin with. Or was it death, this falling backward through a wall? Then Peter hit the floor. At the same time he was deafened by the discharge of six muskets just over his body. Then someone dragged him away. Someone else cried, "Charge"! Five or six men jumped over him, yelling. Then there was a hand on his forehead, a cheek against his.

"Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter!"

Peter lifted himself on one elbow. He was on the floor of the antechamber with furniture piled around him. He saw that Paccini had been able to revive several of the drugged guards, he had opened the door, had charged just in time. Peter felt as if he had awakened from a dream. He was moved by that humor which accompanies us out of sleep.

"My name," he said, is lost. I am the twenty-third man."

He noticed the anxiety on Renée's face. She was looking at him as if she feared that he had lost his mind. So he grinned at her. And then he felt himself pressed tightly in her arms.

IN THE hall the reinforcements from Sir George were striking about them right and left, supported by a number of gorgeously armed troopers. A tall knight clad in bright steel emerged from the confusion, his lifted visor disclosing a handsome, middle-aged face, with dark eyes. Having first ascertained that Bovaro was captured, he made his way toward the battle-strewn stairs.

"Where is the Count Orlando?" he cried in Italian.

Bovaro was struggling to rid himself of three captors and would not answer. The knight climbed the stairs, kicking the dead out of his way. As he mounted he took in the scene with the eye of a soldier. He reached the second floor and was challenged by the guards who stood before the door. Peter, who was lying just inside the door, saw the feathers of his helmet above the guards' shoulders.

The Duchess was standing beside Peter and Renée. Seeing the knight she cried "Lorenzo"! and ran forward to embrace him.

"Who is it?" Peter asked Renée.

"Lorenzo of Milan, Her Highness' brother. Are you all right, Peter?"

"Yes. Let me up."

"No." She put her hand on his shoulder.

"I had begun to think you had deserted me, Lorenzo," the Duchess was saying.

"I did not know the danger you spoke of was so pressing, Isabella. I was within five miles of the city when I met the French reinforcements racing to your rescue. To be sure I joined them. Where is the captain of these guards?"

"Here I am," said Peter, struggling to his feet. He pushed Renée away gently. He wanted to appear at his best before Lorenzo of Milan, who was known as one of the greatest soldiers in Italy. "Is there anything I can do for you my lord?" He swayed a little on his feet.

"By St. Anthony, you have already done more than I would dare to ask of man, sir. What is your name?"

"I am Peter Pole."

"Lorenzo of Milan raised his handsome brown eyebrows under his visor. "You are then related to the late Lord Richard Pole?"

"I am his son."

"Not really! Then it is no wonder you are safe, sister!" cried the knight, turning to the Duchess. "I congratulate you, Lord Pole, for your heritage, as well as for your courage. My hope is to be able to prove my gratitude by some more tangible means, sir."

"I thank your lordship," Peter bowed. "But we must clear up this business first," cried Lorenzo. "Where is the Count Orlando? Was he here? Has he escaped?"

The Duchess turned to Peter. "I heard Orlando shouting, Captain Pole. Where did he go? We must find him at once. We must prevent further tragedies such as the one we have witnessed tonight!"

"You will find Orlando somewhere on the stairs," said Peter a little wearily.

"When he is found, please let me know. I would like to see his face."

Lorenzo took the three guards and turned to the stairs to search for the giant's body. It was not hard to find. It was sprawled under two other bodies, face upward, the arms flung over the head. But when they had lifted the others away they discovered that Orlando's face had been trampled by the heavy heels of the combatants. It was squashed and unrecognizable.

Thus Peter never saw the man whom he had fought for nearly two hours.

"How was this brute killed?" Lorenzo asked.

"By a lucky trick of the sword," said Peter, who just then remembered his beloved sword and went out the door to look for it. He found it and sheathed it.

"You duelled him?"

"Yes my lord."

Lorenzo blew a low whistle with his lips. The Duchess said: "Brother, will you not grant me a request before we proceed any further?"

"Certainly."

"The Lord Pole, who has defended us so valiantly, comes of a long line of knights. He himself has not yet been knighted. But has he not earned his knighthood? And if you believe that he has, will you not knight him here where he staked his life for us?"

"Ah, most fitting. To be sure. I am honored," Lorenzo turned toward Peter. "Kneel, my lord," he said simply, with an air of great dignity characteristic of the sixteenth century on such occasions. Peter, feeling a little foolish, knelt.

"In the name of heaven, and of Our Lady, and of St. Anthony, I dub thee knight." He struck Peter three times with the flat of his sword. "Rise, Sir Peter Pole. May we lift the sword some day side by side?"

The Duchess held out her hand for Peter to kiss.

"Let us now proceed to an explanation of this revolt," said Lorenzo. "Who is this?" He pointed to the prostrate form of Philippe. Renée buried her face in her hands. The Duchess whispered hurriedly in Lorenzo's ear.

"Is Philippe . . . ?" Peter turned to Renée. She looked into his eyes. She shook her head. "He is dead, Peter."

Peter drew a deep sigh as he gazed down at the silent white face. "I have kept your secret, Count," he thought. "I have kept it even from you! No one will ever know—it will go down to the grave with your father and yourself." He drew his jewel-hilted sword which Philippe had given him long ago, and, as a gesture of forgiveness, tapped Philippe's dead shoulder with the blade. As he did so, the memory of an autumn day came vividly upon him—of the swirling wind and the bitter cold and the sharp clear tap of the naked swords of his first duel!

But no one ever discovered that Philippe was an illegitimate son of Duprés, for Peter told no secrets.

(To be concluded next month)

Glorified

By M. Ruth Thurder

Where did the raindrops go?
The freshing showers of yesterday
Jewelled the grass and glazed the clay.
That now are dry

Where have my sorrows gone?
The aching griefs of yesterday,
The pain that nothing would allay!
They are not here.

Sorrow has reached its depth,
The rain has filtered through the ground,
And each in its own way has found
The rootlets of a flower.



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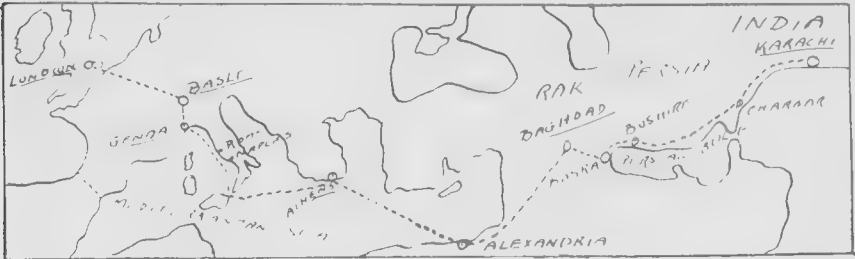
Britains Air Route to India

Continued from page 7

and freight. The Argosy has seating accommodation for 18 passengers and carries a steward who presides over a small buffet where light refreshments are served. The pilot and engineer occupy a small cockpit in the very nose of the machine. These planes may easily be recognized by their extremely long noses projecting in front of the planes and by their "biplane" tails.

The Calcutta type of Flying-boat used on the trans-Mediterranean part of the route are of all metal construction and have been designed by Shortt Brothers

The "City of Delhi" class of plane, which is used on the last leg of the journey, is similar in appearance to the Argosy and has been in use on the Cairo-Baghdad-Basra service for over two years. They are specially fitted for the comfort of passengers in the hot climate in which they operate. They were designed by the De Havilland Aircraft Company Ltd. and are fitted with three "Jupiter" engines of 425 horse power each. These planes may be distinguished primarily on account of the left and right engines being



of Rochester. These are so constructed that safe landings may be made on the water even though a moderate sea be running. In fact, they are in reality "ships with wings", for they carry in addition to their flying equipment anchors and landing tackle usually found only on ships. All passengers are housed in the hull and the pilot and mechanic sit in the nose of the machine. They have, however, a small enclosed compartment immediately aft of the cockpit in which charts and wireless equipment are kept and where routes may be charted while the plane is in flight. This type of flying boat is more lavishly fitted than perhaps any other passenger carrying plane in the world; its equipment includes a small galley with a small oil stove for preparing light meals, a small wash room and buffet.

The engines of the Flying-boat are "Bristol Jupiters" each of 485 horse power. The plane carries 15 passengers in addition to the engineer, pilot and steward. The "boat" may be distinguished in the air by the greater span of the top plane and the single pair of outwardly raked inter-plane struts on either side of the engine mountings. It cruises at a speed of 95 miles an hour.

mounted directly on the lower planes instead of being carried midway between the planes as in the Argosy type.

All planes used on the London to India service are fitted with both receiving and transmitting wireless telephonic apparatus with a radius of 200 miles. By the use of this equipment pilots may check their bearings and report progress the whole time the planes are in flight.

The first official flight over the new route is in the nature of a test and only mail and a few officials are being carried. The service at present is a weekly one but as traffic warrants this will be improved to a bi-weekly service. The time may not be very far distant when planes will take off from Croydon daily for Karachi and points further east.

The inauguration of the new service is hailed by the people of Britain as marking a new era in commercial air transport and the beginning of an expansion of Great Britain's airways system which augurs well for the future. Certainly it represents the first serious attempt by the Imperial Government to provide a regular air service between the hub of the Empire and the British Dominions beyond the seas.

Facts About Tea series—No. 4.

Tea—the silver hair

Because of the shape and silvery colour of the tiny tips of the cured tea-leaves the Chinese called them "pak-ho" which means "silver hair," but tea growers in Ceylon and India discovered that the colour of their own tea-tips was more orange in shade—hence the term "Orange Pak-ho" or as it is now become "Orange Pekoe."

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

W.H.M.

If I Could Have a Garden

By
F. Eleanor Nichols



My Mother has a garden bed
With pretty flowers gay,
There larkspurs blue and lilies tall
In summer breezes sway.

If I could have a garden, too,
'Twould be so very sweet,
Because, instead of blossoms, I'd
Pick candy things to eat.

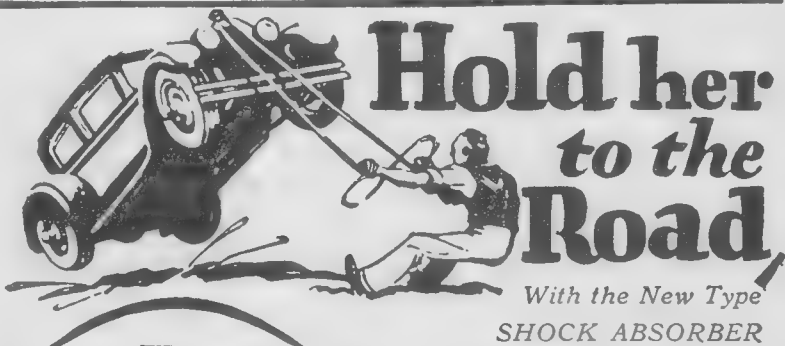
Where now are tulips in a row
There should be lollipops,
And where primroses yellow grow
I'd find you lemon drops.

For every goody that was picked
There'd grow another one,
If gardens bloomed with candy flowers
My, wouldn't that be fun?

Chrysanthemums should surely be
Marshmallows snowy white,
I'd sooner gather peppermints
Than cluster'd daisies bright.

Where hollyhocks like soldiers stand
Against the trellised wall,
How joyfully each bloom I'd see
A big, pink popcorn ball!

I'd ask my little playmates in
Their favorite kinds to choose,
And when I said, "Just help yourselves,"
How many would refuse?



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For Complete Complete Set
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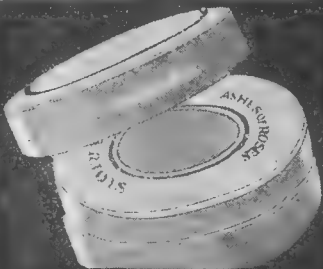
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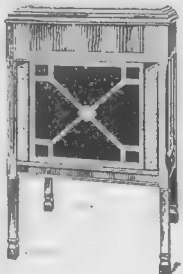


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The Song Sparrow

Continued from page 63

in the Bird House, and the attack pealed out quite flawless, to the astonishment of Minnie Sanborn who was passing on the road.

THE next day Alec Farnum lingered when the sitting began.

"By the way, Ruth," he said, "going to the dance tonight? I see there's to be one in the Town Hall."

Ruth shot a vindictive glance at him. "No," she answered. "Nobody has asked me."

"What's the matter with Tom Cook?" he inquired. He watched Eliot, out of the corner of his eye, who rewarded him by pricking up his ears immediately.

"He's away camping. Isn't it too bad?" Ruth answered sweetly.

Uncle Alec laughed, and presently went out with a remark that neither of them seemed very entertaining that afternoon.

When he had gone, Eliot broke the silence. "Who is Tom Cook?" he said bluntly.

Ruth felt suddenly and gloriously coquettish. "Oh, just a man," she said.

"I don't suppose you'd go to the dance with me?"

"How can I tell till you've asked me?"

"Well, will you?"

"Do you dance well?"

"Oh, fair to middling."

"No, I won't."

"Why not?"

Ruth laughed, she laughed gayly, and then grew suddenly sober. "Don't you think it would be nicer to sing to Uncle Alec this evening? We've not sung for him since that night of his party, only practised afternoons. He loves music, you know."

"Much nicer," cried Eliot, and he stopped painting and looked into Ruth's eyes. She returned his gaze for a second and then dropped back into her pose, but the air was electrical. The sitting ceased early. They moved to the piano. "We must get something ready for tonight," she said.

He put "Mary Grey of Allan Dale" on the rack, and Ruth sang it in her tender, virginal voice. Eliot let the last chord die away slowly, and faced her.

"Ruth!" he said, and took her hands. "I have painted you into my life, into my heart. Tell me Tom Cook is nobody!"

She let her hands rest in his. She let him draw her down on the bench beside him, she let her face fall against his shoulder, and with a thrill words could not express she felt his arm encircle her.

"There was never anybody," she

whispered. "Is it real, are you real? Tell me I shan't wake up."

He kissed her softly on the neck where it curved toward her shoulder. "You have the loveliest little neck in the world," he said irrelevantly. "But won't old Uncle Alec be surprised!"

Ruth sat suddenly straight up and blurted out, "Oh, no, he won't! Oh, what have I done! You'll hate me! He brought you here because—because—well, he likes me and he was afraid I'd like Tom Cook or somebody like that. He meant this to happen. I didn't know he was going to bring you. I tried to keep away. I was so ashamed. Oh, what shall I do!"

She tried to struggle out of his arms, but he only held her faster, and laughed in her ear. "The blessed old Fairy Godfather!" he exclaimed. The blessed old matchmaker in trousers! But how did he ever know God made us for each other?"

"You—you don't believe I had a hand in it, then?" she whispered.

"Kiss me!" he commanded.

She looked up, she raised her face toward his, their lips met—and as they parted they were aware of the Bird House Man coming angrily through the door.

"What are you doing, you ungrateful hound?" he shouted. "You come into my house as a guest and you violate my hospitality and try to make off with my song sparrow! I've a good mind to thrash you here and now. Explain, both of you—instantly! You, too, Ruth! What do you mean by such conduct!"

He was in a towering passion and Eliot rose, pale and angry in his turn, and opened his mouth to speak, putting himself in front of the girl. But Ruth burst out laughing.

"You old fraud!" she said. "I've told him. He knows. He's forgiven you, too, for which you ought to be thankful."

"Well, his forgiveness will be worth more ten years hence," said Alec Farnum, bursting into a broad grin. "Now, you go home and bring your mother here to supper, while Rob gets that chromo out of the middle of the room and I get my one bottle of champagne out of the cellar."

"Don't you call it a chromo!" said Ruth. "It's a masterpiece!"

"It's a romance!" said Rob.

"It's a nuisance," said Alec Farnum.

"It's a smelly thing, too."

Ruth went suddenly up to him, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him. He patted her clumsily on the back, and when she had gone he wiped his glasses.

Canada from its 1929 Watch Tower

Continued from page 13

transformations involved. It seems incredible, for example, that the Fathers of Confederation (all of whom have passed from the earthly scene) knew nothing of the telephone, the wireless, or the radio. If he had heard a prediction that within a quarter of half a century after the setting up of the new Dominion, men would talk with each other, without wires or cables, across oceans and continents; or that Canada could hear Big Ben in London, or that passengers on moving trains would pick up world news and sound, he would have had his credulity severely tested. If he could have foreseen the enlargement of Darius Green's flying-machine into the winged moths of the air, cleaving the clouds, again above seas and continents, again this old-time worthy would have doubted his senses—or his eyesight!

Or if the modern marvels of electricity, in its generation and application, had been foreseen, he surely would have wished to live long enough to press a magic button for himself. Just as surely would he wonder at the 20th century horseless carriage, annihilating time and

distance (and sometimes life as a passing penalty!). He knew nothing of modern engines—traction, gasoline, or electrically-driven. The sight of a harvester-thresher, cutting a prodigious swath of yellow grain, would have filled him with renewed wonder, as would many another farm implement. Oil-propelled boats and locomotives have stepped from the experimental into the actual since the "Sixties," while electric street cars are also relatively new. This Confederation Father never dreamed a postman would bring his mail to his own front door in the country, or that there would be an aerial service. "And what might that be," he would have asked. To step into a theatre and see pictures that move with life, and characters that talk more or less as in life, would have furnished another surprise. To have a doctor photograph his very heart-beats would simply have been beyond credence, and so on down an ever-lengthening list of modern marvels, if not miracles, that the world of the twentieth century is experiencing, and he would need to be told that apparently the end is not yet.

Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

We now expect the impossible; today's possibility becomes the actuality of tomorrow; and we of a blasé generation take these scientific wonders very much for granted the next day!

ONE would like to erect an imaginary watch tower from which to survey the present-day activities in Canada in one sweep of vision. If it were built midway between oceans, as a geographical centre, it would probably be near Winnipeg! What a busy world would be revealed—tens of thousands of workers in a vast bee-hive, ever building up, enlarging boundaries, increasing wealth and thus spelling the magic word "Prosperity" in its material sense.

'Way down East, where the trio of Maritimes are our sea-bounded realms, a new life seems to be pulsating, a spirit of optimism is replacing a former pessimism; a new note of hope, in step with the rest of Canada, is happily heard. Mining and power extensions; water power plants, new and enlarged; new and improved methods in fish culture and marketing, harbor improvements in every deep-sea port, with steadily rising figures of tonnage; active building operations in most centres—these are the echoes that come from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, with new records in tourist travel and subsequent revenue, new boats for coastwise and ferry services; and new hotels to replace old ones. The provinces by-the-sea are contributing partners and sharers in this all-Canadian progress in this sixty-second year of Confederation.

What is the picture Old Quebec reveals? We of the Centre or West are too apt to regard her a sour ancient sister and therefore somewhat static in modern development, living in the past more than in the present. A corrective of that error is found in a trip through the province with the object of checking up on current conditions. On the contrary, the impression will prevail that she is leading her sisters in various lines of industrial activity, especially in hydro development in relation to the pulp and paper industry. The magnitude of the power plants in the Saguenay area; the throbbing life in the Lake St. John district, the huge mills in every part; the new highways; the new bridges, the new industrial plants, the new Quebec and Montreal—these are only a few concrete evidences of growth in this new and ever-old province.

Watch the huge bridge span the St. Lawrence at St. Helen's Isle; watch Arvida — the made-to-order aluminum town—grown to a city; note the spreading antenna of Three Rivers, and its neighboring centres up north of Shawinigan Falls and Grand Mere; motor around the half-a-thousand miles of the Gaspé Peninsula for a new series of thrills, and fly with the airmen over the wide stretches of Northern Quebec to James Bay, to begin to realize that this is Canada's largest and most active province.

ONTARIO repeats the tale and supplies its own canvas in this Dominion-wide picture. This one province is spending millions on opening up its hinterlands by an army corps of aerial experts, reducing trips to hours that not long since took two weeks. This big end of Ontario, like its Northern Quebec neighbor, is luring adventurous spirits to prospective new gold and silver fields. The gold production of each province continues to show an annual increased value. International Nickel and other mines have taken on new life, and Sudbury is responding with the growing pains of a mining town.

Power transmission lines are thrusting their wires farther afield from their sources, with peak-load consumption a frequent condition—touching not only the city and industrial centres but large rural areas. The Ontario Government is financing a big combination hydro plan for Northern Ontario, in addition to extensions elsewhere. This is the Day of Power in Canada, transmitting fresh energy in every direction, and steadily transforming the industrial and economic life of the country.

There's a new Toronto rising as one gazes; in degree, a new Hamilton. Brantford reports a record activity in its

varied industries. The Border Cities represent a metropolis in their entirety. Ottawa, on the east, is flowering into the Washington of the North, with the extensive government and civic improvements under way.

The massive gates of the Welland Canal—among the largest in the world—will soon swing open to the touch of a magic button to receive a mighty argosy of craft; and, along with it, the re-making of Toronto and Kingston harbors, and the building of a new Prescott. Then there lies, close at hand, the overwhelmingly huge project of St. Lawrence development—in 1929 and the nearby years.

TO REVERT to the imagery of a watch-tower outlook, I see the incense of labor arising from a thousand chimneys, east and west, and all between. The sound of the hammer, and especially the riveter, is heard in the land, as an orchestra for the song of labor, and with the whirl of wheels and the rumble of machinery. I see more and larger boats, on the mid-continent water highway, as a partner in the great railways of the country, ever pushing their tracks into new fields and forests. I see leagues of new highways alive with the traffic of modern motordom. Swinging on one's heel toward the lowering sun, what of the West in the mid-month of 1929? The same elements enter into the picture as in the East, but with even more startling effect. As an observer of expanding Canadian conditions from the Ontario halfway house, in every radiating direction, I have always been impressed with the ever-increasing epic story of the West. One wonders if any reader of these lines, beyond the Great Lakes, may murmur: "We've heard this talk before; of course we're growing; the wonder would be if we weren't; so all this superlative verbosity is an old story"! I'm sorry for any Westerner who has not the capacity to thrill!

I recall Regina's beautiful gem of Wascana Lake as the chief mosquito breeding slough of Saskatchewan; now it borders a miniature Kew Gardens and architecturally impressive Parliament Buildings. I recall, when visiting the modern Saskatoon, that I witnessed the original blue-prints of this city-to-be being drawn in a Toronto office. The old Hudson Bay Post at Edmonton, as a once-familiar local feature, has long been replaced by the stately Legislative Buildings. Moose Jaw enjoys a progressive prosperity; and even bright little Prince Albert, 'way up north, is putting on city airs. Calgary grows and flowers like one of its big glorious dahlias. So the Western tale unfolds, decade by decade, to an Eastern observer.

The span of expansion in the West in this part of the century is a remarkable example of development, but the dramatic aspect lies in the fact that it is a momentum-growth, which nothing outside of a cataclysm will retard. Even a great war only halted the rate of progress. The multiplication table is working overtime in this North-by-West area of the Dominion, in the rising figures of production and settlement; in all that pertains to agriculture, and in the development of natural resources, especially in mining and electrical development.

It is easy to take the Hudson Bay Railway for granted, after years of familiarity with its discussion and the battle of the rival ports. But when the first train enters Churchill officially this year, and the first steamer will be ready to carry a cargo to Britain and Europe by this Northern waterway, surely it will be an event of exceptional importance, opening up possibilities that stagger the imagination.

There remains the Peace River District to be checked up. This Last Great West of the Peace, is, to my mind, the chief magnet today in this land of magnets and magnitude. Every traveller from Grande Prairie or Athabasca has an impressive story to tell, based on actualities that cannot be gainsaid. In evidence, bear in mind the marked increase in 1928 over 1927 in homesteading.

[Continued on page 73]

FOR REAL QUIETNESS



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THE T-N TOILET

SOMETHING TO LEARN AND ENJOY

Road Song of the Bandar Log

Here we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were
—so—

Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?
Now you're angry, but never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down
behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete in a minute or two—
Something noble, and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.

Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down
behind!

All the talk we ever have heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hide or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
Now we are talking just like men.

Let's pretend we are—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down
behind!

This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scum-
fish through the pines,
That rocket by where, light and high,
the wild grape swings,
By the rubbish in our wake, and the
noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do
some splendid things!

Rudyard Kipling

Dear Members of the Cosy Corner:

Do you love nonsense? I hope you do, for if you don't you miss such a lot of fun in life. Solemn people who don't enjoy "Alice in Wonderland" and "Nonsense Rhymes" and things like that are so dull to live with. If you can't laugh at things, and enjoy even yourself when you are queer, then you are not having all the fun you should. The greatest people in the world all have a sense of humor, and they love nonsense and fun. It is no sign that you have no brains because you love nonsense, rather the opposite. Do you know that when Lewis Carroll wrote "Alice in Wonderland" Queen Victoria was so delighted with it, that she asked him to send her a copy of his next book, and he promised he would and he did, and what do you think it was? A very deep and profound book on mathematics! You see Lewis Carroll was really a very learned professor. Stephen Leacock, our own humorist in Canada, is also a professor and very clever and learned. And as for Kipling, you all know that he is the most beloved writer in England, and has written splendid inspiring poetry, great novels, and beautiful nonsense. Don't you yourselves love people with a twinkle in their eyes? When I see anyone with a long solemn face and turned down corners to their mouths, that's all I want to know about them. I know they must be dull, uninteresting, and probably quite wrong in all they say. So watch for two things, the beautiful things in life (and they are all around you) and the funny and amusing things. So often being able to laugh saves you from quarrelling and bitter words. Long ago some wise person said:

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."
So learn to love nonsense and fun;
turn up the corners of your mouth,
have a twinkle in your eyes, and life
will smile and twinkle at you. Try it
and see!

OUR COMPETITIONS

We are fortunate, for we have many Cornerites with sharp eyes, for birds nests and wild life generally. They know the kind of birds, and how they raise their families, and build their nests. In fact they have a neighborly feeling for citizen bird that speaks well for Canada. For our bird neighbors are good citizens, they pay their taxes, by killing worms and bugs; they build their homes and raise their families and make friends with their sweet songs, and then off they go south for the winter.



We got so many good stories this month that we hope during the summer to publish quite a few of them. We're going to give two or three bird books. I wish we could give a dozen, but the lucky ones are Dorothy Drevant, Prairie Grove, Man.; Eileen Kerr, Carlyle, Sask.; Helen Bass, Stettler, Alta.; Yvonne Graham, 205 Oakwood Avenue, Winnipeg. Gold Buttons go to, John McHolm, Port Hope, Ont.; Lillian Audrey King, W Summerland, B.C.; Jean Buroker (no address), Ivy Miller 1135 College Avenue, Winnipeg; Aileen Richardson, Leedale, Alta.; Eunice Rankin, Vermilion, Alta.; Thelma Lund, Canoe, B.C.; Ruth Scowler, 1610-10th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.; Hilda Lamb, Cherhill Alta.; Marguerite McLean, 1820-12th Avenue, W. Calgary; Ethel Longmuir, Havelock, Ont., and Ann McLaughlin, Winnipeg.

Watch for your stories later on.
Edna Peterson of Minnedosa, wishes to become a cosy cornerite, Presto! Change! You are one Edna! Now send something to one of our competitions and win a Gold Button.

OUR BIRDS

THERE are many kinds of birds near our garden, small and large. The blackbirds build their nest in trees and they use twigs, strings and rags to build them. Then comes the big crows who fly and yell all the time. Their nests are in the big oak tree in the corner of our garden. The crow waits for her young to come out of the eggs. When she is not in the nest we go and see her eggs. There are five blue eggs with black spots. The father sometimes comes with a big worm for the mother. After this comes the hawk who steals the chickens wherever he finds them. The hawk generally does not build his nest near the house or barn as he is afraid to be caught. You can always see the little wren around the garden, picking up the insects and worms. There is a wren who always finds his place in an old tea-kettle in the shed near the garden. He usually fills the space with twigs until just enough room is left for a cosy little nest. The seven to nine eggs are really white though so closely spotted with reddish brown specks that this seems to be their true color. The robin is one of the first spring birds. He always sings his old song. Cheer up! Cheer up! Winter is gone, spring is here! He loves the sweet cherry tree for his nest. His mate lays four blue eggs. And then he goes off and sits on a swinging branch of a poplar. It is fine fun watching the little birds learning to sing. Sparrows build a nest in the eaves. Nuthatches run up and down the trunk of a tree quite indifferent as to whether the tail or head uppermost. The loud tapping of the woodpecker, the advertisement of mate wanted has been answered, and nest building begins, in trunk of a tree or post. The meadow-lark is also a friend of mine. He builds his nest in the tall grass, bushes or fences. He seems to say "I was here a year ago! I was here a year ago." The birds always fill the air with music and gladness and I think it is a great thing to have birds in the world.—Dorothy Drevant, age 12, Prairie Grove, Man.

ABOUT A ROBIN'S NEST

MY ROBIN'S nest is in a curious place. I'm sure you'd never guess. But if you will see it, follow me. Here we go up a ladder, if your legs are limber it will take but a minute. Now straddle the roof and edge along. This is the slowest part, but we're nearly there. And now we are.

These birds were wise. If I was to build a nest myself I could hardly have chosen a better place. It is right above the bell in the belfry under the sheltering roof. See where these pieces

cross from corner to corner and where they meet is one upright strip of wood. The nest leans securely on it.

To the mother bird it must be a nesting paradise. No robber crow will venture so near to a house. When it rains she can sit dry and still, and sleep listening to the pattering music above her head. And when it blows no amount of wind will shake the nest.

What a perfect nest it is! Woven of dried grasses from the muskeg, bits of straw and thistles, on the outside, it is a perfect circle so far as our eyes can detect. And how firm it is!

When the old robins had finished the outside they plastered it all over with mud inside, good, black, smooth mud of an even thickness throughout.

It must have taken many hours of pleasant work, for all birds enjoy making nests. So as soon as the plastering was done the robins tirelessly set about lining it with fine dried grass but of a far more even texture than that used for the outside.

Then the eggs. The crowning joy to complete the nest. Some bird's eggs are laid all pointing in, but not the robins. A blue egg, this way and a blue egg that. One pointing in, the next one not. Four altogether, gems set in a grey background.

Four inches high is this little castle, about half an inch thick all through even to the flooring. For it is almost four inches deep inside.

We have seen it all. The mother bird is fluttering near, so let us go back the way we came. Careful, don't slip off the roof.—Written by Eileen Kerr, age 16, White Bear Ind. Res., Carlyle, Sask.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

WOULD you like to hear about the little feathered friends that have come to visit us in the yard? Two of the birds are yellow warblers. They are building their nest in the backyard, in a thorn tree. They are building it of soft downy feathers. They are very pretty little birds somewhat smaller than the bluebird. They are a bright golden yellow with green wings, and three rusty stripes down their breasts. I am anxiously waiting to see what color their eggs will be.

Now I will tell you about the blackbirds. They are black, about the size of a robin. I have found five blackbirds' nests with eggs in around the yard. Some of them build their nests on the ground, and some of them build in the trees. They build them of dried grass and horsehair. Their eggs are a brown mottled color. They like to get on top of a tree in flocks and sing. Their song is like running water over pebbles.

I am going to tell you about the barn swallow. One day I went out to the barn and I looked up on the ceiling and here was a half a ring of mud around a board. I wondered what it would be and, then I thought of the barn swallow. I went again the next day and it was finished. All they have to do now is to lay their little eggs.

Now I will tell you about the flicker. I found one of their nests to-day. They build in a hollow tree. Their eggs are cream colored. I also found a grouse's nest. It had ten brown eggs in it. It was a willow grouse's nest. They build on the ground like a hen's nest.

Our neighbor has a robin's nest in his chicken house. She has four deep blue colored eggs in the nest. It is made of string and weeds. One day coming home from school I found a bluebird's nest in a hole in a dead tree. It had five pale sky blue eggs in it.

I am making a bird egg collection. I have a robin's egg, a bluebird's, a blackbird's, a redwing blackbird's, a

grouse's, a flicker's, a barn swallow's, a pheasant's, a quail's, and an owl's. My daddy found the owl's nest and robbed it of all the eggs as they are an enemy of the good birds. I started my collection this year.

I have a very nice school teacher she takes us all on a hike once a week for our nature study lesson. We have to keep our eyes open for new birds and flowers, and then we have our names put down on the honor list if we find anything new.

I hope I shall be lucky enough to win one of the nice bird books, as I want to learn all I can about the birds. Good-bye.—Lillian Audrey King, age 10.

HOME BIRDS

I THOUGHT I would write and tell you about the little birds around our house. We have six robins nests close by, two up in the verandah three in the trees and one in a shed—the one in the shed is built near the ground so Dad got some boards and covered all around the nest and left just enough space for the robins to go in and out so as the cats can't get them. About three days ago I went down to the shed to get something and I found that they had flown away. I looked all around to see if I could see the young ones and I found them sitting on the branch of a tree not far from the nest. The ones on the verandah are hatched but are not able to fly yet. There are a lot of crows about but I have a toy pistol with caps and when I hear the crows I run outside and fire it off and the crows fly away. We have a pair of canaries building in a lilac bush on the lawn and a pair of criels are busy in a tall silver birch tree, they whistle all day long. Then there is a Phoebe bird that sits on the end of the barn and calls Phoebe, it will answer us when we call it. In the horse stable there are several swallow nests. I do like to see the tiny swallows peeping out of their nests waiting to be fed they are so pretty. I think this is all I can tell you about our home birds.

I hope this will reach you in time but we only got the Western Home Monthly a day or two ago—it takes a long time to reach us some months. I have had whooping cough and was away from school five weeks. I am alright now. I would like to hear from any other cornerites if they would write to me and I will write back.—Your friend, John McHolm.

Envelope

*This body that I have worn
So many years
Is falling threadbare, torn,
Faded with tears.*

*Soon it shall yield and break
To wind, to wave;
Become the thing men take
To a swift grave.*

*Yet that rent shape of shame,
Which then shall lie
So quiet in my name,
Will not be I.
The spirit that shall have passed
From that decay
Will be again at last
Young as the May;*

*Will be the self-same thing
Fluttering wild,
That came to lodge one Spring
In me, a child.*

(V. H. Friedlaender in the "Fortnightly")

Clouds

By Jessie Findlay Brown

*I think that clouds are chummy things,
I love to watch them in the sky;
They make me think of dreams with wings,
And angels' houses floating by.*

*I lay in bed one long, long day
And watched the sky so deep and blue,
And when the clouds came out to play
They had such fun, the whole day through!*

*I never feel companionless
When clouds are there for company,
They are so close to God, I guess
They make Him seem more close to me.*



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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Canada From Its 1929 Watch Tower

Continued from page 71

The revelation of new riches within the borders of the Pacific Province of British Columbia reads like a real Midas touch, coupled with the prediction that the development of this one province is only in its initial stages. And so it would seem if once more from our lofty trancontinental watch-tower we view the mining and smelting activities from Portland Canal to Trail, the monster pulp and paper plants along the Pacific inlets, the sound of the saw mills among the forest giants of the Cordilleras, the farms and orchards in their valleys of verdure growing evidence of Nature's prolificness, and the evolution of Vancouver into a great Pacific metropolis.

THE industrial expansion of the Canadian West is one of the most striking features of recent years. No longer is it an exclusively agricultural area of the Dominion. Besides being the granary of an Empire, or a world, it is becoming more and more industrialized, revealing a direct relation between its material resources and the type of products manufactured. Vegetable and animal products, especially from flour and grist mills naturally predominate in the trio of Prairie Provinces, with Manitoba forging ahead in iron and steel goods, wood and paper products and textiles, and with Saskatchewan and Alberta featuring non-metallic minerals, as well as wood and paper.

In 1900 the number of industrial establishments in the West was almost negligible, but in 1926 they numbered 2,230, and have since moved steadily toward the 3,000 mark, 500 being in Winnipeg alone. The invested capital exceeds a quarter of a billion, and the gross value of production two and a half billions. With the rapid industrial expansion under way in each of the Western Provinces, including British Columbia, this curving line of prosperity is assured of a steady upward trend, and this feature of growth marks the first quarter of the 20th century.

It is a fascinating study to follow the charts and graphs issued by governments, banks and other financial institutions as they illuminate the well-maintained up-grade of business. Especially does this apply to the first three months of 1929, which predicts a successful year as a whole, despite the drawbacks of temporary grain blockades, of seasonal changes, or of tariff problems that seem to be ever with us.

It looks as if the record building construction figures for 1928 will be surpassed in 1929, taking into account the huge projects actually under way or due in the early future. It is evidently the day of the sky-scraper, and every Canadian city of the major class is boasting of its achievements and aspirations in his direction. Factories everywhere are building new plans or enlarging existing ones. Growing towns involve corresponding houses. For example, Regina predicts a thousand new homes this year alone. The extensive building programmes of the two railway systems are involving the expenditure of many millions on a very wide basis of radiation, which will carry well through 1929 into succeeding years. In a word, "business is still on the up-grade," according to the Bank of Nova Scotia.

The substantial proportion of Canada's national wealth attributable to the Western Provinces of 34.5 per cent. of the Dominion total of 26½ billions, is perhaps the most outstanding evidence of the emergence of the West in recent decades. It also carries with it the correspondingly impressive fact that in per capita wealth, these provinces lead—British Columbia with \$3,844; Alberta with \$3,608; Saskatchewan with \$3,559 and Manitoba with \$2,951. All the Eastern Provinces fall below these figures. Large as they are, it is no doubt well within the mark to expect that they will increase with the settlement of the country.



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The Nation's Birthday

WITH this July the Dominion enters its sixty-third year. No other nation has ever shown a development as remarkable as Canada's since the turn of the century. No nation with a population so small has ever before attained the material place among the nations which Canada now holds. In agriculture the Dominion stands second in the world in total production, and first in volume of exports. In manufacturing and in finance, as well as in total of international trade, it stands fifth among the nations. Every true Canadian believes in the great destiny of Canada. But we must keep it ever in mind that there is more to greatness than material prosperity. We must have in the fullest measure a true Canadian development of character and of mind. Not mere empty culture, but devotion to the things of the mind and the spirit as a real, working element in our life.

We Cannot Know It All

"THE truly educated man, looking at everything with eyes trained to seek the truth, is suspicious of ambiguities," said a scholarly speaker at a recent University ceremony. That is all right, but too ready suspicion is as bad as too much unquestioning credulity. It is not wise to buy a gold brick from a slick, smooth-spoken stranger; but neither is it wise to be too suspicious of everybody and everything. To get the most out of life we must have a certain elasticity of mind. We must be as sure as is humanly possible that we have got our facts right, but we must not assume too readily that there are no more facts. Nobody can know everything. There was knowledge before we came into the world. And there will be knowledge after us, which will not be ours to enjoy.

Why Make Such Comparisons

IS IT not strange that nations who want other nations to be friends — (such friendship is surely the thing which all human beings have most reason to want and to work for most earnestly)—cannot refrain from pointing out little differences and making comparisons? They do this even when their nations are within the one family. They seem even to take a pride in doing it. Why not try to forget those little differences and make the most of the many resemblances? Comparisons are odious. Especially when they are comparisons between the ways and manners of different countries. And very especially so when they are made between people whose countries belong to the same family. In that case they can be really wounding. To repeat the question with which this piece of moralizing began: Is it not strange that people will go on making such comparisons?

What a Doctor Should Have

WHILE seeing recently some young men and women receiving their diplomas as physicians and surgeons, at the close of their courses of study and training, The Philosopher found himself thinking of a picture of which a reproduction used to be in almost every household. Who that has known it can forget that picture of a cottage interior, with the mother and the child whose breathing, as it hangs between life and death, is watched by the grave, kind-eyed doctor? A carpenter or a tinsmith, so far as his workmanship goes, does not have to be a kindly or sympathetic man. He may be a vain and brutal egotist and a good workman. But a doctor is not mending a door or an eave-trough. He must have

deep and true sympathy, without which he can have no understanding of what he is doing. He must have knowledge and training, too, of course. As Florence Nightingale said of nurses, doctors must be both born and made.

How Long Do We Live?

THE Psalmist's measure of three-score and ten years had in view something different from what is to be considered if we are to take thought not of how long one exists, but of how long one truly lives, how much of one's life is spent in being at one's best and happiest. There are people who proclaim their belief that the advance of modern wonders of electrical and other mechanical developments will go on until power is broadcasted as music is now and other miracles of human achievement will provide leisure for all, which they can devote to making the most of their lives. But how many of the people with the most leisure now make the most of their lives? The best, highest and most truly happy living is not based on externals. The aids to such life must come from within oneself.

Only a Few Lifetimes Ago

IN TALKING of our individual problems and our public problems, we should stop and give a little thought to the difficulties which faced the first settlers in the West. It would take more than a little thought and study to bring us near a mental realization of the obstacles with which those courageous men and women grappled. When Lord Selkirk was planning to take out settlers to form a colony on the Red River, in a mid-continent wilderness far out of the world and accessible only by long and perilous journeying, a leading public man in Great Britain wrote to him: "Sir, if you are bent on doing something futile, why do you not sow tares at home, in order to reap wheat, or plough the Desert of Sahara, which is so much nearer?" Today the site of the little stockaded log-house on the bank of the Red which was the headquarters of the Selkirk settlement is within the City of Winnipeg, the greatest wheat market in the world.

About Thinking

THERE are several widely-advertised books about thinking and how to think. Most of us, if we tried hard enough, could think better than we do. It would require sustained concentration of thought and persevering mental industry. Most of us think we could think better, if we really tried. But how hard do we really try? Perhaps some of those widely advertised books will lead some people to think better. It seems more likely that they will lead some people to think that they are thinking.

Why Not?

WITHOUT intending what is said here to be taken as having any more bearing on politics than on any other activities of importance to the general welfare and progress, and therefore related to individual interest and duty, The Philosopher would like to ask a question. What do people give to a cause which their conscience tells them they should support? Money is the easiest thing to give. Time and work can be worth more. Thought can also be valuable—when it helps towards wise counsel and the forming of wise plans for action, it can be the most valuable of all. And yet you will hear it said that a person should not be expected to give both time and money. Why not give money and work and thought? That is the way really to support a worthy cause.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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What the World is Saying



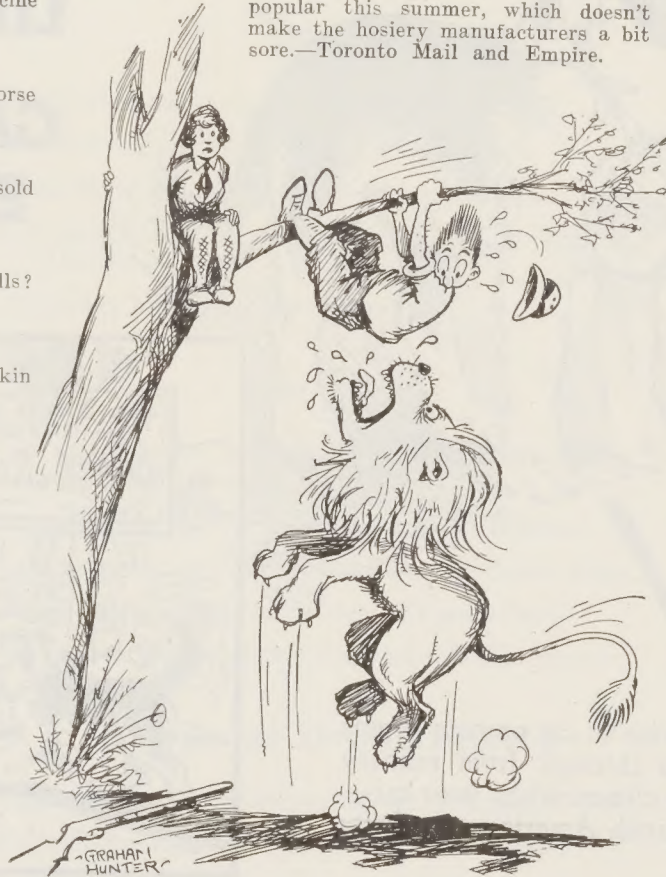
But They Make Men Look Longer
One objection to short skirts on their first introduction was that they made women look shorter.—Toronto Star.

How About a Little More Taste?
Already color and sound have been added to the movies, and smell, it is said, is to be added next.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Or Beds
An automobile dealer advertises that he stands behind every car he sells. It is a good thing he doesn't sell mules.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Joke From London
Owing to the small size of the latest fashionable dog, many large kennels would be absolutely useless, if it wasn't for those two-seater cars.—London Humorist.

Or Anybody Else That We Know Of
Knee-length skirts will remain popular this summer, which doesn't make the hosiery manufacturers a bit sore.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



Hunter's wife: (After a fur rug) — "It's just as well you missed him, Fred—I don't like him so well close up."

And, If Need Be, Climb Down Off
Every politician wants his personal platform big enough to run on, to sidestep on, back up on and turn about on.—Vancouver Province.

Hold the Hammer With Both Hands
One of the great unsolved problems is how to avoid hitting your thumb when you are driving a nail.—Chilwack Progress.

Instead of On the Brake
There is a proverb about the first step being the one which counts. But sometimes it is the last step which counts, when it is made on the accelerator.—Edmonton Journal.

But Suppose He Then Forgot It?
Some professor should spend some time in research work, in order to find out the reason why professors are absent-minded.—Toronto Globe.

Social Hint
Never, after you have poured your coffee in the saucer, blow on it. Gently fan it with your hat.—Fargo Tribune.

Such as the MacCabees?

In a recent review article which discusses the arguments for and against the idea that members of the lost Tribes of Israel migrated to the British Isles it is pointed out that it is not uncommon to find Highlanders with a Semitic appearance.—Ottawa Citizen.

Better Than the Other Way Round

St. John Ervine, the visiting English critic, says "American motion pictures are written by the half-educated for the half-witted" Well that's some improvement.—Brooklyn Eagle.

But Suppose Doctors Wore Gas-masks?

An onion a day is said to be even more health-giving than an apple a day.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

A Move in the Right Direction

A Glasgow paper says that some haggis recently made in Glasgow "does not taste like haggis at all."—London Daily Express.

A Striking Feature, All Right

An automobile advertisement says that "you will be struck by the superior accessories provided." We hope that doesn't include the fender.—Ottawa Journal.

Or a Pied Saxophonist

Armies of rats have appeared in a number of German villages. The villagers should engage a Pied Piper.—Dundee Courier.

Does That Make the Apes Indignant?

According to a missionary, the Batangi, a savage Congo tribe, believe that apes are descended from men.—Singapore Free Press.

Will Potatoes Be Dug Ready Boiled?

In Iceland great results are expected from experiments in piping hot water considerable distances from geysers to vegetable gardens.—Glasgow Herald.

The Ford of the Ancient Romans

In the work of making a deep excavation in Rome, the remains of an ancient wall three feet nine inches thick were come upon. No doubt it was put up by a man who had been teaching his wife to reverse a two-horse-power chariot.—London Daily Telegraph.

Is Youth Statesmanlike in Any Land?

"Chinese girls care more about face powder than they do about the welfare, present and future, of their country," says General Feng Yuhsiang.—Manchester Guardian.

Sounds Only Fair and Reasonable

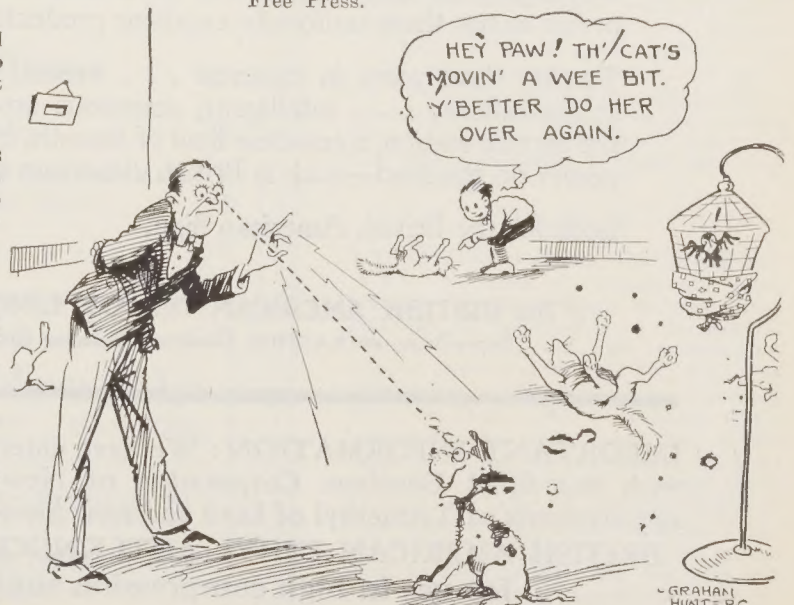
A correspondent of the London Daily Express points out that during the past fifty years not one really fat man has been hanged in Great Britain. But surely a fat man ought not to be hanged unless he has committed murder.—London Opinion.

Promising, Yes. But Fulfilling?

How many young men in Canada who are now thinking of their future course in life, are giving thought to the fact that one of the most promising careers of all careers is that of a politician.—Montreal Devoir.

Who Hasn't-

A writer in a recent magazine tells of having seen a pair of golfer's knee breeches, known as "plus fours," flapping on a scarecrow in a field.—London Free Press.



The hypnotist who never liked to bother neighbors with his pets prepares to take a vacation.

But Not Wholly Wrapped Up in Them
Too many girls are crazy about clothes.—Medicine Hat News.

Hay! Ye Ed Knows His Oats!
After all, a stable government only requires horse sense.—Kamloops Sentinel.

But Suppose a Mouse Ran Up The Clocks?
Stockings with illuminated clocks are now being sold in Paris.—Calgary Herald.

And Night Falls, But Never Breaks
Did you ever notice that day breaks, but never falls?—Fort William Times-Journal.

Not the Kind That's Rubbed In
Beauty cannot continue indefinitely to be merely skin deep.—Quebec Evenement.

And Begins Under the Chin
At a certain age a woman stops patting herself on the back.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

And Has Something to Show For It
A cow, it is estimated, moves her jaws 41,000 times a day.—Indian Head News.

Nothing Political Meant, We Hope
The number of sheep and pigs in Canada discussed recently in Parliament.—Brantford Expositor.

How She Knows
A woman's idea of a smart man is one who always agrees with her.—Victoria Colonist.

Is That Why He Invented the Gramophone?
Edison says there is no necessity for sleeping more than four hours a night.—Minneapolis Journal.

Except Sit on a Barbed-wire Fence
The writer of an article on aviation declares that man can now do anything a bird does.—Wetaskiwin Times.

Sing Hey! The Merry Sailor from the Bay!
Now that the Hudson Bay railway connects the prairies with salt water, we suppose it won't be long before the sailors spend their shore leave in Saskatoon, and even find sweethearts in Moose Jaw.—Halifax Mail.

Maybe It Is Trying to Say "Hoots!"
The young lion at the Zoo, which is being fed on porridge, is said to have a peculiar roar.—London Sunday Pictorial.

It Doesn't Seem Right
"One of our saxophones will last as long as fifteen years," says an advertisement in a music trade journal.—Prince Albert Herald.

And a Wasp Can Raise a Large Lump
An ant, we read, can lift a weight which is tremendous, in comparison with its own weight.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Are We All, Then, Current Events?
Recent scientific investigations would seem to indicate that electricity is the source of life.—Niagara Falls Review.

A Helpful Household Hint
When starting in to paint old furniture, get an extra can of paint to finish off the few spots on the floor you miss.—High River Times.



Noted

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**sends Canada a 2-minute
home beauty treatment...**



All middle Europe seeks the final refinements of beauty in this smart Berlin establishment, the elegant salon of Elise Bock, at 158 Kaerntnerstrasse. An air of Eighteenth Century Beauty marks Bock's distinguished salon.



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These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses the im-

portance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

A famous 2-minute rule

This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: make a fine, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, massage it gently into the pores for about two minutes, so that the olive oil suds work their way into the pores. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, gradually letting it get colder.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today, in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toilettries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps . . . it is first in Canada and 48 other countries!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

Don't think that Breakfast —to be *Nourishing*— must be dull and unattractive

Active mornings, clear, alert brain, come from eating this enticingly different, deliciously nourishing breakfast



THERE'S an old-fashioned idea that a breakfast food, to do you good, must be drab and dull. Just as medicine must "taste bad" to be of value.

Now dieticians know deliciousness and nourishment go hand in hand. Digestion is more complete when you actually *enjoy* the food you eat.

Puffed Grains—Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat—belie their dainty, fairy-like appearance. For they are oven-toasted globules of delicious grain food, containing the rich nourishment of whole wheat and nourishing rice.

Nourishment for young appetites

"What cereal do your children like best?" we asked mothers in many different localities. Of 10 leading cereals "Puffed Grains" was the overwhelming answer. Yet many did not know that these foods, served with half-and-half, offer virtually the same amount of nourishment as the hot cereals they were using.

Puffed Grains contain a preponderance of carbohydrate—valuable energy food. Puffed Wheat contains protein in ample measure—to replace muscular wastage and build up tissue—and contains needed mineral and fat elements.

The charm of variety

Puffed Grains are selected whole wheat and rice kernels puffed by a unique process to 8 times normal size. That explodes every tiny granule of food value, releases every atom of nourishment for easy assimilation. The important food elements are retained. The wheat retains its bran roughage.

As a bedtime snack, for between-meals, there's nothing like Puffed Grains. Serve them with cream or half-and-half—with milk; with fruits or berries, or preserves. All grocers have Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.



A tempting dish! Ripe sliced bananas, Puffed Wheat and cream



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY